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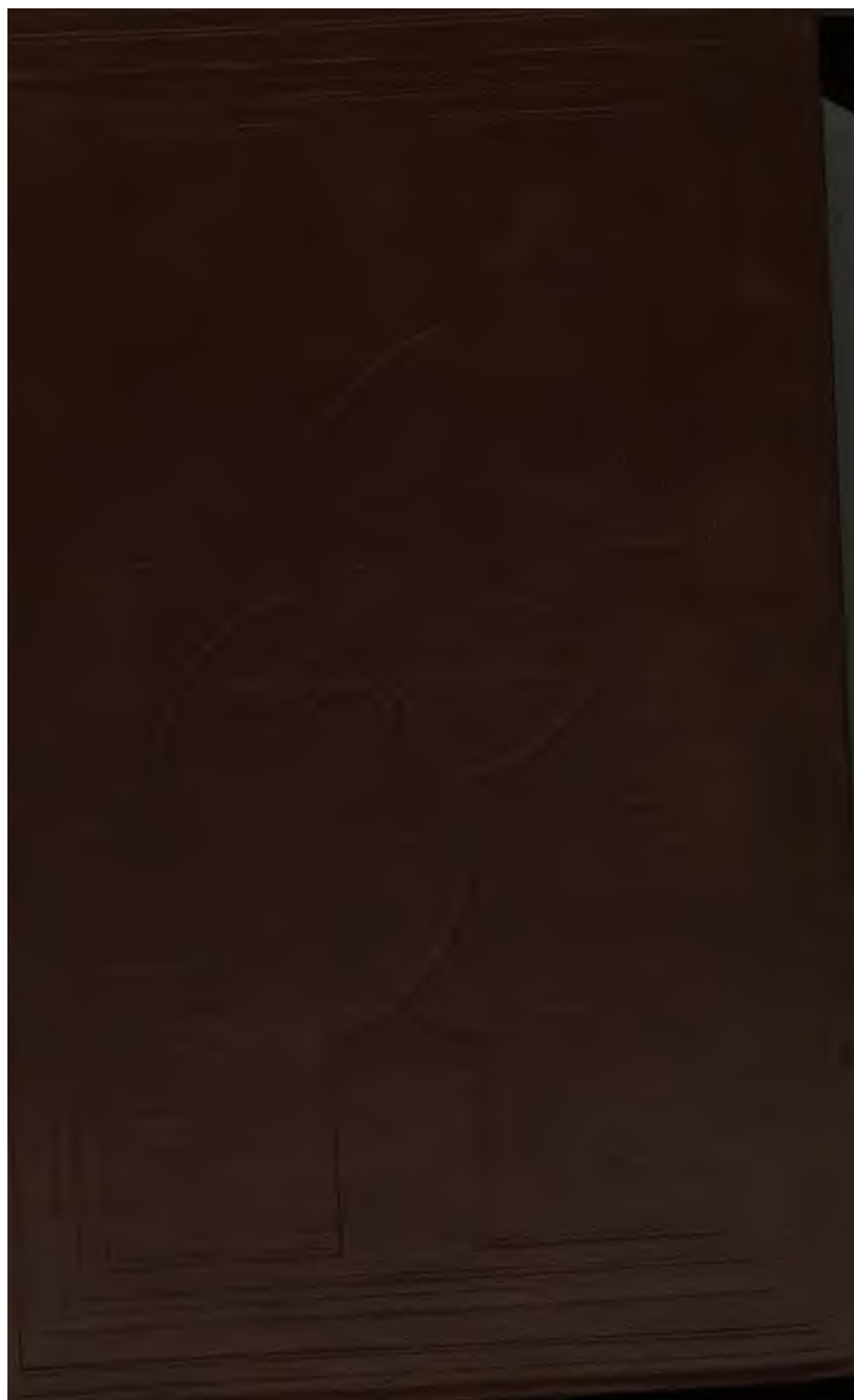
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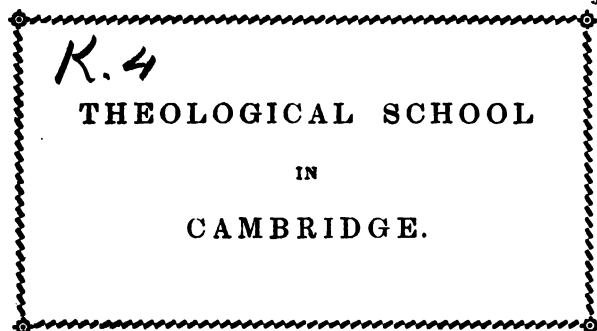
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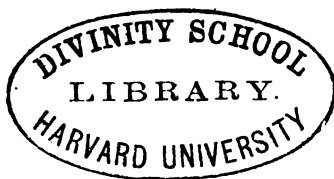
**LECTURES ON GREAT MEN.**

EDINBURGH :  
PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND COMPANY,  
PAUL'S WORK.

LECTURES  
ON  
GREAT MEN.

BY THE LATE  
FREDERIC MYERS, M.A.  
INCUMBENT OF ST JOHN'S, KESWICK.

WITH A  
PREFACE BY T. H. TARLTON,  
HONORARY SECRETARY TO THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.



LONDON:  
JAMES NISBET AND CO. 21 BERNERS STREET.  
MDCCLVI.

“ But strew his ashes to the wind,  
Whose sword or voice has served mankind—  
And is he dead, whose glorious mind  
    Lifts thine on high?  
To live in hearts we leave behind,  
    Is not to die.”

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## PREFACE.

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“HE who has been enabled to see, even dimly, a world of Beauty and of Joy which his brethren do not seem to see, and to feel heaven-descended influences which his brethren do not seem to feel,—such an one cannot be happy to enjoy these things alone. To live in luxury while his brother is dying of want, to enjoy the light while those around him, though having eyes as he, yet see not,—there is no resting-place here for the earnest Christian Man.” So spake, in 1840, the revered FREDERIC MYERS, when inaugurating plans he had formed for the spiritual education of his Parish. These words reveal the animating spirit of his noble efforts, of which these Lectures are “remains.” He lived as one who felt that his Master’s mission was his, to go about teaching truth and doing good.

The works of a man’s love are his works indeed; and of these Lectures it may be emphatically affirmed, they were the works of the Author’s love. His heart glows in every page, witnessing his vivid sympathy with the subject of his discourse. He wrought out the strong conviction he felt, that the Clergyman of a Parish should be its “Educator,” as well as Spiritual Guide—that the vast portion of most men’s time allowed to run to waste,



or rather to evil, might be occupied with better subjects of thought than those they usually have, and that men may be won from gross and polluting pursuits by the provision and adaptation of something better. In addition, therefore, to the direct presentation of Gospel Truth, he sought to illustrate, and practically set forth, the advantages and the pleasures of mental culture. He built a handsome and very comfortable Reading-room for the Parishioners, and provided a Library containing books, not merely of a religious character, but of all such kinds as have a tendency to make men wiser in their several stations, or to furnish them with any recreation which may be consistent with the earnest pursuit of the serious concerns of life. He was a Pioneer in efforts which have of late become more frequent. We seem just beginning to learn, how hard it is for men, living the sad and stimulated life of our crowded cities, to enter that Spiritual Temple in which only Faith and Love can dwell; and how great the necessity for agencies which may prove vestibules to its courts of holiness and joy. Some practical proof of feeling *with* men, must accompany preaching *to* them, if our nation's sins of covetousness and drunkenness are not to continue to our shame and sorrow.

Perhaps no conviction more fully possessed the mind of Mr MYERS, than that of the dreadful separation and want of sympathy of the various orders and classes of modern society; that we have most unwarrantably apostatised from that spirit of brotherhood which is at once

•

the essence and the peculiarity of the Christian Church. He tried, therefore, to secure really SOCIAL Meetings. Once a month refreshments were provided, and every adult Parishioner invited, that special opportunities might be afforded of cultivating a spirit of sympathy with all sorts and conditions of men ; and that, in trying to see with their eyes, there might be cherished for the meanest a spirit, not of condescending charity merely, but of considerate and intelligent fellow-feeling. At these Meetings the accompanying Lectures were delivered ; and there is ample testimony, from those who heard them, not only of the delight with which they were listened to, but also that the object chiefly contemplated in such gatherings was to a great extent accomplished.

These Lectures afford ample illustration of the nature of the education he thought a working-man should desire ; that which most influences character for the better, and makes men happier ; that which is mainly the calling forth of those powers within a man, the culture of his whole nature ; energy of all kinds—with the simultaneous cultivation of his sympathies—the nurture of Truthfulness, Justice, Love, and Faith. He frequently enforced the fact, that Labour is an ordinance of GOD, and inasmuch as it is a duty, it has a dignity ; that it is a mistake to think the necessity of daily work need hinder any from attaining whatever is of essential worth ; that it may rather prove no mean part of Education. He advocated the Education of Heart rather than

of Mind; such a cultivation of our humanity as may enlarge our sympathies, elevate our tastes, and help the recognition of Truth and the practice of Duty. He believed that in the rich heritage we possess of means of improvement, few can be greater than the study of the greatest and best men of all ages. Moral qualities are best appreciated when presented in human forms. "If we want to give sight to the blind, we must be willing to do as CHRIST did—call them to us, and put our hands on them;" and if we would have men see the beauty of Holiness—the strength of Truth—the weakness of whatever is False—what can be better than to set before them real men who have taken notable parts in the struggles of life?

It is very difficult for the men of one Church and Nation to understand and rightly appreciate the men of another. This difficulty Mr MYERS overcame by his rare love of Truth, and by the power of sympathising with goodness in all forms, which was his in a very peculiar degree. In the beauty, the freshness, and the fulness of these Lectures, may be seen the results of the patient care of a mind of special gifts, and of deep and large cultivation:

He believed, and therefore taught, that there is no respect of persons with GOD; but only of character; that an eternity of bliss lies before the meanest as well as the greatest in this world; if only they will seek it in the appointed way; that through CHRIST nothing avails but that which avails for all—a new creation of the heart.

I have the privilege of introducing, and of most heartily commending these Lectures to the earnest attention of thoughtful YOUNG MEN. Few works of the kind have appeared to me to contain so many seeds of life, or to be so well adapted to shew the superiority of character to faculty, and the true glory of well-doing. And who that knows the age we live in, but feels how much we need to set before us patterns of truth, of faith, of love, of integrity? These Lectures teach lessons which, if applied, may save us from the meannesses and the miseries of sin, and help us to work off Life's Loom, fabrics of enduring beauty and usefulness. They illustrate the law of life which connects the hereafter with the present now—song with service—"the eternal leisure of calm love" with Time's "work of faith."

We may not be Great Men, but we may render great service by fidelity to Christ, and to our brethren. "The iris in the dewdrop is just as true and perfect an iris as the bow that measures the heavens, and betokens the safety of a world from deluge." We may not be Apostles to the Indians, but, by GOD'S GRACE, we may be Apostles of a Household—of a Profession. We may not be Reformers of Churches, but, however limited our gifts, we may remember and may imitate the deed of that poor Widow of Iona, whose cottage stood on an elevated ridge of a rugged and perilous coast, and whose heart was melted by the sight of wrecked vessels and the wail of perishing human beings. She thought, might not her lamp, if placed by her window, prove a beacon-light to

keep some mariner off the coast? All her life after, her lamp burned at her window during the winter nights, and the blessing of many a fisherman came upon her who thus "did what she could." We too, like her, may have some light; may it so shine before men, that they, seeing our good works, may glorify our FATHER who is in Heaven!

" Oh, timely happy, timely wise,  
Hearts that with rising morn arise;  
Eyes that the beam celestial view,  
Which evermore makes all things new.

" If on our daily course our mind  
Be set to hallow all we find;  
New treasures still of countless price,  
God will provide for sacrifice.

" Such is the bliss of souls serene,  
When they have sworn, and steadfast mean,  
Counting the cost, in all to espy  
Their God, in all themselves deny.

" Oh, could we learn that sacrifice,  
What lights would all around us rise;  
How would our hearts with wisdom talk,  
Along Life's dullest, dreariest walk!

" The trivial round, the common task,  
Would furnish all we ought to ask;  
Room to deny ourselves; a road  
To bring us daily nearer God."

LONDON, *December 1855.*

## MARTIN LUTHER.

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GREAT MEN are among the most interesting subjects on which we can meditate. There is scarcely anything so interesting to man as his brother man: because there is nothing else which so acts upon his sympathies: and sympathy is perhaps the most powerful of forces. We may feel much interest in a Thing, more in a Truth, but most of all only in a Man. Like is most moved by like; and, therefore, that only which has Life, which has Feeling, which has Mind, can affect us most deeply. And of men, perhaps, those who have possessed in the greatest measure and cultivated to the highest degree the same kind of qualities which we ourselves are conscious of possessing, these are the most interesting to us: Imitable Great Men, in fact.

But who is a Great Man?

By a Great Man I mean one who has done such works as none other man had done before him; who has in any way considerably exalted the standard of excellence which he found existing; who has heightened for us our idea of the capabilities of our common nature. To see things hitherto invisible to others, and so to embody them as that henceforth

others shall see them too—to attempt things heretofore impossible to others, and so to realize them as that henceforth others shall do them too—either of these things is the token of a Great Man. The Greatest Men have been able both to See and to Do: they have combined in their characters equally insight and energy—elevation of mind and decision of will. But generally speaking, Great Men may be divided into two classes; Men of Thought and Men of Action.

Of the first class are, Poets and Philosophers, Men of Science and of Art, Discoverers and Inventors.

Of the second class are, Statesmen and Warriors, Reformers of Society and Missionaries of Truth.

The Poet is a great man; for he is one who sees the Beautiful and the Influential, the Permanent and the Spiritual, in all around him—in Nature equally as in Man—and can utter his thoughts of them so clearly and so musically as that all they who have sound hearts shall echo them. Such was Shakespere—such was Milton. The Painter is a great man; for he is one who has within him a Type of Form which has no Archetype on earth, and yet can so clothe his Idea that all they who have keen eyes shall acknowledge its reality. Such was Raffaele—such was Leonardo da Vinci. The Philosopher and Man of Science are great men: for they are those who have skill to read the generally illegible handwriting of Deity which is inscribed upon His works—to interpret appearances, to discover causes, to discern and to reveal the hidden springs of things, their Laws and Life; and knowing these, to conjecture something more than others of man's true position in the visible universe, and probable destiny beyond it. Such was Bacon, such was Newton. But men of this first class are not so interesting to us, or, perhaps, so instructive to us, as men of the latter; because they are not so imitable by us. Mental endowments are most conspicuous in them, and the limit of these in ourselves

has been already in the main determined for us irrevocably by God: while the degree of our spiritual attainments is, through His grace, in a great measure dependent upon ourselves. No man can become as Newton if he has not been so peculiarly gifted of God: any man may become as Luther, be he now whom he may. Howard is imitable by all, Shakespere by none. And also, Intellect and Imagination, which are the characteristics of the first class, may exist with much moral meanness; while superiority of Heart—which is the characteristic though not the invariable accompaniment of the latter—is in itself an Universal Virtue. The men, then, of whom I shall from time to time speak to you at these Meetings will be men of this latter class—Men of Faith rather than of Science; men who have been of great Soul rather than of great Mind; men who have used their Intellect mainly as an instrument to work a Spiritual End with.

And the man whom I account Great of Soul is he who has not only been gifted with an eye to discern the Right but also with a heart to love it: a man who cannot be content merely to discover Truth, or to paint it, or to sing of it, but who, feeling that he possesses it, feels also that he has a Mission to proclaim it. A man who can be satisfied with nothing less than that which is Real and Right—who is content to count all things loss for the attainment of a Spiritual Aim, and to fight for it against all enemies—who deems Truth the Bread of Life and makes its pursuit his daily labour—he is a Great Man. A man who has a noble Cause, and who subordinates, and even sacrifices, himself to it—he is a Great Man. A man who does his Duty in despite of all outward contradiction, and who reverences his Conscience so greatly as that to preserve it unharmed he will face any difficulty and submit to any penalty—he is a Great Man.




Perhaps this kind of greatness can only be realized fully in a man who is a Religious man. The man who shall stir immeasurable masses must derive his strength from an alliance with the Almighty: The man who shall move a world must have his standing-place in the Invisible: He can only lift it from some point without it: and I believe that only point is, Faith in God. But at the very least, before a man can be a great man it is necessary to be emphatically a Man: to have no littlenesses, no weaknesses. All human qualities must be fully developed in him, while some of them must be extraordinarily so. The first elements, then, in the composition of the character of such a man as I have been speaking to you of, are, to Endure and to Dare more than other men: but these are not enough of themselves to constitute a Great Man. To dare anything and to fear nothing; to endure calmly and cheerfully even to die: to look inevitable evil in the face and not tremble, yea to seek danger and to love it—this is indeed to be a Man, but it is not necessarily to be a Great Man. For all this may be done by the savage or the selfish, by the foolhardy or the unthinking. Such qualities as these depend most upon what is physical, not necessarily anything at all upon what is spiritual; and the indispensable condition of such Greatness as I am speaking of is, greatness of Soul—Sacrifice of Self, and Devotion to a Cause. The truly noble thing is not simply to Endure or to Dare: but to do thus for unselfish ends, and when to do otherwise were easier. And the more spiritual the aim and the more single it is, the greater the man who sacrifices himself for it. To die for one's Country is noble, to die for one's Conscience is nobler. The armed Patriot dying amid the shouts of multitudinous comrades may be a noble man: the solitary Martyr suffering for his Faith and praying for his Murderers, is a nobler. But I will tell you what is noblest of all: for one to be a Sacrifice

that he may be a Saviour. To be smitten that another through our stripes may be healed: to be content to be bound that others may be freed: to stand forth as a Substitute in Suffering in order to make Atonement between the Just and the Unjust—for One to exhaust in his own person the concentrated wrath of all the Powers of Evil that the Many may go unharmed—this is greatest, yea this is God-like, for this is Christlike.

Now of this class of Great Men I do not know that I could bring before you a better type than MARTIN LUTHER. He was a great man in almost every way: his very faults were great: indeed, so great that I am very far from holding him up to you as a man altogether admirable, altogether imitable. No, he was a very imperfect, though a very remarkable, character: in many minor qualities most questionable, though in the greatest most exemplary. But still after a patient study of his character as a whole, I cannot but honour Luther as one of the greatest of mankind. For to choose Pain, and Shame, and even if need were Death, rather than pleasurable life lacking Freedom to pursue and to proclaim the Truth; in the midst of the fulness of bodily vigour and with adequate means of gratifying all cravings of the senses and of the mind, to put aside all those things which men naturally seek and live for, and to take up instead with lifelong toil as his work and only the Hope of a Better Resurrection as his reward—to do this firmly and calmly and consistently throughout the whole vigour and maturity of manhood—not with perpetual self-applause but rather as by an irresistible impulse from within—this is truly great: and this Luther did for thirty years daily, and therefore I think Luther a Great Man.

But in speaking, as I must do, very highly of Luther, I would assure you that it can be no wish or object of mine unduly to magnify his merits. So to do, besides being

opposed to my sense of Justice, is not required by any theoretical views which I hold, evangelical or ecclesiastical. Though the member and the minister of a Church which unhappily is obliged to be Protestant, and which owes a deep debt of gratitude indirectly to the first and greatest of all modern Protestants, yet I in no degree feel myself bound to call any man its Master, or to allow any title to become dearer to me or more honoured than that of Catholic Christian. I honour Luther as a Reformer of a portion of the Catholic Church, not as the Founder of a new one. Our blessing is, brethren, (would it were less our boast and more our glory,) that we are not improbably lineally descended from the Church of the earliest age, and that we are certainly built upon the foundation of Apostles and Prophets, with none other for our corner-stone than one which is Divine. And though agreeing as I do in the main with Luther's theoretic statements of Gospel Truth, and glorying in the great outline of Luther's Confession of Faith as contradistinguished from that against which he protested, yet I am in no way concerned in identifying Luther's character with his creed. Luther was not the Truth: he only bore witness to the Truth: and the Truth stands on evidence of its own altogether unaffected by the channel through which it has been transmitted. And then again, believing as I do the Reformation in Germany in the sixteenth century to have been so good and so great a work as to have been the result of more than ordinary influences from God, I am less concerned than others who do not believe this to exaggerate the greatness or the goodness of Luther. Luther was thus confessedly but an Instrument: and surely the more imperfect the Instrument the more to be magnified is the Hand that works miracles with it. Nay, perhaps the notable thing in all interpositions of the Divine is, how apparently inadequate are the means



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employed to the result produced—how shadowy is the visible connexion between cause and effect. The more, therefore, you take from the greatness of Luther the more you magnify the agency of God—a result I shall not object to if only you do not speak unjustly for your Maker. So far, however, am I from having an undue bias to speak too highly of Luther that I only fear that my prepossessions may draw me too far the other way. For my studies have led me to the general conclusion that the characters of most notable men are sadly inferior to the first impressions inspired by their words or their deeds: and therefore, if my estimate of Luther be a right one, he stands out as an exception to my general experience as a man worthy of his work—as one whose character corresponds to his mission. I feel that it would perhaps be more in keeping with the ways of Him who chose Bethlehem for His birth-place and not Rome—who was ministered unto by Women and not by Angels—and whose Apostles were no Philosophers but only Fishermen—I say, perhaps it would be more in accordance with His dealings to regenerate His Church by Luther were he the least of all Monks, than by that mighty Emperor his opponent on whose dominions the sun never set. Yet as one does trace in the peculiar calling of a Paul—the fittest of all instruments for the noblest of all works—the occasional introduction of another principle, perhaps this may be the case too in the instance of one who possessed more of the qualities of that chief of the Apostles than have since been combined in the character of any Preacher of Truth. And if God thus honoured Luther surely so ought we. If she who but broke a box of ointment on our Blessed Lord is to have a memorial whithersoever the Gospel is preached, it may be permitted us affectionately to bear in mind the deeds of one who re-opened for many generations that

well of the Water of Life which had been choked up for centuries with rubbish of man's superstitious offerings, and effectually exhorted myriads to drink of it and live. To think of the work which Luther was allowed to do and not to sympathise with him who did it, is unnecessarily to defraud ourselves of what is naturally most ennobling (for there is an elevating purifying influence in the contemplation of all imitable goodness); and therefore, though I willingly admit that there is enough of weakness and of wilfulness in the character of Luther to impress upon us the wisdom and the worth of the precept, Keep yourselves from Idols, yet I verily believe that there is also at least abundantly enough in him both of greatness and of goodness to make him a most profitable subject for our earnest contemplation.

The Story of Luther is this :

On the 11th of November, 1483, St Martin's day, there was baptised by the name of Martin, at St Peter's Church at Eisleben in Saxony, a child of John and Margaret Luther, of that place. John Luther was a hardy, worthy, labouring man, much like other men of his class at that time : only with one element of superiority in him, a love of books. He was very badly off for work and wages when Martin was born : and six months afterwards he removed to Mansfeld, where he had a better prospect of employment. Here he was at first a woodcutter ; and then afterwards worked about the mines : and then set up a furnace for smelting iron. He gets on better here, and by the time his son is able to go to school, he has become a town-councillor, and is able to entertain the ecclesiastics and schoolmasters of the neighbourhood at his own house often. This is his greatest pleasure : and this love of books and of bookish men, gives him a great desire to make his son a scholar : and so earnest has he now become on this point that after his wife has taught

little Martin all she knows, he sends him to the best school of the town: and you might see this hardworking but enthusiastic man leaving his smithy regularly morning and evening to carry Martin to his school and fetch him home again, and all the way with over-earnestness exhorting and rebuking, questioning and chiding, the somewhat too careless boy. Indeed, both his father and his schoolmaster were uncommonly severe with little Martin—even one day he tells us flogging him a dozen times. However, from what one sees of Luther's character in after life, we can readily fancy that he needed some extra discipline, for he had always a wilful, impetuous, over-vehement soul in him: and even if he needed not such stern schooling at the time, it was not perhaps without its use in training him for the work which lay before him in the invisible Future. Until he is fourteen, he is thus schooled, and grows up a hardy boy indeed, but withal somewhat melancholy and sad: with little sunniness in his life but what an irrepressible bodily energy will always occasionally produce. Out of school he runs about the streets, picking up and storing up all kinds of tales and traditions: the impulses of his nature leading him to listen and to look for all superstitious and supernatural things, till his whole soul becomes imbued with a sense of spiritual presences, and his memory a vast storehouse of the strangest and wildest and most horrifying apparitions. All ghost stories, and strange dreams, and innumerable traditionary legends of the Invisible becoming Visible, these are young Martin's playthings. No boy in Mansfeld is so full of such lore as he: none so familiar with visions, and dreams, and all mysteries: and none so impressed by them, so awed, so spiritualised, if one may so say: for really he lives more amid the unseen than the seen, and his mind seems but as a receptacle of spirits—a stage for all spectres to sport on. But when he is turned fourteen,

he is sent to another school and a better one—that of the Franciscans at Magdeburg—where he partly supports himself (as was not unusual then and there) by begging out of school hours and singing in the streets. Here again he is thrown among the wild and the strange and the lawless, and is strengthened in all his peculiarities. But even with this help of ballad-singing, his parents (who have now got other sons and a daughter) though better off than they were, cannot manage to clothe him and pay his board and lodging and schooling: and so they take him away from this school and send him to one at Eisenach, where they have some relations who they hope will do something for him. But these people do nothing for him; so the boy is obliged to sing and beg as before. And so there at Eisenach you might see this boy—Martin Luther—ballad-singing before house and shop and stall; seeming like other boys, shockheaded, light-hearted; reckless, rough, and happy; having scarcely any but a schoolboy's troubles, and only such wants as a few halfpence might remove. But had you stopped to talk to him, you would have found that he really had other troubles and other wants than these. You would have learnt that amidst all his rude joyousness, there was a deep tinge of melancholy—a strong subsoil of awe and mystery in his mind: that he lived more than half his time under powerful invisible influences, spectre-haunted, self-tormented—always lying down to sleep with a kind of solemn anticipation of spiritual revelations, and rising up often only as to dream of the more vivid realities of the night. And so, what with ill success in ballad-singing and perpetual communing with the Invisible, he leads a sorry life of it at Eisenach: till one day a kind burgher's wife—Ursula Cotta—being struck with the spiritual look of the boy, takes him into her house, and lodges him there some while. Here his heart begins to expand: the unnatural awe of the boy's spirit gives way to

kindness. He learns music, and grows cheerful, and enjoys himself much, without perhaps making much progress otherwise. But old John Luther will have his son to be as good a scholar as he can get him made: this is his unalterable determination, his reigning passion. He wants him to be a greater man than even the priests and schoolmasters he thinks so much of. He longs to be the father of a great Doctor: and so he takes him away from school and at a great deal of expense sends him to college—to Erfurth, the most celebrated then in all Germany. At college he does well; he reads very hard and distinguishes himself. Excessive study brings on a dangerous illness: he gets better, however, and is made Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy, and is appointed to lecture publicly in Philosophy: which he does with great applause. Now his father's heart is glad. Martin, but twenty years old, and yet celebrated at the most celebrated of all universities—nothing can be better than this, (he thinks) I daresay I shall live to see him Professor: and who knows but that some day some one may see him Councillor, (not of a little town like me, but) Councillor of the State. Worthy John Luther's dreams are to come to pass truly enough, but quite otherwise than he is thinking. Martin will be a great man, but not exactly such a great man as he is picturing to himself: a Councillor of State even, but not altogether such an one as had been heretofore. A change has already come over Luther's mind. That illness of his has made him more thoughtful than he was: and in the summer of 1505, when Luther is on a visit to his home at Mansfeld, he seems sadder and silenter than wont: and listens to the fond hopes of father and of mother, of brother and of sister, with little sympathy of enthusiasm. All mark this, but none say anything to him about it: for, they think, it may be because he has grown into consequence since he was at home last—or



it is the way scholars are—or he may be preparing his Lectures. When the time comes for returning to college, he sets out on foot with a friend. Just before entering Erfurth they are overtaken by a thunderstorm: his companion is struck dead at his feet, and himself stunned by the lightning. On coming to himself his first thoughts are, What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? The things that are seen are temporal, the things that are unseen are eternal: Man giveth up the ghost and where is he? God be merciful to me a sinner: and so, while bending over the dead body of his friend, he makes a vow that henceforth he will live a new life, and renouncing the vanities of the world, seek first the kingdom of God and its righteousness. His mind is now agitated beyond measure with all kinds of thoughts and fears for his future destiny in that Infinite Invisible which he feels to be every where about him and very near—separated only by a veil which the next flash of lightning may roll up as a scroll. He has all manner of doubts, and is spiritually most wretched. He thinks of his illness, of his sickbed vows: of what he had read in a Bible he had chanced to light upon one day in the college library, and what he must do to be saved is now his all-absorbing thought. He knows no satisfying answer, and daily grows more miserable. And no wonder: for verily this is a most wearing question for any one who has no Word of God to answer it with. You who have such Christian privileges perhaps may think its answer so easy that your very children could not fail to know it. But, dear brethren, you must remember that it is in a good measure owing to this now poor blind struggling Luther whom we have before us that you and they are so wise. The Bible was very little read before Luther's time abroad, and still less understood. Luther had to guess at the answer, and he guessed wrong. He guessed, A Cloister—that is the Strait Gate, the Narrow

Way : there will be Peace—there Prayer—there Penance : and I may in its sacred solitude entitle myself to the favour of the Almighty and fit myself for an inheritance above. And so he calls his friends together at supper, and tells them of the change which has come over him, and of his unalterable determination to quit the college : and then he rises from supper and goes that very night—the 17th of August, 1505—into the monastery of the Augustinians close by, and there vows himself a Monk. His friends are astonished : his father, astounded.

All John Luther's hopes and ambitious schemes are at once hereby laid low : he is hurt beyond expression at this renunciation of all the good prospects in life which he had procured by long self-denial and most earnest effort : and immediately renounces him as his son. We will, however, leave John Luther to his anger for the present, hoping to meet with him in a better mood bye and bye : and we will return to his more illustrious and less worldly son.

The Monastery does not turn out to be the kind of place Luther had expected it to be : and he is so deeply disappointed with it that his mind is once more thrown back upon itself, and becomes tumultuous, confused, chaotic. He loses much of his spirituality, as it seems to me, now ; his earnestness degenerates into mere restlessness. He now enters with energy into all the schemes and broils and peculiarly profitless employments with which every unnaturally constituted society will always abound : and appears also to display some of those inconsistencies which characterise his whole life equally as do his virtues. But of this I know nothing for certain : only that he is uncommonly disliked by his brother monks and is harshly treated by them. They make him servant of all work to them, and will dispense with no hard service which the rules of their order will allow them to impose : and after all his menial

work is done within the walls, they send him forth for the rest of the day into the streets, to beg. Hard schooling is this: as hard as that of his childhood: but so long as he believes it is doing something towards gaining heaven for him he bears it cheerfully: for men in all ages and countries have always been found willing to do or suffer anything with this faith in them. With the notion that eternal life may be the wages of worldly effort or endurance, all toil and all suffering become light: while the thought of receiving it as a Gift, and then fulfilling the Law from Love, is so hard that only a few can bear it. So now it is with Luther: quite otherwise afterwards. The university, however, intercedes that Luther's labours and penances may be lightened, and he is considerably relieved. He now betakes himself again to study, and attempts to satisfy himself about those questions which had so deeply agitated him as to send him into this strange place. He finds in the Library a Bible fastened to a Reading Desk (as used to be the case in our own country when Bibles were scarce), and of this he becomes an eager unremitting student: passing days and days continuously in reading it, and ever rising from it to mix among his brethren, a stranger, and more excited, and more solemn man. So earnestly does he read it that he omits his stated prayers for weeks together: and then the monks make him do all kind of strange penances and say all these prayers together, and so to fast that he is reduced to a dangerous state of bodily weakness. But with all this, he does not find what he is seeking, peace and purity of heart. The thought gradually comes to him, the more he reads, that he is not seeking aright. The writings of St Paul—a new doctor to him—the more he studies them seem to point quite in a different direction. These speak of Faith—Faith in CHRIST—as the Way, the Truth, and the Life: and throughout insist on it

that a man can never attain peace or purity of heart, through any doings or devices of his own, but certainly and only without them: and therefore he begins to believe, what he has long begun to suspect, that no formalism can help him, no monkish austerities, no bead-rolls, no mass work, no work of any kind: nothing but a new creation. But how can this be? By renunciation of self and devotion to CHRIST—by coming to God as a beggar for alms and not as a workman for wages: by having not any righteousness of his own but that righteousness which is of God through Faith. Light breaks in upon him, fitfully amid clouds. But with every fresh gleam comes fresh hope: hope that, for his soul, the night is far spent and that the day is at hand. Great were his stirrings of heart: unintelligible, perhaps, altogether to those who have never felt the like doubts and never found the like solution of them. In Luther's case, however, it is peculiarly distressing, because all around him are against him: and verily in a matter of such absorbing interest it would seem to be almost maddening for a man to feel himself alone amid his brethren: and when we read the accounts of the process by which many Christian men have become converted from natural to spiritual we see that their own words can but dimly describe it. With Luther the mental struggle is so great, and continues so long, that that iron frame of his wastes away. Happily the provincial of his order—Staupitz—now comes round on one of his visitations to the monastery. He observes this singular looking man—brother Augustin as they call him—with sunken eyes, downcast, and so thin that he could almost count his bones through his gown: he thinks there is something unusual about him: he remembers that he had been once somewhat thus himself: and so he inquires, and finds that Luther is a counterpart spiritually of what he himself had

been years before. They are reciprocally attracted: they converse freely: Luther reveals his heart fully to Staupitz, and Staupitz expounds to him the great doctrines of the Gospel which have given him peace of mind. On leaving the monastery he leaves with Luther his own Bible, with earnest admonition to read it daily. Luther does so, and a further change gradually comes to pass in him. He sees spiritual things he has never seen before: the old excitement revives: and with eager study of this Bible he is brought again nearly to the grave. Ill as he is bodily, he seems more so mentally: so disturbed, so despairing. An old monk who attends on him with most kindly care one day fixes his attention on the familiar words of the Creed which he daily repeats—I believe in the Remission of Sins—and reads to him a short commentary on them from St Bernard. This takes deep hold on Luther, and gives him a consolation that he cannot express. The crisis of his spiritual fever seems past: peace of mind gradually comes to him again, and with it health of body. From this time Luther is a man reformed: and he rises from his bed of sickness with enlarged views of his relation to God and of his eternal interests—of the needs of his nature and the divine provisions for their supply—and with the sternest resolutions to live henceforth no longer a selfish or self-dependent life, but one which shall be characterised by Faith on the Son of God and charity towards his neighbour. In fact I believe it may be said, that during this period of his history, that Reformation which he was afterwards the means of working in the Church was being worked out symbolically in Luther's own heart: and if you would understand the work which he did in the world and why and how he did it, you must bear this continually in mind. Luther now has not merely read what he teaches, he has learnt it by heart; he has not merely thought it, he has felt it: the struggles of the heart

of man after peace with God which he dwells upon so much, he henceforth describes and treats as states of which he has been and is personally conscious: and the foundation which he is continually pointing to as the only sufficient one on which to build hope for eternity, he himself has made trial of, and pronounces on experience to be firm. Thus always he speaks with such power because he is dealing with what to him are Realities, and no mere theological formulæ: thus it is that in all he says and does he has such sureness of footing, such steadiness of aim, such singleness of purpose: and those who have not felt something of the same kind of process taking place in their own hearts as that which took place in the heart of Luther, will never understand the force and inward spring, though they may understand the results and outward history, of the German Reformation.

Luther has now been two years in the monastery, and the time draws near for him to be ordained a Priest. He resolves to be reconciled to his father: and so he sends a dutiful message to him, to invite him to be present at his ordination, telling him that if he will come he may fix his own day for the ceremony. John Luther—who though so grieved, because so disappointed, at Martin's becoming a monk—has forgiven him and loves him still with a love not lessened by the loss of two other sons meanwhile; he consents, and names the 2d of May (1507), and comes. Father and son are at one again: they bless each other: and part. Not long after his ordination Staupitz (who has kept up a regular correspondence with Luther ever since he was at the monastery) recommends Luther to the Elector Frederic, and he is appointed to a professorship at Wittemberg university. John Luther's heart at least is glad: the monk's not altogether so: for he knows that he shall have to teach the Philosophy of Aristotle and the Schools—to feed men with

husks: but perchance also he shall have liberty to do something better than this—liberty to teach some diviner philosophy than this—at least he will have more opportunities, if not more leisure, for private study of the Bible: so he goes. At first he lectures only on Philosophy: soon on the Psalms. Herein the spirit of Luther begins to reveal itself: his lectures are full of force and life and heart-knowledge. They excite attention, and sustain it: crowds of students come to Wittemberg expressly for the benefit of them, and some of the professors there are to be found among his hearers. The fame of these lectures—the faculty which this rude monk has of uttering his very heart, and making his own earnestness infectious—induces Staupitz to appoint him to preach at the old Church of the Augustines in the town: and he is so remarkable here that the town-council choose him for their preacher in the largest church of the place: and the Elector himself now and then comes over to hear him.

Luther now seems to have a clear wide prospect before him. But suddenly his path is stopped, or at least is turned. He is sent to Rome by his Order. As he journeys his mind grows rapidly: his views of the Church enlarge. He meets with many things in almost every day's journey which he had no thought of before. On his progress towards Italy he is confused: on his entrance into Lombardy confounded. The Churches want visitation, he thinks: his Holiness of Rome cannot know it: he will be thankful if I mention it to him. Simple Monk! He falls ill at Bologna: the solemnity of his mind is deepened: he gets better, and gets on to Rome. It would be useless to mention the state of the provinces, he now believes: the Court, he sees, is so dominant over the Church: What sad bondage: What pity and what prayers are claimed by such Babylonish Captivity. He hastens away from the sight of it, and leaves Italy with

the object of his mission attained but disenchanted of that spell which the Holiness of Rome had bound around him from his youth: discontented though prosperous: and if a wiser yet emphatically a sadder man.

On his return, the Elector makes him accept the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and pays its fees for him. Curiously enough it is bestowed upon him by a man (Carlstadt) who is Professor of Divinity there, and yet never has read the Bible. This was in 1512. For the next four or five years Luther lives a studious quiet life. He had learned some Hebrew from a celebrated Jew at Rome (Elias Levita) and now is making himself a first-rate scholar. He continues his lectures and preachings as he did before his visit to Rome: only it is now observable that there is something different in the tone of them. All are now coloured with the doubts and convictions which had come to him from that visit: and which are now strengthened in him daily by the attentive reading of Sacred Scripture which his study of Hebrew forces upon him. This brings upon him the indignation of his brother monks and gets him into continual controversy. There is an excitement and stir in this old town of Wittemberg which there never was before, and the reputation of it spreads, and many come to the College mainly because Luther is there.

In 1516, Luther is deputed by Staupitz to hold his visitation of the monasteries instead of him: of Erfurth among the rest. This visitation gives him still further insight into the system of ecclesiastical and monastic establishments. He feels an aversion which he had never before felt to many portions of both. He finds that the state of his feelings and spiritual taste has changed very much since he lived wholly in a monastery himself. His knowledge of the world and of his own heart and of the Bible, has much increased since then, and his ways of viewing many things



are changed correspondingly. The naturally practical character of his mind, and its now superadded spirituality, will not allow him to be satisfied with—or even tolerant of—such multiplied and meaningless forms as he has to deal with: he must have life, he must have spirit in them, or to him they are mere deceptions. Against all things of this kind he was a born rebel. He could not love what he did not believe, and what of these things he did not love he hated and was determined to destroy. But with all his controversies consequent hereupon, and all his battles, and all his vehemence, and all his violence, he soon proves himself a faithful and a brave man in something better than this: for when all others fly from a pestilence this year at Wittemberg, Luther remains: displaying here the same heroism of heart and the same faith in God which afterwards so especially distinguished him.

In 1517 comes Tetzel with his Indulgences. Luther heard of him and his doings when on his visitation the year before: but what brings these before him now is this, that his penitents—those to whom he prescribes penance in the confessional—come to him with Indulgences which they have bought of Tetzel and plead them as dispensations from the penances he imposes. Luther denies their validity. Tetzel affirms it with vehemence. A controversy between Luther and Tetzel arises. Luther preaches against these Indulgences, and prints his sermon: on the Feast of All Saints he placards on his church door Ninety-five Theses, challenging refutation; not at all an unusual kind of thing to do. It is the time of a public Fête at Wittemberg: the consecration of a new Church, and a kind of Fair. The town is full of strangers, of foreigners. A stir is made about these Theses which are posted up there in everybody's way. People crowd about them, read them, talk about them, copy them: get them printed, circulate

them far and wide. Luther himself is surprised and pleased with the interest his Theses create: he too begins to print and to publish: explanations, expositions come out: and when some months afterwards he has to attend a Chapter of the Augustines at Heidelberg, he finds that he must dispute about the Pardon of Sin and the Power of the Pope. Nothing loth, he argues, exhorts, declaims; and finds that the knowledge and the love of his doctrine has spread and is spreading: and he returns to Wittemberg improved and strengthened in every way.

On his return, finding that all kinds of false representations are being made, he sends his Theses with an Exposition of them to the Pope. This was on Trinity Sunday, 1518. On the 7th of August Luther is summoned to appear at Rome. He has strong sympathy and support in Wittemberg now, and the plans of others falling in with Luther's wishes, he is permitted to appear before the Pope's Legate instead of before himself: curiously enough, however, the Brief which so orders, dated 23d of August, condemns and excommunicates him beforehand. Luther receives in due form a summons to appear before Cardinal Cajetan at Augsburg. He is strongly advised not to go: but he goes: on foot: the Elector giving him some money, and he borrowing a coat on his way of a friend. He falls ill on the road, and enters Augsburg in a waggon faint and exhausted. Every advantage is taken of his weakness, by friend and enemy, to dissuade him from appearing before the Legate: but he appears: and though solicited and threatened and flattered and commanded, on every side—he will not RECENT. Staupitz now releases him from the obligation of obedience to his Order. Attempts of all kinds are renewed to force him from his position: but in vain. Having done all he stood, and to stand only was to conquer. All is uproar at Augsburg: Luther remains among it four

days longer than any of his friends : and then quits the city secretly, leaving an appeal to the Pope to be duly posted. He returns to Wittenberg, and publishes an account of the conference. He has another conference with a papal deputy, Miltitz (a Saxon Knight), and a truce is agreed on : namely, that he will abstain from all hostilities so long as his opponents will do so too. He now thinks of spending his life, until any clear call of duty should arise, in study and the private propagation of what he may from time to time deem the Truth : he purposes retiring to Paris, where he should have more leisure and more liberty—and is preparing to do so.

But now an event occurs which affects Luther's cause very much, but not, as one would say, very directly. Maximilian, the Emperor of Germany, dies, 12th of January, 1519, and Charles the Fifth succeeds. On the 3d of March, Luther writes a submissive letter to the Pope, declaring that he will never seek to weaken by force or fraud his power, or the power of the Church of Rome : and having done this he gives up the thought of going into France—there being now little inducement to do so—and betakes himself again to the quiet performance of his University duties, and to that greatest of all duties for every man, his own education. For his own benefit he begins to study Ecclesiastical History more deeply than he ever yet has done : he examines into the old foundations of the existing ecclesiastical system : he studies the Decretals and the Canon Law. He lives quite privately now : and now all is peace : the truce we spoke of seems likely to last for at least two years longer, for the Archbishop of Mentz, to whom the consideration of the whole matter has been referred, postpones it so long. Not for so long, however, is it really deferred : for a Dr Eck (who has already been an opponent of Luther's, and is just now somewhat elated by a considerable accession of reputa-

tion which he has gained by his writings) puts forth Thirteen Theses—a not unusual substitute for publishing a book—inviting a disputation: and in one of these Theses, he asserts very strongly the Primitive Primacy of Rome, resting the proof of it on the Decretals—those Decretals which Luther is just now fresh from the study of, and which, I should add, he believes he has discovered to be forgeries. Luther's spirit is roused, but, one is happy to say, in this instance it is also restrained: for he does not publicly notice these Theses of Eck's. Carlstadt (who, you recollect, conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity on Luther) is the man who replies. But Eck is not content with having any one inferior to Luther for his opponent, and so challenges Luther publicly and personally: and when Luther replies that he cannot accept the challenge on account of his promise to Miltitz, Eck engages to get him the permission through the influence of Duke George (no friend to any Reformation) to allow him to dispute at Leipsig: and does so. And so now at Leipsig there comes on a public disputation between Eck and Carlstadt for eight days: between Eck and Luther for twenty days: in the Duke's palace, and in his presence and the presence of his court. The result of this is apparently nothing for the conviction of his opponent by either, but only that each party claims the victory. Luther appeals for a verdict to the people, Eck to the Pope: Luther publishes at home, Eck goes on a secret mission to Rome. This disputation, however, really furthers very much Luther's cause. It has gained him a new standing place and a new organ on which and with which to proclaim his doctrine: and it so increases the reputation of his University that the youth out of the country crowd to be his pupils, and thus are brought within his influence very much more than otherwise. And in Luther's own mind it is the means of working a very considerable change: for his attention is

drawn by it to important points which he had not before entered upon: and herein he makes such great and unexpected discoveries that he afterwards dates his deliverance from the bonds of Rome from this time: and from this year, No Peace with Rome, becomes his motto.

A Diet of the empire (a kind of Parliament) is to meet at the beginning of next year at Worms—it ought to meet at Nuremberg, but there is a pestilence there just at this time—and so in the June of this year Luther publishes a pamphlet which he intends should influence the deliberations of the Diet with respect to the Church. He calls it, *An Appeal to the Christian Nobility of the German Nation*: and a very notable book it is. He follows this up by another called, *The Babylonish Captivity of the Church*, and writes a letter to the Pope. At the end of September, Eck brings back with him from Rome a Bull from the Pope against Luther, pronouncing him excommunicate. On the 10th of November Luther publishes a pamphlet, *Against the Bull of Antichrist*, and *An Appeal to a General Council*: and then on the 10th of December he burns the Bull, Decretals, and Canon Law in one of the most public places of Wittemberg. By this act he at once makes himself excommunicate. The whole place is astir, fearfully unquiet: but not so Luther: he goes home and lectures upon the Psalms.

The Diet in due time assembles at Worms, and a Committee of it draw up a list of One Hundred ecclesiastical grievances, and present it to the Emperor. The Emperor appears to be astonished and to bethink him that there really may be something in Luther's case, and has him summoned. As soon as the summons reaches Luther, his mind is made up. He delays not a moment: he feels it to be a crisis: he is resolved what to do and, if need be, what to suffer. People crowd about him and talk of Danger; Luther talks of Duty and puts them away from him. He sets out

in a waggon with an imperial herald before him. His journey is a kind of triumphal procession. In every town through which he passes, young and old come out of their doors to wonder at him, and some there are who bid him be of good courage, some who bless him. As he approaches Worms crowds come out to meet him: friends and enemies throng around him, and are alike urgent with him that he shall not enter into the town: even the Elector's private secretary, Spalatin, (who was Luther's most intimate friend and counsellor) sends to him as he is entering to beg him not to do so, as there is danger he is not aware of. But Luther will enter Worms. And I know scarcely any finer scene in all history, than this of Luther at Worms. As soon as he arrives his lodgings are crowded inside and out with all classes and all kinds of persons: soldiers, clergy, knights, peasants, nobles by the score, citizens by the thousand. The day after his arrival he is sent for into the Council Hall. And so the Excommunicate One stands there before the Emperor and Two Hundred of his princes and his nobles: the man whom any man may slay confesses CHRIST unharmed before Kings. His being there at all is in itself a victory over Rome. They ask him to Recant: he begs time to consider of it. A day is granted: and when he comes in again next day, he refuses to do so with great gentleness. He had said before he set out, If they kindle a fire which shall reach from Wittemberg to Worms, and also unto heaven, I will go through it, God helping me, and bear witness to the Truth; I will enter into the very mouth of Behemoth and preach CHRIST from out of it: and now when standing on his trial he says calmly, If I have done evil, bear witness of the evil: I believe that I have done no wrong: shew me that I have, and I will submit: Until I am better instructed I cannot recant: It is not wise, it is not safe, for a man to do anything against his Conscience:

Hereon I stand: I cannot do otherwise: God help me: Amen. Intrepid and unwavering, collected and even cheerful, stands that monk in his sergecloth and cowl: and having spoken thus—bowing lowly often but seeming ever to rise again to more than his natural height—he retires. Those clothed in soft raiment there sit restless on their chairs of state. They have heard words which have entered into their hearts as Fire: purifying some, withering others, inflaming all. The session is prolonged into darkness. Again, amid torchlight and silence, Luther is brought in, and says No to the challenge of the Church and of the Empire, and stands unmoved at its echo. Without fanaticism or theatrical effect of any kind, he carries himself calmly: free alike from giddiness or boasting, he stands on that pinnacle, with a nation looking up at him: and bears brave witness to the Truth from it, and descends from it with the universal acknowledgment that amidst all the pageantry of an Imperial Senate, he is the noblest of the noble there, and the royallest of its kings.

As he had entered Worms unawed so he leaves it unharmed; and on his way back to Wittenberg he is seized with friendly violence, and made a prisoner in the Warteburg. With this captivity of the Warteburg ends the scenic history of Luther's life.

And so while he is a kind of prisoner here, let us look at him for a moment or two, and see what he is like bodily. There then in that cage of a castle we see a farmer-looking man, in hunting coat and boots; a large-boned, fleshly, formidable man: a man apparently of no refinement, or delicacy of nerve: of coarse countenance and small sunken eyes: vehement in his gestures and uncouth in manner and in movement: of no classic mould any way, but gothic throughout. He looks like a man constructed in every way for strife: ready to battle with any one or with many:

Titanic: at once an Ishmael and a Samson: with passions of the strongest and no fears. Such seems he when alone; but if any one comes in to him, and sits down with him, and they talk, you see that underlying and counteracting all this bodily strength of his, there is a deep melancholy, a tenderness and singular affectionateness of heart: nay, that between all the clouds of thought and sadness there are bright interspaces of intense humour, and sunny profuse pleasantry. Rough indeed is he in his jesting, sometimes almost beyond all human bearing, as giant's play must ever be: but so hearty, so kindly withal, that if any one can but bear it, they cannot hate it. His talking is ever interspersed with the strangest expressions and allusions: idiomatic extraordinarily: thoroughly genuine and earnest but correspondingly disorderly and desultory: prolonged: exciting oftenest passion in himself, always wonder at least in those who listen. And when he is alone again you see him often rise from his chair and walk about the room—ejaculating strangely and often praying; and then with fresh resolve sit down to the table whereon are lying many scattered papers and some half-dozen books: One of the largest of these you cannot but notice is in strange characters: and on looking at this for a minute or two he snatches up one or two of the others and turns over the leaves rapidly and returns to the Big one sometimes with calm pleasure but oftenest with clouded brow and impassioned ejaculation, and resting of his head upon his hand. And what is this? Luther translating the Bible.

Nine months does he stay at the Warteburg doing thus: but he finds he cannot get on so well here as he thinks he might do at Wittemberg: and so he leaves the Warteburg without leave, and goes back to Wittemberg, and goes on living there just as if nothing had happened since he was there before. Strange man this Luther, is he not? a bold



brave man, at least. And at Wittemberg he does manage to live notwithstanding that he is Excommunicate: and marries, and brings up a family, and publishes a Translation of the Bible in German, and innumerable books: he enters into controversies with Erasmus, Henry VIII., the Sacramentaries; organises churches and governs multitudes: takes part in whatever is important to the cause of Religious Liberty in his own nation and in others, for Twenty Years and more; and at the age of sixty-three dies in his bed in the town in which he was born.

Thus after a vigorous struggle of more than threescore years with all manner of vehement enemies, fleshly and spiritual, and a thirty years' special wrestling with Popes, Emperors, and Nobles, disappears from our view Martin Luther, to appear in the presence of One who, I feel sure, notwithstanding his many imperfections, will pronounce to him his well-known sentence, Well done, good and faithful servant.

And now before I proceed to lay before you some slight estimate of Luther's character, I must say once for all that all modes of accounting for his conduct and its results, by anecdotes and secret histories, and hypothetical motives, I look upon as utterly inadequate, to say the least. Little sentences too of philosophical explanation and mild literary remarks about enthusiasm and ambition are but poor shadows. A Nation cannot be permanently convulsed by an unarmed enthusiast, nor a Church thoroughly regenerated by a self-seeking hypocrite. That which has such life in it as to overthrow what before it was deemed invincible, and to get itself established instead, and to stand, and to spread throughout nations and centuries as a satisfying Faith, must be accounted for quite otherwise than thus. Nor will any suggestions as to how political events and public opinion favourably concurred help us much better. For long before there were

any fortunate political coincidences, Luther stood alone, successfully fighting against Principalities and Powers : and no one of his contemporaries was his forerunner or his guide. There had been in other countries, it is true, attempts at Reformation by Christian heroes : but their feebleness and the infelicity of their results only make more manifest the greatness of Luther. Luther indeed in the latter years of his life became the idol of the people : but at first he had no friends, no helpers, no patrons : he created the party which he ruled, and he stirred up the feeling which cheered him on. Before Luther there was no popular impulse towards Reformation : within ten years after his death, the Reformation was established as fully and as firmly as now.

The more I consider the story of Luther, the more I become confirmed in the conviction that Luther was throughout a true, genuine, sincere man : that he believed what he taught to be essential truth, and would at any time have laid down his life for his belief ; and that the glory of God, and the good of his brethren, were the ruling objects of his life. He had many spiritual infirmities : very many : but that of Insincerity, I believe, was not one of them. Nay, I would go so far as to assert, and to stake all my credit with you for a knowledge of human nature on the assertion, that Luther could not have been insincere : and that insincerity was just that vice which could not consist with his universally admitted qualities. Insincerity will ever betray itself, give it time enough, in acts of weakness and of selfishness : it is incompatible with sustained strength and lifelong manhood. And surely if Luther presents to us any one quality prominently and indisputably, it is that of thorough manliness, and even almost gigantic strength. Indeed, Luther had no littlenesses that I know of, even no eccentricities. Coarse, clumsy, careless was he, but never cold or calculating or cunning. From his irregular undisciplined vehe-

mence, you might perchance sometimes suspect him mad : but never could you, even in his most unguarded moments, suspect him mean. No : Luther was inconsistent, but he was not insincere. Nay, his very want of consistency is to me a strong proof of his honesty. For it is exactly what you would expect in a man educated as he was, and coming to a knowledge of the Truth in such irregular ways, and whose mind, when it had once for all received into it new elements, was yet always in a state of fermentation, and seems at no time of his life to have become quite clear. His views are exactly such as you would expect those of a man would be who had been couched : first men as trees walking, then as men in form and stature indeed, but never at all, perhaps, in colour and true expression. You see in Luther, in fact, exactly the fluctuations which are the characteristics of the most earnest men : they are always oscillating between the highest and lowest states of feeling ; believing themselves reprobate at one time, inspired at another. Read the accounts which some of the most eminent Christians have given of their own feelings at certain crises of their histories, and you will see what I mean : and at least you will see that the commonplace phlegmatic men—the worldly or the weak—are no fit judges of such. They feel no Infinite Forces, they have no Infinite Aims. They may judge correctly of their like : but if they would not furnish the precise measure of their own littleness, their policy is to keep silence of the Great.

And what was the work which Luther did ? He emancipated half Europe (I trust for ever) from the curse of great errors on matters of greatest importance to man's eternal interests, and diffused through the same the light of the knowledge of the way of access to GOD through JESUS CHRIST alone. He restored to men a true exhibition of their peculiar relation to GOD through CHRIST, which had been

obscured for a thousand years : he so proclaimed the distinguishing and life-giving doctrines of the Gospel as that they took effect upon the hearts of men then, and have lived in them till now. He saw with a clearness such as none for centuries before him had seen the importance of such truths as these : That we can learn little of God's purposes towards man anywhere but from CHRIST : That the desire to justify ourselves, and to depend upon our own strength in getting to heaven, is the misery and destruction of man : That by the most earnest striving to fulfil the moral law we cannot obtain peace of heart : That Faith in CHRIST and Obedience to Him flowing from that Love which such Faith must inspire—is the only permanent source of peace of heart and purity of life : That the Principle from which anything is done can alone give it worth in God's sight, and that therefore we do not become good by doing good works, but when we are good we do good works. God's sympathy with man, and Man's responsibility to God—the necessity of the HOLY SPIRIT'S influence, and the efficacy of Prayer—the entire absence of merit on the part of man, and the thorough freeness of Remission of Sin—how strong and happy we may be if united to CHRIST through Faith, and how apart from Him we can be neither : these things Luther saw and taught when no man about him did so. Now, it was the proclamation of such truths as these that gave Luther his power over the hearts of his fellows. The faithful preaching of the Gospel of God—the earnest, bold, free, assertion of the Remission of Sins through the blood of CHRIST, and through it alone—his knowing and stating the true answer to the question which every earnest man must answer somehow, What must I do to be saved?—his having and teaching the true doctrine about those things which all men are most interested in, Repentance and Regeneration, Belief and Duty,

Faith, Hope, and Love—this was what gave Luther the lever whereby he moved Europe from its old foundations. He had the Truth in him and other men had not, and herein was the secret of his strength: thus men were to him but as Philistines to Samson, as a Forest to Fire, as innumerable Birds of Darkness to Light. Verily, dear brethren, there is nothing so powerful as a Truth, there is nothing so practical as a Principle: and it is one of the most sublime as well as one of the most simple of all sayings, That man lives not by Bread alone, but by Words which come forth from the mouth of God. And if it be thought that these truths, and such as these, it is not much to discover, they are written so plainly in the Bible: I answer, it is mainly, though not directly, through Luther that we now read every one in our own tongue the wonderful words of God. He was the first that so laid them open as to make them the inheritance of a nation. Before you fix then your estimate of what Luther did, consider well this his Translation of the Bible. Few such good works has it been permitted any one man to do so singly and so well. Our English Version, the work of Many, is on the whole the best I know of: but Luther's is the most wonderful as the work of one man: for he not only transfused the essence of the Original into his Translation, but also actually regenerated the language into which he translated it: for Luther's translation of the Bible forms a distinctly marked epoch in the history of the German language. And if after all we do not think so much of what Luther thus achieved as his contemporaries did—if he does not seem to us to possess such superior light or vision—then let us remember that he is not The Seer perhaps only because we through his light have been made Seers too: and that perhaps to light up so many of his brethren's torches as that his own shall grow dim in the

multitudinous blaze—to decrease only because he has made his fellows increase—this is the noblest work and the noblest wages which can be given to man.

This work of Luther's, as I have already said, was gradually accomplished: it was no preconceived ready-made scheme; no well-organised revolutionary Theory. It was nothing that was made once for all: it was something that grew. The work therefore was ill done in many parts of it, imperfect, unsymmetrical. Indeed so many points had sometimes to be proceeded with at once, and to be determined upon on the instant, that nothing but super-human intellect and energy could have avoided occasional errors and frequent inconsistencies. The Reformation was effected with various light: beginning in comparative darkness, and being carried on and enlarged as fresh light came into Luther's own mind. Its Inconsistencies then are evidences of its reality: its Variations are at once the symptoms and the consequences of its Progression. Let us look at this point for a moment. Luther at first was but a reformer of practical abuses, and even so late as at the Diet of Worms was ecclesiastically a bigoted Romanist. You remember that it was not until five years after Luther returned from his visit to Rome, where he had become so acquainted and impressed with the corruptions of the Church, that Tetzel came to Wittenberg: and for all that time he had never stirred in any matter of theoretical or practical reform. And when he did turn Reformer, his was no theoretical crusade against Popery: of all ways his was the most practical way of going to work: and in no wise rash. Look at him when he publishes those first Theses of his. He has seen and felt the falseness and wickedness of some portions of the ecclesiastical system for five years: and in his fiery nature such practical abuses have been rankling daily: but he does not go out of the way to attack them. He is dis-

charging his duty as Professor and Preacher and Priest at Wittenberg, and an abuse molests him there, by practically contradicting what he has been sworn to teach and to do : and then only he repels it. So then, I ask, if Luther did wrong here, what ought he to have done? To have held his peace. Nay, he is one who fears God and loves his neighbour ; and withal emphatically a Man—one whose prerogative is Speech. It appears to me that nothing could be more right than what he does. He is a Professor of Theology and a Teacher of the Church : and he speaks according to what he understands of the Oracles of God, and not against any authoritative decision of the Church : for you must remember that it was the Sale of Indulgences, rather than the Principle of Indulgences, that he began with opposing : and that even when he went further, the Church had not pronounced any decree on the question. The whole thing was a mere temporary expedient of ecclesiastical administration ; and Luther contended against it as a Novelty. Wherefore on all grounds I hold him acquitted in this matter of erroneous enthusiasm.

And so also look at him again in that affair of Burning the Bull. This act of his has been blamed ; I am for it. Had Luther done any such act as this at first, I should have been inclined to pronounce him rash and wrong. But he has now had at least seven years to understand his position—to ascertain the stability of it—to count the cost of it. And taking such view of it as weak eyes can do at such a distance, it does seem to me that that Procession of Doctors and of citizens—that crowd half-collegiate, half-popular—which streams forth on that cold mid-winter day from the Hall of the University to the City Gate—amidst the silent wonder but busy following of the multitude—is no vain show : and that piling and lighting of wood where they stop, and standing forth of that Monkish Doctor and casting of

paper victims into the blaze with loud but calm speeches—is no mountebank trick, no theatrical bombast. It seems to me rather a grand symbolical act, done with meet, not mock, solemnity. It is a public irrevocable proclamation of battle by one man against myriads, under the conviction that he was as David, the champion of God's cause, they as Philistines, with a mere Goliath for a captain. It is as a burning of vessels when disembarking on a hostile shore. I like it: it is a brave deed: teaching us all a great lesson: trying a great cause in the face of the world fearlessly: a cause in which we are as interested as he—namely, how powerful Truth and Justice and the Gospel can be: whether they are not more powerful only aided by the energy of earnest souls, than all pomp and power, all wealth and force and number, allied to but shadowy semblance of the Truth. Verily Luther was here our champion: the representative of all men who protest against Spiritual Tyranny of all kinds; and I thank God that at that East Gate of Wittenberg, beside the Holy Cross there, Luther was permitted by that burning of the Bull, to light up a flame which has not yet at least gone out.

Certainly Luther was what may be termed an Enthusiast: but his Enthusiasm never degenerated into Fanaticism. It could ever coexist with calmness of thought, with a sense of justice, and the wisest and most persevering energy. He never ran headlong into danger, though certainly he never shrank from it. He never courted martyrdom by insolence, or deprived himself of an opportunity by imprudence. He avoided going to Rome though he went to Worms: he did not refuse to face Cajetan at Augsburg, but he fled thence when his duty was done. In all his innumerable dealings with his adversaries he scarcely ever made a blunder: and he guided or governed his friends with a wisdom which earned success. He



sounded the cause of the weak in the ears of the powerful, while he spoke to the people only of an appeal to Invisible Justice. He never was seduced into political licentiousness while advocating religious liberty: but on the contrary ever separated between the rights of conscience and the privileges of society—between temporal and eternal relationships—between the things of Cæsar and of God—with a discretion which it is hard to overrate.

But though Luther was a prudent, and in some respects a gentle-hearted, man even in public matters, he was verily no half-hearted reformer—no petty, hesitating, temporising one. He was a stern, straightforward man in all essential aims: troubled with no delicate doubts, no shuddering solitudes, as to the results of his own principles. He never quailed at the realization of his own ideas: and he was not disheartened, though grieved, at the association with his cause of persons who did not share his spirit. He did not renounce his principles (as a conscientious second-rate man would have done) because to them were attributed the War of the Peasants or the Fanaticism of the Anabaptists. He knew that evil will ever cling to the good, and even pull it down to the dust if it can but raise itself higher by standing on its ruins. He looked through and beyond all this; regarding it as a necessary though an uncomely part of a whole which was or would be lovely; as the price at which all great blessings must be won on earth; as a stage of crisis and suffering and spasmodic effort which would seem sometimes essential to restoration from desperate disease. And it surely should be judged that Luther was not so much responsible for men's abusing the Truth as they were who for so long had not taught them to use it aright. But generally speaking, there were no forcible permanent outbreaks among his followers while Luther lived: and this perhaps is a considerable presumption of his greatness and of his kingly faculties—that he ruled the storm which he raised.

In Luther, then, I see a man whose characteristics are Faith, and Energy, and Courage. His Faith was such as to entitle him to hold a station in any catalogue of Christian men who should be recorded in continuation of the Apostolic chapter of Hebrew Heroes. Of his energy—his untiring continuous industry—one can only say that it was intense. There has seldom lived a man who has done more solid work in the world than Luther: and it may be most truly said of him, that whatever his head or his heart found to do he did with both hands earnestly. I believe that there was not a year of his life, even the busiest, after his first publication in which he did not publish more than one book: and considering what a practical life he led it is much to say of him, that his writings are too voluminous for even the leisurely profitably to read. And of his courage what shall we say, it was so great? Perhaps this, that it was very far from being only or chiefly a physical result. No, it was in the greatest measure the product of his Faith. He had a Faith that he could face Eternity with, and he felt at any instant prepared to meet his God—this I believe was the secret of Luther's strength; and verily this is an incalculable invincible inspiration for any man. Luther felt too that he had armour which he had well proved before he put it on: armour for the right hand and for the left: helmet and shield and sword, all of celestial temper: a Cause that must conquer and a Hope that would not make him ashamed. And as in the greatest men, Luther's courage ever rose with difficulty: he was the most collected in the hour of the greatest need. What paralysed others only tranquillised him. He might grow excited by a Dispute, but he was only calmed by a Battle. Love for all men and Fear of none, this was his Motto: his Principle and his Practice.

I do not know that Luther was a man of surpassing Intellect. To be sure he could do, and do well, whatever he

tried, and he tried many things, and this is certainly a presumption of more than ordinary ability ; but the determination of Will was so remarkable in him, that it absorbed almost all his other qualities, and enabled him perhaps to do his work with less extraordinary talents than would otherwise have been necessary. But Luther had a good deal of Insight, whatever else he had not. He saw below the surface of a good many things about him, into their substance, or their hollowness : He was not deluded by mere Shows : he would take nothing in exchange for the Real. He saw that he was living in a land of the Shadow of Death, and yet there was a Land of better Promise underlying and around it : and this was no mean mental power.

Luther's private character appears to have been irreproachable. There is all the positive testimony one could wish as to this point, and Luther's never vindicating it, in his earliest writings, confirms us in our belief. Besides, Luther's chief friends were of the best men of the time, and his greatest enemies of the worst : and this speaks well for him. And what does so also is this, that the friends of his youth were the friends of his age. There was Nicholas Emler who used to carry him on his back to school, fifty years after receiving from him a book with a memorial of this written on its blank leaf. And there was John Reinecke—his schoolfellow both at Mansfeld and at Magdeburg—accompanying him to Worms, and loving him while he lived. There was Conrad Cottas' son his constant guest while at Wittemberg ; John Lange his brother monk whom he made prior of Erfurth, and John Braun, his old Vicar at Eisenach, corresponding with him all their lives and his ; and Melancthon, you know, and Justus Jonas, and Frederic the Elector, and Spalatin his Secretary, and a host of others, who knew him best loved him best. And indeed every record we have of him seems to tell us that he was an admirable genial man in

private—cordial, companionable—not austere, or hard : not tyrannising over his associates by a constant display of his superiority : but rather perhaps, on the contrary, sometimes too unbending, too mirthful, not sufficiently conventional. Rough, homely, sterling : solid, simple : playful, hospitable, fond of God's works and of music : a hearty, generous, kindly man : good humoured but choleric : such was he. Superstitious, but no braver man anywhere : believing in a personal visible Devil and yet defying him : and surely he who fights with what he believes to be Supernatural Evil must be so brave that one cannot say what there is that he would not fight against, if need be. A most kind father, a not unkind husband : a liberal, frank-hearted, forgiving man : one who cared nothing for money, and who would give to any one who asked him, and from him that would borrow of him would never turn away. And perhaps there never was a man whose soul has been equally laid bare before us in whom there could be traced so few of the baser qualities of our nature. He was not revengeful : he was not suspicious : he had no private enmities : no domestic infelicities. Plainly living, wanting little, no man ever troubled others or himself with so few self-regarding thoughts, no man ever so calmly brushed away, as stinging insects, trifling troubles, or trampled with such elephantine foot upon the miserable minutiae of life. A man of high yet humble thoughts : with the least vanity, with no apparent jealousy. He ever sought out the ablest coadjutors and put them foremost. Indeed he often speaks of himself as only the forerunner of Melancthon : as cutting down the trees and clearing the ground for him to sow upon. Never perhaps did man do so much work with so little aid from those two great props which most men lean on mainly, Praise and Sympathy. No one thoroughly understood Luther while he lived : and he would never allow even his dearest friend to approve him

verbally. The consciousness of his calling and the lofty conception of its duties made him dwell apart from Praise : indeed to one so earnest in the pursuit or the preaching of Truth, mere Praise was felt to be out of place, and nothing as satisfying but the discovery of it for himself and the reception of it by others. He earnestly entreated, too, that whatever those who held his opinions might call themselves after his death they would never call themselves (as they have done) after his name. No, Luther was not an ambitious man, in any worldly sense. To teach at Wittenberg and to die at Eisleben, was all the worldly good he sought. Nay, I should say, that he was a man one cannot conceive of as honoured by a title, or richer for an estate (a mark of a great man, this) : the seeking truth was his employment and the teaching it his reward. For twenty years he ruled over sovereigns—he had princes for his pupils and kings for his instruments—and yet he was never other in fact or in wish, than a plain-living, plain-speaking Priest. And surely for the world-famous Luther to die in the village in which he was born much as he was born—while kindly setting to rights some matters for his liege-lord concerning those very mines about which his father worked—with scarcely enough money to pay for his funeral, had that funeral been a private one—there is something which even a heathen would have revered here.

Was Luther, then, a perfect character? No, a very imperfect one. He was a sincere Christian, as I have already said : but he was not a mature one. He was given to see some truths and to attain to some virtues, in such degree as few others have been : but the completeness of the Christian character—its symmetry—certainly was not his. A good many fruits of the Spirit were wanting in him. Meekness, long-suffering, gentleness, these were not his : and without these a man cannot be a model man. Luther was an

instrument fitted for his work, but not a Pattern for all time. He had, too, considerable mental weaknesses, as I think. His writings are not altogether Possessions for Posterity: they are truly straightforward and emphatically practical: but they for the most part aspire to only immediate usefulness, and they attain to little more than they aspire to. They are not consistent one with another; and they are not safe guides for this age, though they were the best for his own. Luther was not a patient man: and none but a patient man can be a good theologian. Wherever Luther goes beyond the plain letter of Scripture it appears to me that he goes astray: wherever he theorises he had better be silent, when he is betrayed into Philistine ground—that is, into Philosophical—he loses his strength, and becomes much as other men. The scientific intellect and philosophic temper did not shine out in him at all. He was an admirable advocate, but the judicial faculty (which is the highest) was not his. His views of great questions have all that compactness and manageableness which is the consequence and the convenience of narrowness: but the significance of the Gospel as a Whole was not clear to him. The mysteries of the universe pressed but lightly upon him. He cut every knot. A rough, strong, practical grasp of things contented him. He had few scruples and no fears. He would dogmatise more than he had need to do, and thus was obliged to accept consequences which he might have avoided. He saw some things far off vividly, and others close by, through eagerness, not at all. The shortest practicable way to a point he had in view, that he saw: and with his gigantic mode of striding, it little mattered what kind of ground lay between it and him: firm or boggy, turnpike or trespass, over it he would go, and went. Such an one I will not blame, but I dare not follow.

As to Luther's moral faults—those unevennesses and

patches on his otherwise altogether noble statue—the principal were, violence of temper and intemperance of language. The only two distinct acts of his life which I think it necessary to mention as noteworthy in this way are, his advice to Philip, Landgrave of Hesse, and his marriage. Of the former it is something to be able to say that it is the only instance in his life which impresses itself upon me as one in which he seemed to compromise the claims of duty : and of the latter it may suffice to say, that it was a curious specimen of the Logic of Inclination, and an instructive instance of the overbearing usurpation of the will over the judgment. Of Luther's impetuosity of language, however, something more may be said : for indeed you will not judge him rightly without you bear in mind that all this vehemence and violence of his, was not about himself in any way, but all about his Cause. Luther, too, was only thus impetuous in words : for I really remember no act of his public life which was unpardonably intemperate. I do not recollect any instance in which he did not render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, or to Society the things which are Society's. He was no reckless revolutionary ruffian : but only a right-minded resolute reformer. He always behaved himself sufficiently reverently to his ecclesiastical superiors, so long as he believed in their legitimacy, and never otherwise than with customary honour towards his social superiors. And then you must recollect that intemperance of language was the prevailing habit, and almost the necessity, of the times : for both the times and the language were then of the rudest : indeed scarcely could any state of civilized and nominally Christian society be of a rougher character than that amidst which Luther was bred. And then the perpetual presence of falsehood and iniquity and hypocrisy around him—in a degree far beyond anything which we have to compare with it—stung into a more than modern impatience

a spirit which was gifted with the keenest love of Justice and the deepest hatred of Imposture. And then again, he was thus in a great measure on principle : He thought he had sanction for it in Elijah and John the Baptist, and many prophets and righteous men of old time : And he used to say, that he found that when he spoke smoothly he was admired and forgotten, but that when he spoke roughly he was hated and remembered : and he thought that, on the whole, the latter was the better. And perhaps after all with his mission, and especially with his own notion of his mission, he could hardly have done much otherwise. It was that of a Boanerges rather than of a Barnabas : and therefore if he came in the spirit of Elias rather than in that of the Beloved Disciple we must bear in mind that his lot lay amid false prophets and idol altars ; and that his work was emphatically to pull down and to destroy—to rebuke Ahabs and to abolish Baalists. He therefore thought that he must be a rough man and a rude one : clothed in no courtier robe, and using no courtier phrase. He seems to have deemed his soul always among lions : and that the only way in which he could keep them from devouring him was by shouting at them. He was no performer on the harp or lute for the entertainment of those who dwelt in king's houses : his mission was to Awake a Nation, and that too with a trumpet which should give no uncertain sound. The first requisite for a voice which shall command in a Storm is, that it shall be heard : the second only or the third, that it shall be musical. And a man who is struggling for a hearing, and sometimes for life itself, with loud and fierce multitudes—who must perish if he is not listened to, and who cannot prosper if he does not terrify or persuade—such an one of all men surely must not be made an offender for a word.

And the fact is that Luther was throughout a rude, large,



ponderous man : with no delicacy of any sense, with no fineness of nerve : a born wrestler : a man of war from his youth : over-violent, but unweariable : a passionately toiling man, but awkward, and with no skill of any kind, so that his chief chance of annihilating opposition lay merely in the weight and directness of his blows. Strength even to giant-hood was his : and he had a giant's work to do in his unceasing struggle with Popes and Potentates and Principalities and Powers : and he did it like a Giant—though not like a Tyrant. No : Luther's bravery was not mere savagery, instinctive and indiscriminating : it was a calm, contemplative, sustained warfare of Mind against Force : a wrestling with all Falsehood and Injustice after having counted the cost and resolved to accept the consequence. He believed that powerful as they seemed, being Legion, yet that they were conquerable by the Right, doomed to die by the Truth. And for his liberty of speech, or any excess of his zeal, he was willing to pay with his Life : an arrangement which if wrong is not so seductive as to be likely to be dangerous. Had Luther been in power and thus treated a minority, the case would have been different : but for one who was as little indebted as is conceivable for any gift to any man—for one whom no man flattered and almost all men hated—for one who stood alone against myriads—for him to be over-bold is perhaps the least crime he could commit. And besides, Luther did not shrink from the endurance of any kind of pain himself, and he was thus less sensitive about the feelings of others : nay he did not think Pain the greatest evil, nor Peace the greatest duty of man. And indeed to live peaceably with all men is not the whole duty of man : nor the first : nor any duty at all, when it is not possible save on unconscientious conditions. To be at one with God and with our own consciences, this is the main thing : and this may often be accomplished only through severe and lifelong struggle.

And then again, when you see that Luther was not free from great blemishes both in his animal and in his spiritual nature, you should always remember who he was and how he was bred, both ways. Physically, he came of no gentle race: the son of a German peasant in the fifteenth century—a miner amid the hills of Saxony: poor, very poor, in youth: a wild hardy boy, running at large when not in school: with no companions but the rudest: brought up to no patrimony or art but that of self-help: making his way in the world through the throng of his fellows by the strength of his own right arm. And spiritually what was he? For long years a monk: tied and bound with the chain of profitless forms; persecuted and worn: blinded and bandaged: and surely therefore if he had not lost all roughness nor acquired all polish, there need be no wonder and no reproach. The imperfect vision and unsteady gait of eyes long excluded from the light and of limbs long debarred from exercise may appear uncouth to us who have been born in light and exercised daily from our youth; but surely he who first bursts such bonds asunder and then sets so many of his fellow prisoners free, may be pardoned some uncouthness of manner, some irregularity of procedure. That Luther struggled at all out of the rubbish of the massive ruins of the Church of Rome—this alone is a presumption of his possessing a strength all but superhuman; His coming forth all bruised and maimed is a proof of nothing more than of the weakness of the flesh and the hardness of the struggle.

On the whole then, though distinctly bearing in mind his faults, I repeat that Luther was a genuine Great Man—aye, one of the greatest that God has sent upon earth in these latter days. To stand at first alone in his generation preaching Truth, and then gradually in despite of all anathema and opposition to make a Nation his disciples: to

commence in a minority of One, and then to gain over whole kingdoms to his side: and to do all this at the hazard of his life and with the mere sword of his mouth—this is a great man's deed, and this is Luther's. For the miner's son of Mansfeld to raise himself to be the Friend and Companion of Sovereigns—for the singing-boy of Eisenach to become the most conspicuous man in Europe—for the monk of Erfurth to have wrestled foot to foot with Three Popes—for the mere Doctor of Wittemberg to have stood his ground against the greatest of all Emperors—nay for the Excommunicated man merely to have kept alive for twenty years—this was no mean doing. Not to fall down before the Golden Image which had been set up and upheld by many a spiritual Nebuchadnezzar, but to be willing rather to be cast into the burning fiery furnace—surely here alone are the elements of greatness: but to think of turning Iconoclast of such magnitude as to smite to pieces this Monster Image—and that in the face of adoring multitudes of all nations and kindreds and languages—and to attempt it, and to succeed—there is what I mean by Heroism here.

I now dismiss you with simply saying that we all have the same kind of mission as Luther had and the same means of fulfilling it—the same kind of work and the same kind of tools. It is the duty of us all to bear witness to what we believe to be Truth and to fight against what we believe to be Error. And to do this, we must have Luther's chief characteristics: We must be, as he was, honest and earnest, manly and brotherly; having illimitable faith and inflexible decision; sincerity, largeness of heart, fervour; fearing God and none besides.

## CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

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THE Bible is not the only Revelation of God. God is everywhere, and everywhere there are traces of His Presence—impressions of His Mind—manifestations of His Will. Every work of God is a partial exhibition of Himself. The laws of Nature are the laws of God: the instincts of Humanity are the commands of God. All things visible and invisible which we are conscious of as Realities, are ordinances of God. Nothing is but what He has created in essence after the counsel of His own will. Every indisputable relation—every universal impulse—is an exponent of an Idea of God. Yea, all Creation is a Revelation of the Creator. And thus as our Lord JESUS CHRIST has told us, the lilies of the field and the birds of the air—the rising of the sun and the falling of the rain equally upon the just and the unjust—the parental emotions and the social sympathies—are all to be recognised as intimations of the Mind of God. And if these things be so, so also it may be suggested is the History of Man a Revelation of the Purposes of God. It is indeed one far more difficult to interpret than all others, and far less important to understand: one which most of you here are not called upon or

enabled to study, and therefore one which you will be no great losers if you do not comprehend: but still for those few of you who have the ability, there would seem the obligation to study it: and as I am going to take up our time this evening with a story which has been familiar to some from childhood, I would beg permission of the majority to say a few words first addressed exclusively to the Few. And I do so because I believe that no one can form right judgments of the significance of man's destiny or duties—or adequately even appreciate the characters of such Great Men as will from time to time be brought before you at these Meetings—without endeavouring to borrow light from a wider field of vision than is contained within the boundary lines of that special Revelation of God which is written with pen and with ink. Truly all that relates to the discharge of our own personal every-day duties, and to the understanding of our own individual responsibilities as members of the Church of CHRIST—we may attain to with no other knowledge or thoughtfulness but about the instincts and experience of our own nature, and the ordinary Worship and Teaching of the Church. But would we attempt to be something wiser than this (and those few of us here who have so much leisure may perhaps lawfully do this) would we try to understand and sympathise with the position and the interests of other portions of God's great Human Family—then, I say, I feel sure that we must take into our consideration very much more than these things: we must add to the History of the Jews all authentic History of the World, and to the great Facts of the Catholic Creed the great Facts also of Nature and Experience. And as I have to speak to you this evening of the story of a man who was permitted to do so very much to alter and enlarge our views of the world in which we live, such suggestions, if true, cannot be inappropriate. Believing then as I

do that the whole history of the world is under the perpetual providence of God—that nothing ever takes place in it anywhere but what is foreknown and provided for by a Wisdom and a Love equally Infinite—I would say, that at least all those great Discoveries in the world's history which have signally and indisputably worked together for its good must have been intended and brought about by influences which, though working through the instrumentality of existing and inflexible laws, may by us be not erroneously regarded as specially Divine. For instances, I would say, the Invention of the Compass, and the consequent rapid achievements of navigation under Columbus and De Gama : the Invention of the Telescope, and the consequent recognition of the Law of Gravitation as the true solution of the motions of the Planetary System, by Galileo, Kepler, and Newton : the Invention of Printing, and the consequent restoration of learning and promulgation of lost Truth in the sixteenth century : the Invention of the application of Steam to locomotion and manufacture, and the consequent sudden extension of intercourse and civilization between the most important centres of human habitation ; and many other remarkable and influential developments of human power and knowledge ; I would call these, kinds of Inspiration ; Providential leadings ; Godsendings. As we believe that the sole centre of Power is in God, and that none of us has anything which we have not received, surely we are compelled also to believe that all the new power which is generated in the world must have been from the first intended to be thus from time to time so developed as to be a co-operating and modifying influence in the history and destiny of the world. Nay, all that are called Revolutions, and Reformations, and Revivals, whether political, ecclesiastical, or literary, I believe to have been all contemplated and ordained to be such instruments towards the world's progression as they have been, by the

perpetually pervading providence of God. Surely this is the only view which a religious man can thoughtfully content himself with. For are not the minds of all men effluences from God? are they not what they are in faculty through His creative power? and is not that His whereon and wherewith they work? If so, then since He from time to time sends on earth the minds which effect the great changes in it, by making to us great discoveries or otherwise, all human history must be in a very considerable degree under direct influence from God, though visibly it seem working only according to inflexible Law. The law is inflexible, indeed, but the material on which the law works, if we may so speak, is perpetually fresh and variable; and thus there is a continual inseparable commingling of ordinary and extraordinary, unchangeable and miraculous, in human history. Men surely are not altogether the fac-similes of their forefathers or the products of circumstances; there is a certain portion of fresh divine life in each; and the degree of this is the measure of what I would call special divine interference. The world conceivably could have gone on longer than it did without the appearing in it of Luther or Columbus, of Galileo or of Newton: and who could bid them be what they were, but God only? Truly Chance or Circumstance is the Creator of nothing, and this world is governed no otherwise than emphatically and universally by God. Thus all influences which tend towards the improvement of our race I consider as gifts from our Father which is in heaven. What we call Great Men, Great Epochs, seem to me the more considerable parts of a great scheme for the progressive Revelation of God's Purposes, by which men may continually be taught more and more of their true relations to Himself and to each other—their true position in the Universe. And when one sees, too, the remarkable way in which great Facts have been revealed, and great Truths have taken hold of the

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minds of men—how the fluctuations of thought and feeling among men seem to indicate their obedience to some external law, though we know not what—a law which secures progression by ebb as well as by flow, by that seeming retrogression which equally as progress is implied in oscillation and revolution—one cannot but be additionally confirmed in the conviction, that the history of man is under the guidance and the governance of a Providence which, though far above out of our sight, is yet perpetually contemplating us for good. For myself, I cannot help believing that God sends into the world, every now and then, a spiritual epidemic, as it were, as He does a physical one—this for blessing as that for chastisement—and those minds on which it takes hold the most thoroughly become the half-inspired Seers and Prophets of these later generations of mankind. That which was abroad in Columbus's time and country was an impulse towards Geographical Discovery : what that is which is abroad now and in our own country, I shall leave to others to determine : and content myself with remarking, that it would be the wisest course for those of us who have the leisure to frame any general opinions about the probable destiny of our Country or our Church—or, what may be more interesting than either, about the Evangelical Progression of Mankind—to look well at History as a Revelation of God's purposes, and to modify their anticipations by a careful consideration of all attainable phenomena both of the Present and the Past.

And now that you have indulged me by patient acquiescence in what I fear must be to all but a few an altogether unintelligible utterance, I will proceed to tell you a story which throughout is as simple as it is interesting to all.

While Luther was in the monastery of Erfurth there was dying at Valladolid in Spain a most notable old man. He was a veteran admiral of Spain—not long returned from the



last voyage he ever was to make, broken equally in health and in spirits. And the day before he died, having just signed his last Will and Testament, he was talking, as intervals of ease permitted, of the story of his life to his sons and a few others who had gathered around his chair. Propped up and sadly suffering from complicated infirmities—looking much older than he was, but with apparently much vigour in him yet—he was uttering words which, to one who should have heard of him only for the first time then, would have seemed strange indeed. For he spoke of little else but of another world—not a world in the Invisible whither he was soon to go—but of a New World on this earth of ours where he had been: a world which he had been the first to see; a world which should be associated for ever with his name, and which should be for all coming ages an inexhaustible field for enterprise, and benevolence, and wealth. It was a strange scene altogether: the very room he was in looked like none other: it was hung round with the strangest things: Besides pictures of places and of ships, old charts, maps innumerable, and all ordinary naval things, there were the strangest looking ornaments and weapons of all kinds: dried plants and skins of animals such as no one had ever seen before: live birds and lumps of gold; a tattered flag of Spain: and most unaccountable of all, you might see a withered branch of thorn with berries on it, a small board decayed, a rudely carved stick, and right over his chair, Chains. And as for the man himself, he was no ordinary looking, no ordinary speaking man. There was a natural nobility about him which would have made you say to yourself, whether that man has a patent of nobility from his king or not, at least he has had one given him by God. His face indeed is weatherbeaten and coarse, and he is altogether crippled by disease: yet that look, there is no mistaking it: there is more than common there: there



is God-given strength of mind and loftiness of heart : instinct of greatness and incompatibility with littleness of any kind. And he is almost like an old Prophet to listen to : so full is he of enthusiasm and wild fervour, under those long thick curling white hairs of his. But he evidently has been no mere Preacher : he has done something, aye much : that rough scarred face, those hard hands, those sinewy limbs, all tell of Work. He speaks with mingled querulousness and pride : calling up sometimes saddest remembrances, but oftenest as if beholding even with his bodily eye, glowing visions of the future. His story seemed a strange one : altogether unintelligible to one who did not know who it was that was speaking : to one who does, not altogether clear. But let us listen a little to what he is saying : He speaks in Spanish, but with foreign accent : with long references to family affairs (which we must omit) and in broken sentences, just as his pains will allow. Something of what he is saying—though very little of the manner in which he says it—may be translated thus :

Mine has been a strange life, my sons : every way wonderful : God has ordered it throughout : He has scarcely done more for Moses, or for David, than for me. He has delivered me the keys of the gates of the ocean sea, hitherto from the foundation of the world barred as it were with mighty chains : he has made my name to resound marvelously through the world : he has given me honourable fame in His Church. Wonderful, Wonderful ! This too, suddenly at the close of life—when I was nearly threescore—He enabled me to acquire ; but I am sure He was preparing me for it all along. For from a boy I was given to the sea : nothing used to please me so much when a very child as ships and ship-tackle of all kinds : old charts and maps were my picture-books : my toys all smelt of the sea : and living as my father did then by the seaside at Genoa, I was always on

the water, whilst he worthy man (long since in heaven) thought little but of the price of wool, and the wages of weavers, and how his guild of wool-combers prospered. He gave me but little scholarship: most of what I got while a boy was on board ship: a little Latin, indeed, I got at Pavia, and a little geography, and geometry, and astrology: but I was not long enough there to get much: my longing to be on the sea I recollect was so irrepressible that I was impatient of anything else, and to sea I went as soon as any one would take me. And now that I look back upon my whole history and think of this deep longing of my boyhood, and how it abides with me now, and is sometimes so strong in me as to make me almost regret (God forgive me) that it is written that In the new earth there shall be no more Sea—I say, I cannot think of this my unutterable longing for the sea, even as a child, without tracing in it the special Inspiration of the Almighty. Indeed all throughout my life I feel that I have been acted upon by impulses from Him: I have been but an instrument of His, in doing what I have done, (to His name be all the glory): and do you, my children, keep this ever in your hearts as a great truth—that to be a conscious and willing instrument in the hands of God for accomplishing any of His purposes is the noblest lot of man. This conviction—nay this consciousness—that I have had a mission from God to do the work in the world I have done, this has been that which has all along upheld me under my difficulties and my sore sore distresses: this has already given me strength above other men to bear afflictions above other men's (I hope I say it humbly—but look at those Chains as well as these Charts): And now when perhaps just about to set out on a voyage quite different from any I have been on yet, this also gives me good hope that God (having pardoned my sins through the virtue of that Cross which I have planted in new lands) He will not desert one

whom He has gifted with the heart to trust Him and love Him and live for Him. When I first went to sea, indeed, I had no such thoughts about my calling as I have now: I was for years afterwards even a thoughtless lad living much such a life as other seafaring people: mindful of nothing but of service: reckless, hardy, rough: only miserable when on shore, never so happy as when there was most to do. But very well do I remember at this moment—though now it is a half-century ago—when news first got among our crews about some Discoveries which had been just made along the Coast of Africa. Many of us were all astir about them: I wanted much to be at such service as that: but that was not the kind of service we had to do: this was a kind of half-merchant, half-war duty: for though we were but traders, every little voyage was a kind of war-cruise: we had to fight our way from port to port, for the Mediterranean in those days swarmed with pirates. But still there was nothing to be done worth doing even in this way: and even when I got a commission in the fleet of the King of Naples, it was scarcely much better: It only increased without satisfying my sea-faring longings: and so I left it for the Portuguese service, hoping that I might get sent on some of their voyages of Discovery. I did, as you know, go on some uncommon cruises on the Guinea Coast and beyond the Thule of Ptolemy (Iceland): but this was not enough for me: for I was even then full of the scheme which I last tried, of finding a Western Route to India—I am sure there is one—and indeed I wrote to Paulo Toscanelli about it, and he was so good as to send me a map he had drawn (after Marco Polo's book) with Cathay and Cipango marked down where I never could find them, but near where I to this day believe that some one will find them: some one, do I say? nay, if ever I get round again I will have another cruise after them myself, for there lie, believe me, my sons, the kingdom


of the Great Khan, and all the unimaginable treasures and glories of this world. And a glorious thing I thought it then, and a glorious thing I think it now, to carry the Cross into the presence of the Khan, to bring his innumerable people under the dominion of the Church, and to open a communication between Europe and its civilised Antipodes. I have tried it indeed already, and failed: but I was near it, and if God would put new strength into these old limbs nothing should keep me from trying it again. But it is not likely now—how I talk!—God's will be done! But I feel the same fervour now that I did at that glorious season of my life when the Idea of the New World dawned upon me: when I was given to see as with the distinctness of bodily vision the existence of another Hemisphere: and when I was awakened to the consciousness that God had elected me out of all men to reveal to my brethren a full half of His terrestrial creation. Oh! that was a stirring time with me. The moment when the persuasion took possession of me that there was Land West, was almost as exciting as that other time when I first saw it with these eyes. It did not indeed come upon me in its fullness all of a sudden: it grew upon me, in one sense; it enlarged itself, though it did not change in form, for some eighteen years. I had read of it in ancient books: I had heard strange reports of it from sailors, especially from your grandfather: it was suggested to me faintly by what I myself had seen. All these things indeed did not tell me anything plainly: but they set me athinking: athinking not only about the credibility of man's evidence, but about what evidence there was in the constitution of the earth itself which would render antipodes probable. I then went on from thinking what might be, to thinking what must be: and the idea of what the world was, and how it was, came into my mind, and from that moment I Saw another world:

It was no use arguing with me, no use scoffing at me : God had made me another Daniel ; able to tell men both the Dream and the Interpretation thereof. And from that day to this I never had a doubt : nay, my faith grew every day more strong : the glorious prophecies of the Bible seemed to point out to me that the uttermost ends of the earth were to receive through my means the knowledge of the Faith : and here has been to me a steady bright light which has led me on, and in leading guided me, in all my voyages. And though it has not pleased God—whose I am and whom I serve—to make more use of me than as an instrument to show men just where to look for new revelations of His works, yet I feel sure that there are not only Islands innumerable in the West more than eye has yet seen, but that there is Terra Firma there, a Continent, a World. And may be I shall yet—but no : it would be too great an honour for any one man : I will not think of it : I will be thankful for the Past. Only remember my vow : The Holy Sepulchre, the Holy Sepulchre—think of that. You promise me you will, my sons?—Well then, Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace.

But you must not listen more to the fervent but querulous old man, for you should not understand him : I must transport you to quite a different scene from this old man's dying chamber—many years back—twenty.

At the gate of the Franciscan Convent of La Rabida, just above Palos in Andalusia, in the autumn of 1486 stands a stranger—a foreigner—a sailor—begging bread and water for a little boy whom he is leading in his hand. A noble looking man is he : of lofty bearing yet poorly dressed : with small liquid eyes enkindling in speech : not old but with hair already white. Wayworn and careworn he looks, all dusty and threadbare, his boy hungry and footsore : altogether pitiable and remarkable : This is he who afterwards

became The Admiral of Spain—that old man whom we have been listening to—CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS. And his standing thus begging alms is a necessary means to his becoming such. For as he is eating and resting the Prior of the convent comes up and enters into conversation with him, and asks news of him: he converses, but seems to know little of any news the Prior wants to know. All his talk is of the Sea and of what is beyond it. The Prior is struck with the strangeness and fervour of this foreign wayfarer; how much his talk is above his dress, and yet how the bearing and look of the man are so in keeping with his talk. And so he suspects that he is entertaining a great man unawares: he therefore further presses him to be his guest: and his suspicions becoming stronger every hour, he sends for the most intelligent man of the neighbourhood (a physician of Palos) to meet him. He comes; they sup: the prior and the physician draw out the stranger into prolonged talk, who gradually unfolds to them the wildest seeming, yet not foolish, project—a project which he has for seeking a New World in the West. Hour after hour wears away while this man talks—talks, did I say? rather reasons, discourses, pleads. They listen delighted and amazed: for the rough mariner blends his enthusiasm most uncommonly with science, and with learning, and with piety. The mystic symbols of Bible prophecy, and the traditionary legends of classic history, are to him as household words. He speaks of Isaiah and Ezekiel—of Aristotle and Seneca—and of himself as connected with them all. He tells them the story of his life: and how this idea of his with regard to a New World is no new thing with him: but that he had long cherished it, and submitted his schemes to John the Second of Portugal—and how his advisers acted upon his plans, but wished to rob him of his fame: and how he had indignantly refused to listen to terms



which they were now willing to propose, in order that he might offer his service to a worthier master, and work for worthier wages. His earnestness is intense, and withal his intellect is clear : and so every hour he talks they think him less and less of an Enthusiast and more and more of a Seer. The Prior offers him an introduction at Court : and to take care of his boy at the convent, if he would like to go and try to get his scheme laid before the Sovereigns—Ferdinand and Isabella. He accepts the offer, and sets out. The Queen's Confessor—to whom his introduction was addressed—is unfriendly to his plans : and he has to wait about court, living as he can, for many weary months. The Grand Cardinal of Spain, however, takes up his cause, and procures him an audience of the Sovereigns, who issue a summons for a council of learned men to judge of his scheme ; and after many delays Columbus appears before this Council at Salamanca. A strange scene is it. The old hall of the Dominican Convent there was fitted up for the conference : as judges, were assembled there the Professors of the University, many a learned Bishop and dignitary of the Church, and the friars of St Stephen's, with all those outward appliances of pomp and form which are calculated to impose, if not to impress. Before them stands an obscure navigator—with no force to bring to bear upon anybody but that which an Idea gives a man—and unfolds his scheme and his reasons for it. His speech is only half listened to—not at all answered. He is replied to with passages from the Bible and passages from the Fathers, and the all-silencing insinuation that after so many philosophers had occupied themselves with scientific investigations, and so many able navigators had been voyaging about the world for ages, it was unpardonable presumption for an unknown Italian to put forward pretensions which surpassed them all. Columbus demolished their reasonings, but he could not demolish their



prejudices; he refutes their philosophy, and overwhelms their scripture arguments by counter-quotations from the magnificent predictions of the prophets. His rough eloquence, scientific insight, and deep religious feeling, brought over the more noble-minded of his judges, but the majority of them remained unmoved. The conference is adjourned: from time to time during five years the council is re-assembled. During this interval of wearing suspense Columbus follows the court. He is very poor: living sometimes on grants from the king, and sometimes as he used to do in his younger days when ashore, by copying maps and charts. It is a time of war; and Columbus, more for something to do perhaps than anything else and to beguile his waiting, is content to be sent as need might be on the service of the Sovereigns. And so with threadbare cloak but proud step, he hovers about the court, wild-looking, yet withal sad and solemn; exciting every one's marvel by his mingled poverty and pride; by his idleness when there is no fighting going on, and his activity when there is: just bursting out into energy when the king needs his service, and sinking into all but apathy when that service is over. A strange, unintelligible, visionary man; noble in bearing, earnest in speech; not a soldier, yet fighting; having no appointment at court, and yet there with the sanction of the king: the wonder, without being the scoff of the noble; pointed at with significant signs by the children in the street, yet loved by them—does this Columbus attend the migrations of the Court of Spain from palace to camp, from festival to war. But his patience has a limit, and in the winter of Ninety-one he presses for a determination of his cause: and the Council gives it against him, pronouncing his scheme to be vain, anti-scriptural, and impracticable. Columbus's attendance about the court is now over, and he leaves it, seeking patronage elsewhere. He tries some of the Spanish Grandees: receives favourable letters from the

kings of England and of France. Besides Portugal, he had already tried Genoa and perhaps Venice: strange is it not, that he had thus to go about from country to country, for so many years, offering to princes the Discovery of a World! But so it was: and now he is on his way back to La Rabida—to call for his son—on his way to France. When he reaches the convent, and recounts to the kind Prior his story since they last had met—and how his convictions of the truth of his schemes instead of diminishing only grow upon him, and how he is going to France—the Prior writes, and also goes himself, to the Queen and urges Columbus's suit. The Queen is won over, and she orders Columbus to appear again before her. He returns to court and finds the Sovereigns engaged in the siege of Granada. And so there again you might see this unintelligible, mysterious-looking, idle, threadbare Italian wandering about the camp, a privileged man, but with no duties; amidst all its pomp and bustle thoughtful and abstracted, apparently taking interest in little that is going on; talking if at all on matters of the war, about a scheme for carrying the war into the enemies' land, and of marching to Palestine to wrest from them the possession of the Holy Sepulchre. He seems always looking into the Future, and save when this scheme was connected with it, he speaks with little interest about the mere driving out the Moors: even at the conquest of Granada, gazing with dry eye on the pageantry of that proud day when the Moors marched out of Spain, and the Cross was once again, after an interval of eight hundred years, planted upon its royal towers. The blast of War and the shout of Victory are over, and in the silence which succeeds the Prophet of the New World gains a hearing. The Sovereigns listen and assent. He seems now, then, on the very point of being enabled to attempt the realization of his long-cherished absorbing scheme. But no: this poor Italian, I told you,

was as proud as he was poor—and this pride of his (or call it rather consciousness of superiority) made him treat with Sovereigns as one who had something to bestow which they must gratefully, or at least graciously, accept—something within him to which they were as much bound to do homage as he was to their official dignity and station. He felt that he also was in his way Royal; that Honour was his due too; and that perchance his commission from God was as dignified as a King's. At least he could treat only on terms which would recognise the dignity of his enterprise: and so he demands, if he should succeed, the perpetual title of Admiral and Viceroy of all the seas and lands he should discover, and a tenth of the profits; or one-eighth of the profits if he should bear one-eighth of the expense. These demands are refused: not one jot will he abate: and so he leaves the presence of the Sovereigns with the intention of quitting Spain for France, as before. The cause of Columbus is again pleaded before the Queen, and the advantages and glories which would arise to the Gospel and the Church are vividly pictured: Her princely soul is all warmed with the thought of the probable conquests of the Cross, and she at once enters into Columbus's cause with enthusiasm, and even offers to pledge her jewels for the cost. All is now changed. Columbus is recalled, and there in that proud city of Granada, while the flush of victory is yet fresh, do the Sovereigns of Arragon and Castile sign the stipulations of a treaty which secured to their crown at once the Discovery and the Dominion of a World.

Columbus is now a Freeman: free to act, free to prove what is in him: with a clear stage and room every way; having no outward hindrances, but with full liberty to do what he can: to realize his idea. What he can, and whether his idea was a reality or a phantasy merely, we are now to see. Is the unlearned Mariner wiser than all the

Doctors of Salamanca? Is the dreamy Adventurer a visionary or a seer? Is Columbus a Madman or a Great Man? this is the question.

Columbus has orders to fit out two small ships at that very Palos, near which I told you the convent of La Rabida was. He returns to be the Prior's guest, with feelings marvelously different from those which he had when he first enjoyed his hospitality. He finds however the greatest difficulty in getting crews. No one will serve with him willingly: all think his attempt nothing less than madness—a desperate crusade with no probable issue but death. But all difficulties are overcome by his zeal: and after taking a solemn sacramental leave of Spain, he goes on board. And thus with three small ships (called caravels) of about fifty or seventy tons burden—something like our river or coasting craft, with no deck to two of them—crazy, leaky, scarce seaworthy: with a crew of only a hundred and twenty, pressed men most of them, all hating the service: did Columbus set sail from the port of Palos, amid the sullen murmurs and burning tears of its people. That memorable day was Friday, 3d of August, 1492.

On the 9th of September they lose sight of Ferro—the last of the Canary Islands—the last known point of land. Here begins the trial of Columbus's Faith—here too the unquestionable evidence of his Greatness. Just think for a moment what the peculiarity of his daring and his difficulty was. To venture into an ocean without any known shore: to go on and on away from land with nothing but Faith in an Idea to lure him on: to risk the lives of a hundred and twenty men and his own on that which he believed merely, and which he was the only man in the world who did believe, and which the learnedest and most reverend men of his day had solemnly pronounced, after seven years' deliberation, absurd and impracticable and even impious: I say

this is no mean doing. It was as great an example of the force which there is in an Idea, and of the power which there is in Faith, as one can well produce. His main difficulty was simply to keep alive long enough : long enough to give himself the opportunity of ascertaining what the world was made of : how large it was, and of what shape it was. To keep his crew from turning back as soon as half their provisions should be expended, this was a main point with him. At the very outset—four days only after they lost sight of land—he begins to meet with difficulties of this kind. The needle is found to vary five or six degrees N.W.—a mysterious proceeding on its part, which neither Columbus nor ourselves can account for. The crew tremble. Imaginative old legends had painted in the most vivid colours, all kinds of imaginable and unimaginable horrors as connected with these seas ; and here seems to be a confirmation of some of them, inasmuch as the very Laws of Nature seem changing. They soon, however, discover birds, which gives them hope of land : but as it could not be the land he was looking for, Columbus would not give in to the men's wishes to cruise after it. The one object—the fixed unalterable aim—Columbus had, was to sail Westward—to go on and on and on till he came to what he believed in—Land ahead. The crew murmur. He keeps two reckonings, the true one for his own guidance, the other reducing the distance they sailed daily. On the 1st of October, by the true reckoning, they had come 2000 miles at least from Ferro. Still, still, his sole word to the helmsman is, West. The crew mutiny. Columbus is firm, and they are quiet again. And indeed this conduct of the crew is in no way to be wondered at, hardly to be blamed. I daresay it is much what we should have done : for it is what is very natural for ordinary men to do : and well brings out before us the peculiar greatness of Columbus. The crew did not

understand Columbus : they thought him at least half-mad—they would have thought him altogether so but somehow they could not, he was such a calm man : though his eye was so wild his head was so clear : he could do such things : he knew so much more than they did : he was such an uncommonly good seaman. But still theirs was a fearful lot. To be out there, no one of them could tell where, nor for what : in the craziest, miserablest, deckless craft : with bad food daily growing worse and scantier, return growing daily less practicable : to be out there day after day, and week after week, for weeks and months, and for aught they knew till they died : living by Faith, and that Faith not their own : with free passage everywhere but no port : shut out from all men but only shut in by Infinity : themselves seeming the only habitable spot in the world, and they a floating speck without another known one any where attainable—this was the lot of Columbus's crew. They hated it, and murmured at it, and endured it. They were men—emphatically manly—but still ordinary, commonplace men. Columbus, he foresaw all this, and foreseeing chose it ; nay, he willed it and exulted in it. And this it is which makes Columbus a great man. And scarcely, I think, can we picture to ourselves a grander sight than this man sitting by his helm not cheerful only but joyous ; with his spirit moved to deep thankfulness at every breeze that blew him from his home ; with no wish nearer to his heart, no prayer oftener on his lips, than that these breezes should blow and blow on till they bore him to the utmost boundaries of the globe. There he sits—that once seaboy of Genoa, that alms-asking wayfarer at La Rabida, that visionary hoverer about the court of Castile—there he sits with the wildness of his eyes now dimmed into mildness by the tear of gratitude for his high destiny ; sometimes silent, sometimes with audible utterances of joy, as his crazy caravel careers through the

waters. His men, sulkily in groups, eye him with mingled awe and hate. He reads what they look, he hears what they say: but he sits unmoved: only now and then speaking kindly to the timid, and thundering out his orders to the sullen. First and last, early and late, a watcher is he, almost sleepless: but when he does lie down it is with prayer and thanksgiving, and to rise up each day stirred by an increased excitement, the offspring not of Fear but of Faith. And so there he sails, a dim speck on a waste of waters seeming boundless—moving ever onwards to the West: there he sails, with his heart beating quick with the hope that he shall be permitted to plant the Cross amid the countless tribes of a New Hemisphere: there he sails, full of faith, full of courage—an earnest heroic man, and an humble worshipper of God—and every generous heart that could have known of him as he went must have said, and said devoutly, And God's blessing go with him. And so it did: for the very day after the mutiny they see a branch of a thorn with berries on it float by them: they are all excitement. Again, a small board: they are all hope. Again, a rudely carved stick: they are all confidence. On the night of the 11th of October Columbus sees a Light. All the crews watch till dawn. Soon a seaman cries Land, and to their straining eyes before sunrise is revealed, a Peopled Shore. The crews bless Columbus, Columbus blesses God.

Columbus disembarks, and on landing kneels down and returns thanks to God, and plants upon that first fruits of the New World—the Symbol of the Cross and the Standard of Castile. Strange and tumultuous must have been his feelings now. He has solved the riddle of centuries, and given to all men of all time knowledge as of another world. For this it was he had sacredly cherished within him that Idea which was as a fire consuming while it warmed him: For this he had wandered about from kingdom to kingdom, a

seeming visionary and needy adventurer, and borne seven years' scorn as such from proud Castile : For this he had toiled and endured, hoped and prayed, throughout the whole prime of life : and now he possessed all he had so long believed. This was the proudest, happiest, solemnest, moment of his life. There were others when he was more honoured, more praised, more wondered at—as on his return—but to one who, as Columbus, regarded himself as an instrument of the Most High, there could be no day in his life like this twelfth day of October, 1492.

The savages received Columbus and his crew as angels from the skies. The new land was all that he expected and more. He seems at first to have lived in a kind of riot of Imagination : but herein too see his superiority to all about him. His crew wanted to remain and enjoy themselves, as ordinary men would ; but all enjoyment of his toils Columbus was determined to deny himself, lest the profit of his discovery might run the greater risk of being lost to mankind. Columbus therefore will cruise but little : He is deserted by one of his ships in consequence, and loses another by shipwreck. With the crew and wreck of this latter he forms a settlement, and builds a fortress.

On the 4th of January, 1493, he sets sail for Spain : meets with all kinds of difficulties and most extraordinary tempests, but, through God's mercy, enters once more the well-known port of Palos on the 15th of March.

A strange contrast is his entry now to his first appearance there, begging bread for his boy : or even to his departure thence seven or eight months before, amid the murmurs and the hate of all. Now there are loud shouts from the shore, hearty greetings in the market place : all crowd around him as he walks to the old Church to return public thanks to Almighty God for late mercies vouchsafed to him : they stare, they point with the finger, they bless him. And his



journey from Palos to Barcelona (where the Court is) is like a Festival Procession all the way; such ringing of bells and climbing on house tops—such holiday crowds—in every town through which he passes. As he approaches, all the pageantry of the Court is employed to give him homage; and as he enters with his Indians and his Gold—his Birds and Animals and Plants, and all his curious but peaceful spoils—it would have reminded you of a Roman Triumph. No tricky show is it—no mountebank parade: but rather a grave and solemn sight, though so joyful. A whitehaired reverend man, lofty in his bearing as one might be who remembered that the honour which he was receiving he had earned—proud but in no way vain—such an one is the Idol and Peaceful Victor of the day. The Sovereigns rise at his approach, and bid him be seated in their presence. They listen with rapt attention to his story; and when he has done, all fall on their knees and thank God, and on rising chant together the *Te Deum*. Columbus is sumptuously entertained at Court: the news of his discovery spreads rapidly throughout Europe, and Columbus becomes world-famous. He renews his vow of a Crusade: and is now at the acme of his honour.

As with Luther's return from the Diet of Worms ends what I termed the Scenic History of the Reformation, so with Columbus's departure from the Court at Barcelona ends the Scenic History of the Discovery of the New World. As Luther, so Columbus did much afterwards—much that was most valuable—but little that adds to our estimate of his greatness or materially modifies our present conceptions of his character.

Columbus made three voyages more to the lands he had discovered: but I shall not lay before you the particulars of their history. He met with more than an ordinary portion of adventure and of hardship. He had to endure mutinies

and shipwrecks—perils by land and perils on the deep : but I pass by all these things, as they were things which he could not help and did not choose : and which thousands of others who have been in nowise great men have borne as well as he ; and as I have said, to bear well inevitable danger is only manly, it is nothing more : to choose it rather than forego the accomplishment of some spiritual end, this alone is great.

On the 25th of September, 1493, Columbus leaves the bay of Cadiz with 3 ships of 100 tons and 14 caravels and 1500 men. When he arrives at his colony he finds all things in the saddest state : all destroyed, through the bad conduct of the colonists, as was but too apparent. He builds a new town (which he calls Isabella) and forms a new settlement. He discovers the Caribbee Islands, Puerto Rico, and Jamaica ; and returns to Spain 11th of June, 1496.

During the three years that he had been absent people had got accustomed to the wonder of a new world. It is not easy to keep up a state of excitement for very long even by miracles ; it is impossible without them : and Columbus could not discover a New World every three years ; and so his popularity diminished, and on his return from this second voyage of his (a voyage successful beyond any other ever made but his former one) he had to defend himself instead of to receive honour. Complaints—numerous and heavy—had been made against him in his absence by those who had returned before him ; and he found on his arrival many of his former friends quite changed. However, he was well received by the Sovereigns, and proposes another voyage, which is acceded to, but delayed.

On the 30th of May, 1498, he sails again with six ships. His crew are principally convicts ; he could get none other, so unpopular is he. His own enthusiasm however is as great as ever : but his health is broken. He discovers Trinidad,

the mouths of the Orinoco, the Coast of Peru, and many Islands. He goes to Hispaniola to recruit his health, and governs there. But dissensions of all kinds arise, and evil reports reach Spain. The unproductiveness of the island, and regret at having given so much power into the hands of a man who is now no longer necessary to him, influence the King to supersede him. The island did not pay its expenses—it was indeed a source of loss instead of profit—and this supplied his enemies with a plausible logic to prove either bad faith, or bad management. Columbus's loyalty was as great as his bravery. He obeyed instantly the man who was sent to supersede him, and submissively wore the Chains which that man without authority dared to insult him with. Yes, Columbus returns from his third voyage to the world he had discovered in Chains.

This is ingratitude too great: the meanness of his enemies has over-shot itself. There is instant reaction: a general burst of indignation at the Court is echoed throughout Spain. The Sovereigns do all they can to atone for his disgrace. They give him the amplest assurances and promises of royal favour, and furnish him with all things necessary for another voyage. But this fourth voyage is cautiously and somewhat craftily postponed by agreement with Columbus for two years. Columbus cannot be idle all this time. So he stirs up the Sovereigns to accomplish his long-cherished scheme of a Crusade, avowing his conviction that this was his Great Mission, to which his discoveries were but preparatory. He pleads this with the greatest earnestness (indeed it was the ruling passion of his life) and emphatically beseeches them not to scoff at him as one unlearned and a mere mariner: but to bear in mind that this was the case before, and he had been successful beyond their anticipations, and that the HOLY SPIRIT works not only in the learned but also in such as he. He afterwards writes

an elaborate book explaining and vindicating his plans, and presents it to the Queen. Nothing, however, is done.

When the two years had passed over, on the 9th of May he sails from Cadiz with 4 ships of 70 and 50 tons and 150 crew—aged 66—to seek a short passage to India. One of his younger brothers and his younger son sailed with him. On the 7th of November, 1504, he returns—unsuccessful—broken by age and manifold infirmities. He lingers in neglect, poverty, and pain; and dies in much that state of mind in which I introduced him to you, on the 20th of May, 1506.

And now before summing up his Character, I must say here of Columbus's Discovery of a World as of Luther's Reformation of a Church, that all attempts to account for it by anecdotes, or to diminish his claims to greatness of mind by suggesting doubts about his originality, are at the least inadequate. Nobody did before him what Columbus did, and therefore I argue that they could not do it. If any Europeans had been on the American coast before, it had been because they could not help it: because they were carried there by winds or currents they could not bear up against. They did not seek it: they reckoned it their misfortune, sailing thitherwards: it was at the best to them but an accident. Many men have thus done great good to mankind without intending it: there is nothing great in this. A man must contemplate the object he effects before I call him Great: not that he must see all its consequences, but only that he must perceive its main tendencies. This was precisely the case with Columbus. Surely Columbus did not find a world by accident: he went after it and looked for it while other people stayed at home and scoffed at him. For eighteen long years—all the prime of his life—he pondered over the idea of the world, and was fully fixed to count all things lost to manifest that idea to all men:

and he sacrificed everything to this one end : enduring the world's buffeting if only he might promote the world's benefit : and this is what I call doing great things. That he had some grounds of reason and of science to go upon, and did not go forth as a seafaring Quixote, seeking worlds where there were none, and magnifying coral-banks into continents—is greatly to his credit. But these grounds of reason and of science were common to all of his time : and after all were but objects of faith and not of knowledge. And if any one might have done it, why did not some one do it before ? Or, at least, why did not some one then urge Columbus to do it ? Surely Columbus was not driven to the new world by the clamorous prejudices or high-wrought expectations of the old. Surely he was no mere product of Public Opinion. Indeed public opinion has never made any great man ; nor even any great thing : a plough even or a printing-press : bread out of corn, or wine out of grapes. No, the times do not make great men : God makes them. This we should do well, as I have already said, to think of steadily. It is a truth which interprets and illumines history.

The fact is, Columbus was a man with an Idea in him—which is not that which the Public for the most part have. It may seem to us simple enough that Land might be found by sailing Westward : but any riddle is easy enough when it is guessed, and it had not been guessed before Columbus. Nay, I would go further and say that this riddle had not been fairly and fully proposed before Columbus. He suggested the scheme which he executed and, as Newton, first stated the problem which he solved. And it is very remarkable how from the moment that Columbus imbibed the idea of a new world, it never forsook him even for a season : from the first moment he believed it at all, he believed it unhesitatingly and uninterruptedly. He never spoke in doubt about

it, but just as if he had seen it all. From that moment he spoke and acted as one who had something great—a reality, though indefinite—in his possession : (and herein is an idea differenced from a mere notion or conjecture : that it is its own evidence : that it is as an answer to a riddle—by solving it, it authenticates itself) from that moment he deemed himself an inspired instrument of God for the accomplishment of His purposes. In fact this idea at once distinguished and ennobled him. It infused into him a solemn enthusiasm : it gave him Reverence, it gave him Courage. And withal it excited his Imagination : it made him a Poet in feeling and in thought : it gave a sublimity and energy to all he did. Indeed perhaps this largeness and activity of his Imagination was necessary for his becoming a Discoverer, instead of remaining ever only a Speculator ; it was necessary for his practical victory over all those imaginary difficulties with which the minds of other men were filled. It led him certainly into great errors : but without he had made the two great ones which he did make, he probably would never have attempted the discovery which he made. Columbus's two great mistakes were his suppositions, that Asia was immensely larger than it is, and that the circumference of the earth was greatly less than it is. The Azores—which lie about 300 leagues from the main land—was the furthest land which men of his time knew of West : and he supposed that between them and the eastern coast of Asia there might lie perhaps 5000 miles with Islands interspersed. And even to the day of his death he was ignorant of much of the peculiar value and significance of what he had been permitted to do. He thought the lands he had discovered were portions of the Asiatic Continent and therefore called them the West Indies ; neither he nor any one else in his time knew that the land which he had discovered was an entirely distinct portion of the globe, separated by oceans

from the ancient world. But the immense importance (though not the precise nature) of his discoveries Columbus did see. They were to him what he contemplated : and as for all else, his very errors and infirmities were parts of his qualifications for his work. I say, infirmities : for he was believing overmuch. He had so deep an awe of the Divine in every conceivable form that he was easily deceived by any appearance of the grand or supernatural : and his mind was so prepossessed by prophetic and traditional representations as to be perpetually misinterpreting the meaning of the appearances presented to him. If he found a region more beautiful than any he had before seen, it was the primeval Paradise : if he found traces of ancient gold mines they were to him Solomon's mines of Ophir. But putting aside his mere opinions, and looking only at his principles, he was a visionary of a most noble kind. He was not so much a Dreamer as a Seer : his visions turned out in the main to be the results of insight and of foresight : and his enthusiasm did not abate, but increased, with age : which fact is just the evidence we want that it was not the off-spring of Fancy but of Faith. He was indeed throughout the greater portion of his life, and in the very nature of his character, a devout man—a worshipping man. Morning and evening he always had public worship on board ship : and his first act on disembarking anywhere was to worship God. The religious feelings of Columbus pervaded all that he did : his letters, journals, petitions, writings on prophecy and his last will, are tinctured throughout with Christian thoughts. This last document provides that there may be in Hispaniola, Four good Professors of Theology, to the end and aim of their studying and labouring to convert to our Holy Faith the inhabitants of the Indies : and that in proportion as by God's will the revenues of the States shall increase, in the same degree shall the number of teachers and devout

persons increase, who should strive to make Christians of the natives, in attaining which no expense should be thought too great.

Indeed Columbus is a very fine specimen of a man of Faith—illustrating admirably the great energy which there is in this gift, in a worldly way as well as in a spiritual. I call it Faith in Columbus, to bear up so long as he did against neglect and hardship and contempt for the sake of an Idea: I call it Faith in him, when he rejected the offer of Spain at the hazard of having his enterprise abandoned at the very moment of its otherwise probable accomplishment: I call it Faith in him, to venture all as he finally did on the assumption that the earth was a globe when it seemed a plain, and almost all but himself would have it so. Diaz and De Gama, were great navigators: and Magellan the first circumnavigator, and our own Captain Cook, and Drake, and others, were very considerable characters: but they do not seem to me altogether such as Columbus. He was what they were, and a something more which raises him out of their class into the first of Men of Action: an imperial man truly. Take away the story of Columbus from the annals of Spain, and there would be a blank greater than that caused by the absence of any other: and I say that a man who can thus ennoble the history of a nation, is probably a great man. Look too at the poor tools he had to work his great work with: nothing but a compass and a quadrant had he to guide him over an ocean where no ship had ever sailed before: and such vessels—not much better than our coal craft—half-barge, half-ship—with oars and no deck: with no trustworthy charts and a crew of convicts. And yet with all this, so confident, so uncomplaining, even imparting out of his own abundance, energy and hope to all around him. An unselfish, generous, kindly man was he: ever more anxious about his crew than himself, and his



Cause than either. No one seemed so careless of the gold he was seeking for as he did : all he wanted with it was to Crusade with it—a visionary object you may call it, but you cannot justly call it a mean one. No, at least there was no money-meanness about this man. In earliest youth—when aboard ship as a common sailor—he used to send home money to his father for his brother's schooling ; and in the very height of his prosperity he never seems to have had more money than sufficed for the common needs of life : and even until his death he had no home of his own anywhere in Europe. You may recollect perhaps what I said to you about the high terms he asked the Sovereigns for his Discovery, which he would not bate. But as I told you when I mentioned them, this was mainly a mode of getting impressed upon the minds of the Sovereigns and recognised among the people, the worth and dignity of his enterprise : and I should add, that among all the titles which were offered him he would not use or accept himself—and begged his sons never to use or accept—any other than that of The Admiral. He claimed indeed and received the pension for the first discovery of land offered by the Sovereigns (whereas if you remember he first saw only a Light, and a seaman first cried Land) : yet if we bear in mind how this is a mere quibble of the letter—and how much it was a matter of honour rather than of money—we need not think much of this. His whole character refutes the notion of his being mercenary. Verily Columbus was no vulgar adventurer, no self-seeking trader. When he asked a tithe of the profits of his discoveries, it was accompanied with the solemnest vow, that if he should gain them he would raise an army and march with it into Palestine to rescue the Holy Land from the power of the infidels. And this was no passing dream, no sudden caprice. He longed for it in his youth, and laboured for it all his life, and provided for it in his Will.

Aye, he was a strangely bargaining man, this Columbus: no ordinary trader at any rate: for when he did trade, it was to barter his Life for liberty to give men the knowledge of a world—the profit of the discovery of a continent for the privilege of going upon a Crusade. And such a crusade: Five Thousand Horse, and Fifty Thousand Foot.

In summing up the character of Columbus I will only, in conclusion, say, that in whatever way we look at this man—whether as a private or a public man—as a sailor or a man of genius—as a member of Society or as a member of the Church—and bear in mind the circumstances in which God caused him to be placed, we cannot but pronounce him a great and a good man. And when we mark how much he did in his lifetime and with what insignificant instruments: how he started into the fulness of his achievements only in the maturity of life, after long waiting and suffering all its prime—and when we see what a giant's work he did when other men's energies seem mostly well-nigh spent—and how little help he had to do it with from any one about him—we cannot, I think, hesitate to pronounce him one of those gifted Few who stand out among men as the half-inspired Heroes of their race. We cannot, I think, but say that if Luther is to us the type of a bold, titanic, unweariable Champion of Truth, Columbus may be regarded by us as an equally fitting representative of the faithful, patient, enthusiastic Seeker after Knowledge: and we may assuredly wish that we each of us in our several callings may do the work God has given us to do as well: and that in faithfulness of heart, and in singleness of purpose, and in earnestness of effort, we may be either as Luther or as Columbus.

## FRANCIS XAVIER.

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OF all Great Men I count the greatest the Christian Apostle. Be he Martyr, or be he only Missionary, I count him the noblest man who unites the love of CHRIST with the love of Truth; who gives himself up a living sacrifice that he may do good service to Him who has redeemed him; who counts his life not dear unto him if he may only turn men from darkness unto light, and from the service of Sin unto God. To be a Christian at all, this of itself is to possess some elements of greatness, inasmuch as the struggle it implies (the struggle against invisible enemies) demands earnest determination of the will, and the victory which is its issue (the victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil), this is no mean achievement. But to be a Christian Apostle is much more than this. It is to be a man to whom Faith gives so clear an insight into the Invisible that the things that are seen and temporal are cast into the shade; it is to be a man full of zeal as well as of knowledge, of energy as well as of piety; a man to whom has been revealed no mere Dream of the Future but its very Vision: an impression, an influence, a force from Above which, while it penetrates and purifies conspicuously his own character, makes him long to impart

to others as much as he may of what he himself enjoys. The Missionary's calling is indeed a high one. It is not merely as the ordinary Christian's, to be a shining light, it is also to be a burning one. It is not merely for a man to do his duty in that state of life in which it has pleased God to call him, but it is to leave that state in which he might lawfully remain, to obey a call to a nobler and more arduous one : it is not merely to strive for the mastery over himself, but to strive for the mastery over many others : it is not merely to run for an incorruptible crown, but it is to labour that by turning many others unto righteousness he may himself shine as the stars for ever and ever. To deny himself what he might otherwise enjoy ; to renounce happiness which he might otherwise retain ; to go forth from home, not knowing whither he goes : to have no inheritance in any land even so much as that he may set his foot on ; to be emphatically a stranger and pilgrim on earth, having no certain dwelling-place in prospect but the grave : to do this continuously and cheerfully, without murmuring and without repenting, as long as God shall grant him the light and the strength—this is a Christian missionary's calling. And of all such men who have ever lived I figure to myself St Paul as the noblest. A man he was of all men the most large-minded and the most high-souled : filled to overflowing with zeal and love both for God and for his neighbour : resting neither day nor night in proclaiming to every creature under heaven whom he could reach the glorious tidings of the blessed Gospel which was committed to his trust. A man of unweariable zeal, martyred at threescore in the fulness of his vigour : of sympathy as tender as his daring was noble : impassioned always when concerned for others, most calm when he himself is most in danger : living so that it would have been for him at any time gain to die, and yet content and choosing so to live : a very impersonation of energy

and earnestness, of generosity and self-sacrifice—such was St Paul. In labours most abundant, in perils oft, in luxury never: doing great things unconsciously, and daring dangers without dreading them: vigorous and resolute, with heart as pure as warm: manly, gentle, every way noble; such, I say, was St Paul. And though a far different, and as to force of intellect and completeness of character, a far inferior man, yet such in kind and in a good degree was he of whom I am to speak to you this evening. Sanctity and zeal: power of self-control and endurance; untiring energy and thorough disinterestedness—these were his in an apostolic degree: and for most of the qualities which fit a man for being an efficient Missionary of the Gospel, I know no one since apostolic times who seems to have possessed them in a greater measure than FRANCIS XAVIER. I might indeed point you to many who have since his time been labouring even on something of the same ground as he, for instances of particular graces perhaps as illustrious. There is the paternal Schwartz—the chosen guardian of princes and the common idol of many peoples; a Christian Patriarch; honoured throughout Christendom while living, and all but worshipped by the heathen when dead; a most gentle, noble, princely Priest. There is Claudius Buchanan—the patient seeker after lost sheep, for years searching diligently till he find them; the hardy, clear-headed, unweariable Investigator and Preacher of Truth. There is Henry Martyn—a man whose name is dear to us all, and whose praise is in all the Churches; but a man whose mind and body were alike unfitted for such work as Xavier did: a man who was more a missionary in spirit, and less a missionary in act, than any other whom we read of. There is the venerable Carey, as catholic in heart as sectarian in creed: There is the accomplished and amiable Heber—the type of a Missionary Prelate. At Malacca—the frequent scene of Xavier's

labours—I might point you to the admirable Milne, assiduous but stationary : in China—the home of Xavier's dreams—to the honest, benevolent, indefatigable Morrison, doing the labours of a Hercules in the spirit of a John. But none of these seem to me so wonderful as Xavier. They each of them only did a part of that of which Xavier did the whole. Xavier preached and printed, travelled and translated, founded Churches and presided over Colleges : he disputed publicly with heathen doctors : reformed the lives of his own countrymen : he catechised, and baptised, and visited the sick, and ministered in every way as a priest wherever he dwelt, and yet journeyed beyond all precedent and all imitation. In fact he did, and did so well as to do lastingly, all those divers offices which we have since seen distributed among many : and did all, too, without any of those worldly instruments which they have had to help them. Poor even to destitution ; in association with no predecessors in his work : a single-handed, simple-hearted man : with nothing to influence other men with but that inward force which Faith working by Love will give a man—Xavier converted whole tribes to the confession of the Faith ; and though in many ways marred by error of creed and of judgment, I believe he may be well placed at the head of all uninspired catalogues of those who in modern times have wrought righteousness, and subdued kingdoms unto CHRIST.

But what did Xavier do ? Why, it is said that he travelled in the cause of the Gospel fifty thousand miles in heathen lands, and founded Christian churches there which numbered at his death half a million of members. But being fearful of exaggeration we will say (taking half the assertion in one case, and a tithe of it in the other) that he journeyed as much as once round the circumference of the earth in the cause of the Gospel, and was the instrument of bringing over fifty thousand heathens to the confession of the Christian

Faith. And this I say is a great doing : it is the day's work of a spiritual giant. And when we consider how he did this—with what an absence of all worldly aids, and at what expense of personal endurance—how thoroughly he did his work, and in how short a time—his greatness gains upon us. Ten years only was he allowed to labour; and therefore when we learn that he preached the Gospel and founded Churches from the coast of Africa to that of China—from Mozambique to Japan—planting the Cross on numerous lands which had never heard of the name of CHRIST, and whose own names were previously unheard of in the speech of European men—we cannot but say, I think, that at least relatively to ourselves, he was no slothful servant of his Master, but that working while it was day with him, the recompence of his deeds done in the body will be, though gratuitous, most large.

The story of Xavier is this :

In the year that Columbus died Francis Xavier was born. His birth-place was the Castle of Xavier, in Navarre. He was illimitably illustrious by descent : of gentle, noble, royal race. He was the youngest of a large family : brought up at home for a while with no strict discipline, but yet in a somewhat instructive way : though free not lawless : wandering at will amid the wild pine-forests and dark precipitous rocks of his Pyrenean home. And so amid the silent majesty of surrounding nature, and under the impressive influences of a religious household, he grows up an enthusiastic and, somewhat superstitious boy : contemplative, complying, gentle, but withal of a robust manly cast : studious at times, but also fond of athletic sports, fondest of all excitement whether of danger or of pleasure : fitfully idle, ambitious : an uncommon compound. All his brothers chose to be soldiers : he would be a Scholar, that he might thus add to his family distinctions that only ornament they wanted,

Learning. So he goes up to the University of Paris, at eighteen : a fine youth full of life and buoyancy : well favoured every way : above the middle size, well formed, with blue eyes and dark auburn hair : of pleasing rather than of remarkable bearing. He lives at college (the college of St Barbara) much as other youths of his time, only more successfully uniting study with pleasure than most. He takes his degree as Master of Arts at twenty, and is appointed to teach Philosophy at Beauvais College soon after, though he still keeps his rooms in St Barbe. He does this with applause : and when he has been thus engaged for a year and a half, or more, a strange man—lame and mean looking, and much older than men usually go up to college, perhaps fifteen years older than himself—who has just entered as a pensioner of the college, comes into rooms near his. You could not have made much out of this man's appearance as to who or what he was : nor would the stories you would have heard in college, though true enough, have helped you much. They say that he is a nobleman's son—of Biscay ; that he has been an officer, brave and chivalrous, and that he made a noble defence at Pampeluna in the late war. And they have got a story about his lameness—how he was wounded at that siege, and how he was such a vanity-loving man at that time, that after his leg had been set and got well, he had it broken again and re-set merely because he thought it not quite so well shaped as it might have been made. However, as I have said, this would not have taught you much as to what kind of a man he now is. Be sure this man is more than he looks ; how self-possessed he is and yet not forbidding, and what measured musical speech is his : such qualities are not vulgar ones. Xavier begins to be a good deal with him. There is a certain chiselled statuary symmetry about the man, attractive but not satisfying : Xavier admires him, but does not very much



like him either: he is so spiritual, so unworldly: caring so little for pleasure, and talking so much about the soul. He is not austere, indeed—at least towards others, though exceedingly so towards himself—but he is so unexcitable: if not an iron, yet a marble, man. And besides, he is so uncouth in his dress, so dirty, so slovenly: altogether so singular. Xavier ventures to rally him, to ridicule him; but not very harshly, the stranger is so solemn and so meek. The lame man likes Xavier, though he does not like his way of living, for Xavier is becoming very gay. He takes many opportunities, both when Xavier is busy and when he is alone, to ask him, what it will profit him if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul. As they walk together after lectures, and Xavier eagerly urges some scheme of amusement, he is only answered by the words, Francis, What shall a man receive in exchange for his soul? These words—so often, so calmly, so solemnly said—troubled Xavier: and the more so as he is getting into difficulties otherwise by his worldly pleasure-hunting life. The lame man is quite as kind as he is solemn, and as able to help him out of his difficulties as he is willing. Xavier learns by degrees how his monitor was once as he is now: how he was brought up at court and as a soldier: and how he lived in pleasure for thirty years of his life, and how he now counts himself to have been as dead while he so lived: and how a great change came over his spirit on his recovery from an illness, and then reading the Life of CHRIST and the Lives of the Saints, so that from that time, old things began to pass away and all things to become new to him: and how, mindful of sickbed vows, he went to the abbey of the Benedictines at Mountserrat, and hung up his sword there, and set forth with a staff and a wallet, and all lame as he was, walked bareheaded and barefooted, straightway to Jerusalem. Xavier finds that though he is a tutor and his friend

but a pupil, his proper place is at his scholar's feet. And so there he sits: and when he learns that this man's anxiety to become a scholar, and at the same time to discipline himself in humility, was so great that at the age of thirty-three—noble as he was by birth, and having served so conspicuously in the wars—he goes to a common day school at Barcelona, and begins at the beginning of his grammar just as any other of the scholars, and bears all manner of jests from the boys with the greatest good humour—when, I say, Xavier learns all this, and sees how strict he is in all observances of the Church, how self-denying and how pure, he begins to believe he has been ridiculing a saint unawares. He begins to listen to him in quite another spirit, and thus listening he learns, and learning he loves. He associates with him oftener: they become to be seldom apart. The peculiar penetrating speech of the stranger distils itself upon Xavier's heart as dew, and freshens it in its feverishness: he grows to like nothing so well: nay, now he cannot do without it. For a change has come over Xavier's soul: new powers are awakening within him: his eyes are being enlightened: the Visible is growing dim, the Invisible is coming out into the day. He struggles hard with his new thoughts, but ultimately vainly: for after five years daily intercourse Xavier yields himself as heartily as tardily to the solemn influence of that strange, mean-looking, lame pensioner of St Barbara—IGNATIUS LOYOLA.

A word or two I must speak of this man now—a word or two of his followers before I have done: for you may readily suppose, from what has already been said, that he exercised the greatest influence over Xavier's mind. Indeed such brothers do they become in heart and life, that unless you understand something of Loyola you cannot understand much of Xavier. And indeed this man is worth your meditating upon, for he is a man of a very peculiar nature. In

his youth as fine a specimen as you could see anywhere of Spanish chivalry: but cut off in his prime from a career which promised him brilliant fortunes, his energy and ardour were afterwards directed into a spiritual course. It is difficult to speak of the change wrought in him as we did of Luther's: it does not seem so much a change in the kind as in the quality of his spiritual tastes—in the degree of the elevation rather than in the direction of his aims. There is the same ambition in him, as it appears to me, after he has addicted himself to a spiritual life as before: the same love of rule, the same self-reliance. He is always a knight, a soldier, a warrior: every thing about him is military, to the very name of his Order. Throughout all his Exercises we read continually of the Standard of CHRIST and of Lucifer as of some real things: and how Heaven is to be taken only by Violence, and the Devil to be resisted by a kind of physical conflict: and how the world is a great battle plain: everywhere fighting. True, very true, is this in one sense, but not altogether true, not true by itself—a part of the truth only, and as hurtful to Ignatius as half-truths ever are to any man who takes them for the whole. It leads him to consider all virtue as comprised in that which is the mere soldier's—obedience, obedience to his brother man: and thus, though rendering himself and his disciples able to dare and to endure such things as none others could, leaves a large portion of our nature uneducated, and the symmetry of the Christian character altogether unattained. Loyola's grand assumption is, that all things are conquerable assuredly to him who will first conquer himself: and that therefore a man must first make himself a Christian before he can make others such. But such making of himself a Christian does not answer with Loyola any better than with Luther, who has been trying the same only a few years before him. He is in much the same difficulties when he comes up to college


as Luther was when he left it. But after similar suffering, he ultimately solves his problem quite otherwise than Luther did: not by the Written Revelation, but by fancied immediate inspiration, by voices and visions, by mystery and mysticism of all kinds. In this state he is when Xavier unites himself to him. He is forming that society of his which has since become so famous—the Company of Jesus—though it was authorised and constituted into a Religious Order by a Bull not until 1540.

There is great goodness and great beauty, however, in that picture of himself which he has left us at this time. That simple saying of his, It is not enough that I serve the Lord myself, all hearts ought to love Him and all tongues ought to praise Him—betokens surely the indwelling in him of the characteristically Christian spirit—a spirit of communicative love. And the two great objects and principles of his Order as laid down by himself are noble too. 1st. The salvation and sanctification of their own souls by joining duly together the active and the contemplative life. 2nd. The salvation and sanctification of their neighbours' souls, by the education of youth and missions to the heathen. And this is another imposing peculiarity of his Society: That each member should go whithersoever the Pope might please to send him, and should never do any spiritual act for money, or ever possess any ecclesiastical dignity or property in any country. Such principles and aims find a clear echo in the heart of Xavier, and he enters with all his heart and mind into the scheme for their accomplishment; as do five others of their fellow students; and among them Peter Faber, the Savoyard shepherd's son, full of wild thoughts and intensest devotion—of whom after history speaks so much.

And so these seven men band together, and on the eve of the Feast of the Assumption, 1534, they repair to the sub-

terranean chapel of Montmartre, and there amid the darkness—at dead of night—dedicate themselves by solemn vows to become Missionaries of the Church, and to preach the Gospel till they die to every man they meet. Full of enthusiasm are they, overflowing; but such is their self-control and clear insight, that they repress all for a while that they may more duly prepare themselves for so great a work by extraordinary spiritual exercises. Not until 1536 do they propose a missionary crusade—and then only into Palestine; and this mainly for self-education. When, however, they find that the war which is waging between the Venetians and the Turks prevents all thought of this, they offer themselves to the Pope—without remuneration and without reservation—to be sent on any Evangelical Mission to any part of the world he may please. Their offer is tardily accepted; and it is seven long years before their plans are effectively completed. These seven years of Xavier's life I will pass over, only observing that they were spent in all kinds of mortification and self-sacrifice—in most diligent performance of all priestly duties, and in the education of himself in medicine, and such other arts and sciences as he deemed would be most profitable amid uncivilized peoples. He lived in Italy the while—at Venice and Vicenza, at Bologna and at Rome—in hovels and in hospitals—reducing himself almost to death by his voluntary sufferings; incessantly tending the sick, and preaching to the whole wherever they would listen to him—in market-places and at crosses, in the corners of the streets and in churches: exhibiting to us throughout as striking an instance as we can meet with anywhere of an ecclesiastical zealot and a Christian ascetic.

Xavier's lot has fallen to the East: we will now, then, turn to him as he is stepping on board the ship which is to carry him to India. It is his thirty-fifth birth-day: and there you see him, a plain priest, with no followers of any



kind, no baggage, no purse nor scrip—with his Bible and his Breviary, a small vessel of silver, and that crucifix which hangs from his neck—his sole instruments of warfare: a tall, sinewy, fresh-coloured man; of most gentle looks, and long hair hanging down over his friar's frock. A thousand companions in that noble ship has he, and he only of the thousand is calm, he only smiles. But for him the vision of the future is more sweet than the memory of what he is leaving is bitter. So disciplined in self-denial has he become, that though passing within sight of his paternal halls on his way to the ship, and feeling that his widowed mother's blessing would have been a joy indeed, and the sight of his saintly sister, the noble Abbess of St. Clare—yet he has denied himself this conference with flesh and blood, lest he should be turned aside by it from yielding to the high calling of a Christian Missionary: and now that he is on the very eve of being borne a myriad of miles from the land of his fathers, and thus removed finally from all temptation of drawing back, and irrevocably destined to this great sacrifice and labour of love, he is joyous rather than sad, as knowing that God is able to keep that which he has committed unto Him unto that day when he shall receive mother and sister and brothers, and what is worth a hundred times as much, in the New Paradise of God. And so they sail: and five months are they in doing that which is now done in as many weeks—getting to the Cape of Good Hope: but Xavier considering the ship as his parish, finds work of charity for every hour of the day, and the employment of prayer for half the hours of the night. When on land for the last seven years—since he had been a disciple of Loyola's—he had lodged mostly in hospitals and lived mostly on alms: and so now, here in this ship, he gives up his own cabin to the sick, and divides his allowance from the Admiral's table among those worse off than himself. He catechises and converses,

visits and preaches, as often as he may: he prays with the whole crew every Sunday, and there is no day in which he does not pray for them. An apostolic primitive spirit there seems to be in him from the first; and when they put in at Mozambique (on the eastern coast of Africa) to winter there, his labours are increased, and only terminated by his own serious illness. He has a local fever; is near to dying: but recovers sufficiently to set sail again in March. Slowly they sail, touching here and there every now and then, not at all in modern fashion, until they land at Goa, which was the place of his present destination. This Goa was the Portuguese capital in India. A Bishop of it had been appointed by the Pope a few years before, and there was a college of two years standing. It was a sad place spiritually. Along the coast and a little inland there were indeed forty villages of Nestorian Christians (who Luther said hold a creed differing but a shade from the orthodox), and these did not disgrace their name so much as the Catholic Christians of Goa. But still on the whole, Christianity was but poorly exemplified in this region; so poorly that Xavier's spirit was instantly moved within him to Reformation. So he sets about first the reformation of his own countrymen at Goa, before he attempts to convert the surrounding heathen. And the first thing he does for this end is, that he takes a bell and goes through all the streets, as a common crier, and summons all the masters and heads of families for the love of God to send their children and slaves to be catechised in church. Like Jonah in Nineveh seems he to the sinners of Goa: thrown upon them from the ocean to preach to them of coming wrath and instant repentance. A strange and perchance a crazy man, they think this new priest: a troublesome man at least, intruding upon them the world to come, and anxieties about their souls. But the children and the poor soon learn to love him, and they crowd about him, and in

a few months he seldom can go to church without being followed by disciples more than he can teach. For a year he continues catechising and preaching and visiting the sick: turning many to righteousness as much by the singular simplicity and sanctity of his life as by the fervid eloquence of his speech. The improvement too of the children improves the character of the parents: and Xavier strengthens this effect by the boldest and wildest methods of personal influence and intercourse. Strange is it to read of the devices he adopts, and how he becomes as different persons to different men, in order to save some from sin; and how successful he is. All men honour him, though some also fear him: and though there is a large mass of hardened wickedness in the place which he cannot influence, yet in scarcely more than a year Goa assumes the appearance of an European city.

But the ministry of a town was not the vocation of Xavier. He must out into the wilds; for if ever there was a missionary in spirit, it is he. Repose formed no element of his character, and none seemed to welcome hardship so heartily as he. News is brought him that six hundred miles off there are some baptized natives, ignorant exceedingly, and yet longing to be instructed. They were the poor creatures engaged in the Pearl Fishery—Paravas—a people peculiar for their wretchedness. All about them he finds utterly miserable: themselves, their country, their dwellings, their mode of living: no one comfort or visible blessing. Xavier's language, however, writing from among them to Ignatius, breathes only of thankfulness and joy and deep delight in the work he was engaged in. He lives just as they do, on rice and water: associates with them as one of themselves: learns their rude utterances: teaches them little arts: becomes in every way their friend. He gradually preaches to them of GOD—and even of CHRIST—symbolically chiefly: he teaches them letters: and then to read simple



words which he writes : he gets them to build little chapels, and interprets the Creed and Crucifix to them : and within a year finds such a change among them for the better as refreshes and inspires his own soul. After fifteen months he leaves them and returns to Goa for assistance.

After having re-organised the college for the education of the natives there (of whom there were then sixty students), and having so arranged as that the college is henceforth given up to his Society (by the name of the College of St. Paul) he goes back to the Paravas, taking with him several missionary assistants. He finds them in a most melancholy condition in consequence of having been attacked and plundered by a neighbouring tribe : many have been driven from their homes, and multitudes are dying of starvation. Xavier, whose Faith works very much by Love, gets from the nearest Portuguese station twenty boat-loads of provisions, and distributes them among the blessings of the people. As soon as the first pressure of misery is relieved he betakes himself again to spiritual duties. And a remarkable life is that which he seems ever to lead here, personally and pastorally. All but three hours and a half of the twenty-four he wakes and works. Except these hours for sleep, the night is given to the improvement of his own soul through meditation and prayer and discipline : as soon as dawn lights up the waters, Xavier calls his people to worship : all day he teaches the children, and the new converts : visits the sick : goes inland to other villages : and at twilight again summons all to worship and vesper benediction. So he lives awhile, staying with them until he sees them re-settled ; stations some of his followers among them, and then goes on with others into the kingdom of Travancore, where (his own letters tell us) he once baptised 10,000 (read 1000) persons in one month. He gets thirty chapels built. The people destroy their idols and their temples. The

Brahmins hate him and threaten his life. He is shot at: they burn down the houses about him: he has sometimes to sleep in the woods, and at others we find him surrounded by a guard of converts both by day and by night. He does service (as Schwartz after him) to the king of the country by going out to use his influence and that of his followers with that tribe of plundering invaders whom we found attacking the Paravas, and thus obtained (as Schwartz too) the friendship of the king, and the name of the Great Father. The king, however, does not come over to the Faith, though he grants permission to the missionaries to preach it where they will. Xavier avails himself of this opportunity zealously. He travels about to this place and to that, night and day, preaching, and catechising, baptising and celebrating the eucharist: a more unweariable man you shall not find under the sun: I cannot tell you a tithe of what he does: and you must always remember that what I tell you in a minute was to him the fruit of the labours and the prayers of years. This, however, we see, that little acquainted with the language of the people as he is (and Xavier never was a good linguist) he has a marvellous faculty of making an impression upon the minds of rude men: that he exercises, if any one ever could or can, a kind of spiritual magnetism over men: that he can infuse his earnest thoughts into others with little help of articulate utterance, and can make his own feelings as it were infectious. I know of no one of whom are recorded such instances of communicative energy as of Xavier: no one who seems to have had so much influence over uncivilised people as he: none who by this alone has so thoroughly entitled himself to the appellation he was known by among his own—the Thaumaturgus (Wonder-worker) of the later ages of the Church.

At length in September, 1545, he goes to Malacca, which

was then as it is now, the central mart of India, China, and Japan. This he makes his centre, while he goes on a missionary tour which lasted a year and a half. It would be useless for me to enter into details (here as elsewhere) with regard to the places he visited and the work he appears to have done at each, for their very names being quite strange to you, you would not remember much of what I might say. It must suffice to say once for all that I have never read of so much labour endured in the cause of Christianity by any one man, out of the Apostolic records, as by Francis Xavier. We have glimpses too of his interior life during this period through passages in his letters to Loyola, which have been carefully preserved: and if one may take these as faithful exhibitions of Xavier's mind, and interpret them as one would similar words used by one of ourselves, we may assuredly say that this man is no inconsiderable Christian: that he is a saintly man: a man of prayer and of self-denial beyond all example of succeeding times. But even with great allowance for the great difference of language which there generally is between men of different countries and temperaments, and having reduced as much as may be a southern scale of expression to a northern one, one cannot but say that Xavier herein displays a zeal and a piety, a daring and a charity, which all his lamentable errors of belief and his sad superstitious infirmities cannot justly reduce to the standard of ordinary Christians.

He returns to Malacca in 1548. Here for a while he is stationary but not idle: for here, as before at Goa, he assiduously attempts the reformation of the nominal Christians: and here again you might see him, bell in hand, going through the streets and crying loudly, Repent. But he is not here long enough to make a great impression now. His stay however is not altogether vain: for while here exercising his accustomed office of priest and spiritual overseer of

all the baptised (I should have said before that he had been invested with this extensive jurisdiction by the Pope) a Japanese, of the name of Angeroo, addresses himself to Xavier as a Penitent. He had come more than a thousand miles on purpose to see him. He was a person of consideration in his own country, of noble birth and rich, but obliged to live an exile in consequence of having killed a man in a quarrel. Remorse of conscience brought him to Xavier (whose fame had spread even further than his home) and he found in Xavier's words the hope of forgiveness by a greater tribunal than that of his country. Xavier holds the most fervent, though the most gentle, talk with him: and tests the sincerity of his new resolutions by directing him to go as a student to the college of Goa, and await his arrival, which shall be shortly. Angeroo sets out for Goa, Xavier for Ceylon: thence he visits his old and first converts of the Pearl Fishery: and then travels along the coast to Goa. He represents this journey as a most successful one, and one that fills him with thankfulness and joy. As soon as he arrives at his old quarters at the Hospital he sets himself earnestly to the instruction of his Japanese convert. This man believes, and is baptised (by the name of Paul), and henceforth becomes to Xavier almost what Timothy was to the greatest of the Apostles. Rapidly indeed does the scholar—who is of a noble nature—ripen under such warmth and light: and as he feels more of the influence of the Faith in his own soul he feels increased longings to have it imparted to his countrymen. He pleads for them to Xavier. Xavier's heart was not such as could long hold out against the cry, Come over and help us, even though it should be wafted as now over a dreary distance of three thousand miles. To Japan he will go: but not instantly; Goa needs his presence: His own spirit too wants the refreshment to be obtained by participation in full Christian ordinances, by

converse with fellow-christians, by tranquil contemplation. To these he gives himself up a while—more especially as he would wish to wait for some assistants from Europe, shortly to arrive. And such of his letters and memoranda as have been preserved relating to this period would seem to intimate that here in the college gardens of Goa he enjoyed revelations—not of Truths but of Feelings—apparently as unsuitable to be uttered in words as those which were granted to the Apostle to whose honour this institution was dedicated. But he was not even now only a visionary: he was also what he was always, a labourer: accessible at all times to spiritual applicants—even amid his devotions, to children: and content to be interrupted at any time by the necessity of even only catechetical instruction; and spending half of all his waking hours in the hospitals and huts of the town. But in a few months five other members of the Society arrive, and having stationed these he feels himself at liberty to set out on his cherished mission to Japan. He takes with him Angeroo, or rather Paul, and after a short stay at his old quarters in Malacca, arrives in Japan, in August, 1549.

I can tell you little indeed of the details of Xavier's labours here: but I must say that had he done nothing else but what he did in Japan he would have been the most wonderful of all missionaries. It is indeed by this Mission that he is best known in Europe. All this country had only been known to the Portuguese seven years, and there was nothing of Christianity in it when Xavier arrived. The Japanese were then, and are now, a loquacious, sharp-witted, luxurious, busy people: social, mercurial; Athenian, superstitious extremely. Indeed, never could a country be more wholly given up to idolatry with all fervour of worship than was Japan when Xavier entered it. It contained innumerable temples of innumerable deities. No time is to be lost. Having learnt by unwearied application on the voyage a little

Japanese from his noble convert (at whose house he now is lodged), Xavier translates the Apostle's Creed and an exposition of it, and distributes copies: in time he preaches short Sermons. His convert procures him an audience of the King, who permits him to teach. But he soon withdraws his patronage, and Xavier goes to Firando, in 1550, leaving Paul with the converts, and a Translation of the Life of our Saviour taken entirely from the Gospels. His way of travelling would have struck you as strange; he travelled on foot, and barefoot: carrying all that belonged to him in the world on his back. A strange sight truly was this toiling travel-worn man: no carriage of any kind nor servant: no state, no pomp, no comfort even: literally of Apostolic guise. All he had on earth was a mat to sleep on and a wallet: a few papers and a cruciform staff, and the sacred symbols and their vessels. And had you seen him pacing wearily and footsore, solitary yet singing, across the dreary and dangerous wastes of Japan, you could not but have called to mind, in spite of some strange differences, the noble prototype of all Missionaries, minding himself to go afoot from Troas unto Assos. He had long been accustomed to endure hardness as a good Soldier of the Cross. Forty hours had he once been drifting on a plank: rivers he had forded, and unbroken forests he had forced his way through: he had been nigh unto death through sickness and the sword: but nowhere had he suffered so much as here: from perils and privations, from cold and nakedness, from hunger and from homeliness. But though his sufferings were great he loved the service—nay, I believe I may say he loved the suffering: for he seems never to have thanked God more heartily than when he was called upon to undergo all hardship for the name of CHRIST. He bears all not only as a man but as a Christian: and not only as a Christian but as a Saint. He goes on preaching from town to town, just as we read of the first apostles,

taking with him two of the Society as helpers, and two Japanese Christians. When persecuted in one city they flee unto another: and despite all opposition Xavier keeps preaching: and baptisms follow his preachings wherever they halt awhile, and catechisings, and public disputations, and conversions. Influence of some kind—we hope it is virtue—goes out of him wherever he goes. He translates portions of the Litany, organises societies, erects chapels, worships publicly: becomes all things to all men that he may gain some: ordains elders in almost every city: and writes letters to his converts and fellow-labourers at a distance, of which some portions are almost apostolic. His sanctity does as much as his sermons: and his companions are helps meet for him, displaying the peculiar virtues of the Christian in the midst of danger and reproach of all kinds; and when he leaves the mission in their hands, as he does shortly, he does so with the confidence that the unparalleled efforts and successes of the Past are but as the first-fruits of the Future. Xavier sails for India, the 20th of November, 1551.

On his return to Malacca we find him full of another missionary enterprise—grander than any that either he or any one else had yet conceived—the carrying of the Cross into China. Such a thing in Xavier's time was unthought of, or if considered, practically pronounced utterly hopeless: and every imaginable argument and influence is now tried to dissuade him from it. But Xavier was not a man whom mere difficulty would deter. A scruple of casuistry might have kept him from a permitted pleasure, but no armed legion would have kept him from an acknowledged duty. Think you that there was much that could deter a man who, on the occasion of his friends trying to dissuade him from going to the Cannibal Islands of Del Moro, writes thus: You tell me that they will certainly kill me: well, I trust if they do, it will be gain for me to die. But whatever torments

or death they may prepare for me, I am ready to suffer a thousand times as much for the salvation of one soul. I remember the words of JESUS CHRIST, Whosoever shall lose his life for My sake, shall find it: I believe them, and am content on these terms to hazard my life for the name of the Lord JESUS. They urge other ills, Cannibalism: he says, Though the evils you speak of are great, the evil of being afraid of them is greater. I leave it to Him who has put it into my heart to preach His Gospel to preserve me from them, or not, as He will: the only thing I fear is not to dare enough for Him who has endured so much for me. They tell him that to preach the Gospel to Cannibals is hopeless: he replies, Whatever they are, are they not God's creatures? Did not CHRIST die for them? Who then shall dare to limit the power of our God who is all-mighty? Or of the love of our Redeemer who is all-merciful? Are there in the world, think you, any hearts hard enough to resist God's Spirit, if it shall please Him to try to soften and to change them? Can they successfully oppose that gentle yet commanding influence which can make even dry bones live? Shall He who has provided for subjecting the whole world to the Cross, shall He exempt this petty corner of the earth, that it shall receive no benefit from His atonement? Verily, no: And if these Islands abounded in spices and in gold, Christians would have courage enough to go thither; no danger would deter them then: they are now cowardly because there are only souls to gain. Oh, while I can do anything to prove the contrary, it never shall be said that Charity is less daring than Avarice, or that the love of CHRIST is not as constraining as the love of Gold. Verily such a man as this it is not easy for the worldly to deal with. He and they have no common measure of motive, of principle, or of end.

In this present instance of the Chinese mission, Xavier is as invincible and as invulnerable as of old. But himself



believing—though full of ulterior schemes—that it may probably be a mission unto death, he determines to visit once more some of the churches which he has planted, and especially to set his College in order. So he returns to Goa. Here he finds all relating to the missions prospering beyond hope. He now devotes himself to a considerable re-organization of all ecclesiastical and collegiate matters there. He gives himself up entirely for a while to the care of the surrounding churches which have become multiplied considerably by the labours of the missionaries which he has sent out. He also lectures occasionally at the College to the missionary students and the clergy of Goa, and when the time of his departure is at hand, takes most affectionate leave of them all, and leaves them a legacy of counsel which contains passages of exceeding wisdom and very singular beauty.

Xavier sets sail for Malacca in the spring of 1552. On landing he finds it visited with a plague. Here that knowledge of medicine you remember he was acquiring before he left Europe is of signal service. He ministers to the sick as laboriously as a slave, as affectionately as a brother: and is preserved from all harm himself: by his courage perhaps as much as by his skill. As soon as the sickness abates he is engaged in a scheme of a commercial embassy, which it is arranged he shall accompany. After tedious waiting, this scheme fails: but not so the zeal of Xavier. But he will trust no more to diplomacy: he will go on in his old way. So he sets sail for the Island of Sancian, which lies over against Macao, where the Portuguese are allowed to trade with China. Here he seeks for some means of passage to the Chinese shore: but all think the danger of so doing so great to himself—and what is of more consequence to them, to their trade—that he cannot get any one to allow him to go over in their ship. At

length, after many fruitless efforts, he engages at an exorbitant price a ship with a small crew—to do what, do you think?—to land him on some desolate part of the Chinese coast, and there leave him, taking themselves back again. The Portuguese of Sancian hear of it, and thwart even this. His interpreter too deserts him: and now he is utterly helpless. He falls sick. On his recovery he hears that the King of Siam is going to send an embassy to China: he attempts to accompany the Ambassador, as one of his suite: but the whole thing fails. His fever returns: he has a premonition of death. He goes on board the ship used as the hospital of the town, that he may die as the meanest of his brethren: but finding his devotions hindered more here than elsewhere, he begs to be set ashore again. And there on the sands he now lies dying in the open eye of heaven—uncared for by those whom his own hands had fed, untended by those whom he had ministered to as a slave. A sailor takes him to a shed which he makes with poles and tarpauling. And so in that crazy hut, on the shores of the Chinese Waters—amid the howling winds of December, and in communion only with his Maker—with imperfect utterance of the lips, but most eloquent expression of the eye—might you have heard the last words of Francis Xavier: In Thee, O Lord, have I trusted: let me not be confounded for ever. And there lay his corpse for months—in Chinese fashion buried—in a large chest of unslaked lime, sweetly smiling as in life; a memento to the thoughtless, a mystery to the thoughtful; until it was carried with pomp and loud weeping to receive the solemn rites of Christian burial in the Church and College of that city which owed all its spiritual life to his Christian sanctity and zeal.

And now what have we here in this man which has a lesson for ourselves? Much every way. We have before us the idea of a Missionary of the Gospel realised in a

greater degree than I know of any where but in the Inspired Records of our Faith. We have an instance of a young man and a noble man renouncing pleasure and preferment to take up the Cross : of a Sadducee becoming a Saint : of a Collegiate Professor converted to do the work of an Evangelist. We have a remarkable instance of sanctity and self-sacrifice united with charity and zeal ; and this alone is an approximation to the distinctive character of a Christian Apostle. Power of endurance and meekness beyond ordinary men were also conspicuous in Xavier : and these again are noble and apostolic qualities. The most marvellous self-control was his—ever enabling him to calm a fiery nature into acquiescence in insult, and to submit to open shame with no other change of countenance than a smile, with no other utterance of the lips than a prayer. An uniformly cheerful man was he, always courteous, gentle, and genial : of the Pauline school. He had sold himself, or rather had surrendered himself, once for all to work good in the sight of the Lord all his days : and so he never felt himself his own, but CHRIST's and his brethren : and thus toil and affliction of all kinds he counted his ordinary state ; absence of suffering was his highest pleasure, and repose his only indulgence. And joined to these singular passive virtues was a peculiar continuous zeal, inspiring without inflaming him—manifesting itself rather by a fuller and more living development of the ordinary graces of the Christian character than by any partial or irregular outbreaks : so that you could not say that he was extravagant in any way, at the same time that you could not deny that he was altogether extraordinary. For a model of severe piety relieved by unceasing charity ; of asceticism without gloom, and yielding gentleness never spoiled by insincerity—I know not where to point you in these later ages better than to Francis Xavier. A man whose life was passed in spiritual conflicts and consolations,

in continual contemplation and all the fluctuations of the interior life—full of holy thoughts and emphatically a man of prayer—was Francis Xavier: a man upon whom the Invisible was more influential than the Visible: with whom you can connect no selfish, mean, or mercenary purpose: a man in whom is no error but of Creed, in whom is no excess but of Zeal. True indeed it is that Xavier was a man but of average intellect: nay, perhaps he was of the least comprehensive faculties that we can imagine as consisting with such confessedly fine moral qualities. He had no theoretic truth to teach: no speculative gospel to preach. He was the minister only of a Worship, the herald only of Facts. Nothing indeed could well be poorer than the way in which he thought about many great things, nothing worse than the notions he had of some spiritual things. But with all this mental poverty there was marvellous moral greatness about him; and even he, as other great men, was as it were possessed by an Aim which dignified his whole life—an Idea as I so often call it—an idea of the expansive and adaptive power of the Gospel of CHRIST; how it was capable of spreading indefinitely, and accommodating itself equally to all sorts and conditions of men; and how for this end no inflexible scheme of worldly means was requisite or expedient, but that rather the elasticity and subtlety which are the attributes of spirit were alone necessary and sufficient. Yes, a noble instance I think is Xavier of a man working a spiritual aim only by spiritual means; an admirable example and proof of how spirit is the most powerful agent upon spirit, and that money and pomp and power are but subordinate in the cause of the Gospel when compared with prayer and sanctity and zeal. Ay, behold Francis Xavier with his sling and his stone—his Faith and his Creed—going forth to fight the Goliath of Japanese heathenism, and returning, if not with the total rout of the Philistines, yet with the hope of victory

and a lesson of the way to win it, and then learn that it is not money or mechanism or both that can regenerate the world, but only and emphatically Men. Truly the story of Xavier teaches us that it is Spiritual Men that the world needs most. These are its truest blessings: with these almost all things are possible—without them little. Yes, it teaches that Man is God's main instrument for acting upon man for good: and it also suggests, that soul imparting itself to soul—a mystic miraculous effluence and interchange of mind—spiritual magnetism—is not this a Reality—one of the most considerable of Realities? Explain the sudden enthusiasm of multitudes if you can without it: a Panic, a Crusade, a National Insurrection: the momentary miracles which Oratory has worked: the wonderful permanent conversions of character which have been almost instantaneously made by the personal exertions of Apostles of Truth: or even only the Acts of Xavier.

Many other lessons, too, does this story of Xavier teach us as to the work of regenerating the world by Christian influences. For instances; That the most efficient mode of missionary exertions is, that Missionaries should be the ministers of a Church emphatically, and not only of a voluntary association—representatives of a worshipping, and not merely of a worldly society: That the first thing to do to propagate Christianity in heathen lands is to Christianise the Christians: That the main hope of permanent and extensive success in establishing Christian churches in foreign lands is in the education of native Christians for their ministers: That among the rudest men, letters or books are not the only teachers of truth, or necessarily the best: but that symbols of all kinds—though hurtful for men who ought to be full-grown—may be appropriate instruments for challenging the attention and instructing the ignorance of those who are children in understanding; or at the least, That the illustra-

tion of Doctrine by regular Visible Worship is indispensable. It would seem also, that to form churches in the large cities principally, as the Apostles did, and to unite a present improvement of condition in this world with the promise of perfect happiness in the word to come, is most expedient.

But what, you may say, was the real spiritual good which Xavier did? what the net Christian result of all his labours? It might be sufficient to reply, that the answer to these questions is not to our present purpose: what Xavier attempted to do—what his aims were, and what his principles of action—is all with which we are concerned in estimating his character. Success is no measure of worth: Spiritual results are emphatically in the hands of One whose ways of working are past finding out. But one need not content oneself with saying only what is sufficient: one may also say, that as a missionary he was apparently the most successful of any of whom we have record. Deducting very largely from the accounts which are current of him, we may yet say that he did more evangelical work than has yet been done in heathen lands by any one man. And why I think much of it was good work, well done—is this: that the churches which he founded have yielded more martyrs for the Faith of CHRIST than all other churches founded by modern missionaries taken together. And the remnants of his work which are standing at this day seem to attest that it was not altogether his fault that more of it had not stood and gathered strength until now. The fact I believe is, that Xavier's successors were not such as he: they perverted his principles, and they degenerated from his zeal: they were latterly not only not saintly men but scarcely even Christian: and with the personal Christianity of the minister such evangelical work as this will ever correspondingly decline. But for some while Xavier's zeal must have been propagated among his successors, for we find the state of the churches which he

founded for some time very flourishing. For instance, thirteen years after the death of Xavier there appear to have been three hundred thousand Christians in Goa and its dependencies. In all that neighbourhood his memory was revered among the heathen as Schwartz's elsewhere : and for a century you might have heard Xavier's Hymns sung by the boys in the market-places from Meliapore to Molucca, and his Litanies chanted as the vesper worship of many a soul between the poor Paravas of the Pearl Coast, and the fishermen of the Chinese Waters. And as to Japan, we find three kings who had received baptism (with most of their subjects) from Xavier and his immediate successors, sending ambassadors of obedience to Pope Gregory in 1582. When the great Revolution took place (which forms an era in Japanese history—changing at once the dynasty and the constitution) there were said to have been there four hundred thousand Christians, and two hundred and fifty Christian Churches, and three Colleges : and the great persecution of Christians, which under the new constitution shortly followed, has added eight hundred martyrs to the Romish Calendar. Such accounts as these are probably very highly overstated : but let what will be deducted even by controversial incredulity, they will justify the dispassionate in hoping that the evangelical result was not inconsiderable. Doubtless there are very sad thoughts which connect themselves with all Xavier's teaching : there is a large mixture of superstition in the best of it : it is scarcely ever the pure Gospel that he preaches. Truly that river of the water of life which runs clear as crystal through the New Testament would seem often fearfully poisoned by Xavier's unscriptural infusions : and perhaps fatally so for us who have tasted it from baptism in its purity : but whether such was the case with those whose spiritual constitution was quite otherwise from birth—may be doubtfully suggested. It would seem

at least, if we would think of it, no unreasonable thing to hope, no wrong thing to believe, that even the adulterated waters of Xavier's Gospel might yet retain so much of their essential life-giving virtue, as not to be at least so unwholesome as the natural streams of India and Japan. There is something Christian in the Litanies and the Hymns which he taught the majority of his converts: and if that saying be considered wise, Let me make the Songs of a people and any one may make their Laws, it might perhaps be not altogether untrue also to say, If the Prayers of a people be Christian, it may matter less what may be their Opinions. But rating as low as we may Xavier's doctrinal teaching, we must not forget that he was not only a Teacher: he was most emphatically a Minister—a servant of servants to his brethren. There was nothing which he did not do—there was nothing which he did not endure—for their sake. And therefore I would suggest that the happiness which he conferred on countless numbers of the sick, the desolate, and the poor—the unceasing devotion of his life to acts of spiritual blessing and to the exercise of those charities the worth of which all acknowledge—yea, the great fact of continuously regarding his life as a sacrifice of service to his fellow-men, and deeming every moment of it lost which was not employed in necessary self-sustenance or in the communication of the highest good he knew of—these things, I say, should be put into the opposite scale to that in which lie heaped his mental infirmities, would we justly estimate the weight and worth of Xavier's character.

But Xavier was a Romanist.

He was, and a very strict one too. And so have been some of the holiest men of whom the Christian Church bears record: and it ought to be a very great delight to us to know that such is the case—that in a Church seeming so corrupt there is yet some vigour of life: that so large a



portion of those who surname themselves by the name of CHRIST is not utterly deserted by His Spirit. Sad, most sad, would it be to think otherwise: and surely I may assume that your faith in your own Church is so firm that there is little danger of lessening it by reminding you that in the Church from which it separated there has been a good man and a great man now and then, as elsewhere everywhere. No one can be more anxious to preach to you the Faith of CHRIST as it is not preached in the Church of Rome than I am: nor shall I ever hesitate earnestly to protest, at fitting seasons, against very many of its doctrines. Assuredly the general practical influence of the Church of Rome, as I have seen it in Ireland and in some parts of Europe, appears to me but a very ambiguous blessing: and I feel sure that much of its Theoretic Creed is essentially Antichristian. But the most energetic opposition to it in these respects I feel to be quite consistent with the heartiest recognition of the superior piety of many of its individual members. And Xavier I reckon one such. Certainly I never could wish to see the truth of CHRIST taught verbally as Xavier taught it: I mentally dissent from almost every other sentence that I read of his. But at the same time I think I see present throughout almost every record of him a noble, unworldly, self-sacrificing soul: and there are certainly detached sayings and acts of his than which I know nothing more Christian. Wherefore believing as I do that it is not faith in Doctrine that makes a Christian so much as it is faith in CHRIST, and feeling deeply impressed by Xavier's history throughout that (in the main) he lived a life of faith on the Son of God, and (in the main) sincerely sought not his own glory but His whose minister he professed to be, it is not his theoretical errors which shall keep me from honouring his memory. I believe that the love of God and of his neighbour constrained Xavier to do what he did, and that in taking up his cross daily he

meant to follow CHRIST: and I also believe that being and doing thus—thus loving GOD and following CHRIST, thus blessing his brethren and disciplining himself—his heavenly Master is able to raise him up and make him stand, albeit he be Romanist or more. And believing as I do believe all this, I feel no hesitation in holding him up to you as a man who, despite all his lamentable errors of belief and all his distressing infirmities of superstition, is one whom we should ever speak of with reverence, and find fault with only when obliged. Let the man who has Xavier's sanctity and self-devotion, let him if he will fling stones at his statue. But let him who has neither—who cares little for his own soul and less for his neighbour's—let that man hold his peace. Let him, too, who is willing to subscribe with his hand to a purer creed, and is not willing to confess with his life the same holy cause: who is ready with any homage of the lips but with no service of the spirit—let him hold his peace. Ay, let every one of us, brethren, here in this room be dumb: we who live in ceiled houses comfortably while Xavier wandered about houseless and homeless to preach CHRIST to the heathen—we who deny ourselves but little at most, and have no real hardships to bear arising from our profession of CHRIST's faith, while Xavier hazarded his life daily for the name of the Lord JESUS—we who live in the midst of all we love, and have friends and relatives on this side and on that, while Xavier, noble by birth and educated a scholar, gives up all that was dear to him in the world to go to the very ends of the earth out of love to his Invisible Benefactor and zeal for the salvation of his brethren. It is not for us, or such as us, to speak slightly of Xavier. They only who have Xavier's zeal for the Gospel are qualified to judge him for his want of knowledge of it: all others should only the rather be admonished by Xavier's story, to take heed to themselves, lest it should be found

hereafter that he is less beloved by his Master who knows His will adequately and does it tardily, than he who knows it less perfectly and does it readily—he who slumbers or stands idle in the sunshine than he who works in a twilight in which no other man would work.

But Xavier was a Jesuit.

He was, and one of the first of them. Certainly the Jesuits have in three centuries acquired and deserved a bad name : but in order to form a just judgment in this matter you must recollect that the Jesuits were far different in Xavier's days from what they have been in later times. A self-constituted order always degenerates. The disciples of a sect are never so good as their founder. The first Jesuits were some of the noblest men of their time—the men who made the greatest sacrifices for the good of their brethren. Indeed they were men not lightly to be thought of—men on whom I beg you for a few moments to meditate.

I have already told you that their Founder was no ordinary man, spiritually as well as mentally: a man of intense devotion, in health often longing for Death, and praying for it sometimes with tears of hope: a very practical man, rejecting all formalities, and devoting himself in every way, unreservedly and incessantly, to preaching and confession, the visitation of the sick, and the education of youth. You will not readily read anywhere more thoughtful or heart-searching words than you will find in the Spiritual Exercises of Ignatius. No one seems to have taught before him so emphatically the necessity of frequent silent self-communion for the effectual discharge of all ordinary as well as extraordinary duties; and he made it a law of his Society that eight days in every year each member should live in solitude and silence—devoting so long at least to the mysterious study of himself. Himself of cool, clear head: both legislative and judicial: full of heart-knowledge;

imaginative extraordinarily yet of temperament unexcitable save in Prayer—the exercises he enjoined were singularly severe: but notwithstanding he was no formalist, and no fanatic: rather when Form and Fanaticism were all-powerful, he plainly taught that Self-denial was more valuable than either, and Charity than all. And as to his practical talents, the organization of his Order shews us that had he continued in his original warfare he might have been a General of any magnitude. But he did nobler things than this. He it was that aroused Catholic Christendom to a sense of Missionary duties. He himself sent missionaries to Asia and Brazil, to North America and to South: and his zeal it was that gave rise to extensive missions by the Dominicans in China, the Franciscans in Tartary, the Theatins in Armenia, Persia, and Sumatra, the Sulpicians in Montreal. He founded too at Rome the first Jews' Society, the first Magdalene Asylum, the first Orphan House on record.

And the early character of Loyola's Society—the Company of JESUS—the Jesuits—is as remarkable as that of its founder. These men were the Reformers of the Church of Rome, after their kind: doing that at least for its organization which Luther did for its doctrine: only, so far from separating from it, being its most earnest upholders. To regenerate Catholicism, not in any way to destroy it, was their aim: and in this they succeeded so rapidly as that even Ignatius himself was a very considerable, though indirect, opponent of Luther's. Surely it was a grand attempt, this of striving to repair the colossal ruin of Rome: it would have seemed easier to destroy and to rebuild: but the elaborate attempt these Jesuits made, and Rome stands till now apparently as firmly as ever. They were no ordinary enthusiasts: but rejecting all kinds of theoretical systems they adhered inseparably to the practical, and soon became distinguished

by inflexible devotion to their end, and unscrupulous versatility as to their means. They did not concern themselves much with the Bible: the Institutions of the Church were their main instruments of warfare, though from time to time singularly enforced or dispensed with, by the introduction of the authority of ecstasies and impulses, asserted revelations and fancied intuitions. Preachers to the poor, advocates of the people—singularly self-denying and unweariedly charitable, they secured the applause of the many: eloquent and learned, they gained possession of the pulpit and the press, the confessional and the college: missionaries emphatically, they professedly pervaded every land: and strongly sustained by Papal authority, they rapidly produced so great a reformation in the Church of Rome that degenerate Protestantism was in many cases overcome by regenerate Catholicism.

But whatever may be thought of the conduct of the early Jesuits it can really little affect our estimate of the character of Xavier. For the rules of the Society were not formed when he left Europe for India, and it had not then done a single act. He only became a Jesuit by putting into Loyola's hands an anticipatory subscription to whatever should be sanctioned by the Pope: and never had any part or voice practically in any of their proceedings. Loyola and he never met in this world after the day on which they met last together in the presence of the Pope at Rome; and any man's influence over another, one would think, must be very materially modified when only exercised through an intervening distance of fifteen thousand miles.

On the whole then I should say of Xavier that he is in a very noble sense a Great Man: of small mind but of great soul; a man of extraordinary daring and endurance; doing and suffering great things for an unselfish, unworldly aim. Infirm doubtless intellectually, and of very questionable

verbal creed, but with an Evangelical, Apostolic, Pauline heart in him. Severe only towards his own sins, and allowing others indulgences and excuses which he never tolerated a moment for himself: of singular persuasiveness and of the finest temper: fearless yet gentle: he won men to the Faith by his remarkable union of an example of sanctity and of a preaching of love. In wisdom of manner, the very model for a modern missionary: and indeed in spirit: for missionary enterprise was with Xavier almost as influential an impulse as that of discovery was with Columbus. His whole soul was absorbed by it: it haunted him sleeping and awake: so that those words which had been treasured up as uttered by him in sleep with exceeding earnestness before he became a missionary might well serve for his motto to the latest moment of his life: Of sufferings and of labours for the Cross, yet more, O Lord, yet more. And as signs of an Apostle were wrought in him while he lived—in labours most abundant, in deaths oft; once was he stoned, thrice he suffered shipwreck, a night and a day was he in the deep; in journeyings often; in perils of robbers, in perils by his own countrymen, in perils by the heathen; in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the waters: in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst; in fastings often, in cold and nakedness; besides those things which came upon him daily, the care of all his churches—I think he has well earned the title by which he was canonised after death—The Apostle of the Indies—and has made good his claim to be enrolled among the Great Men of Christendom.

## PETER OF RUSSIA.

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THE man whose Story and Character I am to lay before you this evening is a man in my opinion essentially great, but one differing in such material points from any of those whom I have brought before you on former occasions, that a few preparatory words of explanation seem necessary. He was not characteristically a Christian, and scarcely in any way emphatically a Religious man. Herein is a grand point of difference. But he was characteristically and emphatically a man daring and enduring much for the good of others: devoting his whole life continuously and consistently to one grand and good Cause, the Formation of an Empire: a man who deliberately and courageously, at immeasurable cost of toil and self-denial, influenced permanently for good the destinies of millions of his fellow-men. Herein are considerable points of resemblance: and hereby is he brought within my definition of a Great Man. He was no missionary of truth, as Xavier: no enthusiast for practical science, as Columbus: no apostle of a neglected gospel, as Luther. But, as Xavier, he had unweariable Zeal: as Columbus, he had consistency of self-devotion to a Cause: as Luther, the essential spirit of a Reformer. He might have lived peacefully and luxuri-

ously, if he had lived as others : but he chose to live stormfully and hardly, that he might teach others to live better. There was greatness here and some goodness. But I can assure you that I am not going to hold up to you Peter of Russia as in any way a model man : not as one who is altogether entitled to your praise or very well deserving of your imitation : very far from it indeed : I rather bring him before you this evening to try to shew you something of how we must judge of one who was placed by God in circumstances the most different conceivable from our own : and to exhibit to you an instance of a man from whose faults we may learn as much as from the virtues of many ordinary men. Peter of Russia was confessedly and indisputably an exceedingly imperfect character, wanting the very foundation for any such character, self-control : but still, imperfect as he is, there is that in him and about him nevertheless which heightens our conceptions of the capabilities of our common nature : and while my own habits of thought and feeling naturally lead me to dwell with the greatest pleasure on the characters of those who have been distinguished for the very qualities in which Peter was deficient, I would desire to be able to appreciate justly and even generously the achievements of men the most alien from my own, peculiar pursuits and too narrow sympathies. Whatever renders us more Catholic without rendering us less Christian I deem a good : and a contribution towards this end is contemplated in this Evening's Lecture.

There is much about the early life of Peter which you ought to bear in mind in appreciating his character, but which I cannot enter into this evening : I must presume that you recollect it. I will however just remind you, that he was when young not only not kept from the vices of youth but deliberately and designedly led into them—being made to commit the vices from which others are anxiously guarded ;




and that physically he was most peculiarly constructed—subject to most strange fits and convulsions, and generally of the rudest animal nature almost conceivable. His father died when he was four years old, and in the earlier period of his boyhood he was left to do exactly as he liked : and he liked to do the strangest things : in fact he was the rudest, roughest, wildest, most ungovernable boy in his dominions. He was not an idle pleasure-loving vanity-hunting boy either : he was beyond all other boys vigorous in mind and body : always ready for schemes of danger and of daring : most hardy, most restless : scarcely able to read, yet planning improvements in all things about him : able to do many things, willing to learn nothing : a capital carpenter, a miserable scholar : in fact, just what you may fancy a better kind of barbarian boy to be : tall, large-made, good-looking ; full of force, full of passion : capricious beyond bearing, yet equally kind as cruel : acting always on impulse : untameable but not altogether lawless. Such is he when he marries at seventeen. His marriage is disliked by his half-sister Sophia : and she with others of her party get up an insurrection—which fails, and his sister is henceforth confined to a convent. But when this tumult is over, Peter does not interfere much more than before in State matters : he leaves all to a Council. There are frequent outbreaks for years : but he goes on amusing himself and instructing himself, keeping himself out of the way when there is any unusual disturbance going on : removing from the Kremlin to a neighbouring Convent and back again, as the degree of disturbance may be. And thus he goes on till his poor half-brother John (who is joint Tsar with himself—but both bodily and mentally most infirm) dies, and he is twenty-four years old ; that is, until 1696.

And now Peter steps up to the undivided throne of Muscovy, and seated there he fills it. He throws off that reck-

lessness and indifference, which was in a measure but a mask worn for safety's sake, and resolves to be a King. With unrestricted authority to command and innumerable multitudes to obey, he plans the creation of an empire which it shall satisfy him to rule. All things indeed and all men around him are as bad as can be : but his father, he remembers, had been a Reformer before him, and so will he be : nay, his father had reformed much, he will reform more. His father had introduced, and encouraged, and employed some foreigners : he will introduce, and encourage, and employ many. His father's plans it is true had in a great measure failed from the hatred which the Muscovites had to foreign innovations : Peter will try them again, and see whether his subjects or himself are the stronger. Why should not his kingdom be an empire, his barbaric multitudes a great People ? There is no reason obvious to a hasty, yet piercing glance. But, spoiled child as he is, he knows enough to know that to do such work as he is thinking of requires a far-seeing as well as a quick-sighted eye—circumspection as well as penetration ; so Peter looks steadily about him from such height as the throne of Muscovy can give him. And the first thing that he sees is, that if Muscovy is to be only physically as it is, it will not do for an empire. He sees that for any nation to have influence in Europe it must have a direct communication with the Sea, the open sea. The first thing then that Peter must have is a Sea Port : he must have Ships, too—ships in the Volga for the Turks, ships in the Gulf of Finland for the Swedes. Peter has neither Port nor Ship ; but he will have both. But how ? Why, he will take and make them. But how ? Why, with his own hands. Was ever such a thing heard of ? No : but what of that ? Self-help is no bad thing for any man, not even for a king. So thinks Peter : and so he begins boat-building, and sets others to work too. While he was living in obscurity during his

brother John's lifetime I told you he was not living in idleness. No, he had been carpentering half his time : he had been sailing, and rowing, and spending much time on the water: from hating the very sight of water he had got to like it so much as to be even passionately fond of it. And so now when he had got a great project in view of making himself an empire—an empire which should assume a high place among the nations of Europe—he turns his boating propensities to profit. He foresees that he must, in order to accomplish his purpose, make great demands on the efforts of his subjects : and therefore he determines to set them an example of what effort will do in himself. Wherefore, absolute prince as he is, he turns himself into a master shipbuilder : nay, even often into a task-working shipwright. In a very short time he has half a dozen good-sized vessels about him : and he tries sailing with them on a large lake of his, 180 miles round. But he soon tires of this kind of playing at sailoring : he must out to the sea : and so off he sets to Archangel and buys a ship of a Dutch trader there, and is off for Lapland as its Captain. Never was such a man in a ship: he is captain and sailor, helmsman, cabin-boy, and everything : nothing daunts him : the higher the storm, the happier he : and to all the prudent suggestions of his followers he only says, Never fear : Who ever heard of a Tsar being drowned ?—Well, but Peter is not a man only to amuse himself ; he must get some practical good out of his amusements, otherwise they are no pleasures to him : so when he comes back he determines to learn thoroughly the whole duty of a sailor, and to pass through every grade. He takes a great liking to a pleasant old Dutch skipper (a native of a place called Saardam) and goes to sea with him for a short while, and on board his ship goes through all the gradations of a sailor's life ; so that now you might see the Tsar of Muscovy, absolute prince of a great kingdom, scrubbing



the decks as earnestly as a poor fellow that would be whipped if he did not; acting every way as cabin-boy and cook: filling the skipper's pipe, mixing the skipper's grog: then as sailor up at the mast head, hauling and loosing the sails, and busy with all tackle: as helmsman, as mate, everything was he: and as he was in earnest in learning and in no way assuming, he was a prime favourite with all: and returned to Moscow with the increased conviction of the necessity of a Navy, and confidence that he could make one.

But an army also he must have: an army like that of other nations, I mean, for a kind of army he had—multitudes of men at least calling themselves soldiers. Now the same way that he was doing in naval matters he had already begun to do also with military. He himself began at the beginning. Peter became a private in his own guards, and was drilled as one by his friend Le Fort, whom he had appointed captain. A remarkable man was this Le Fort: he had been a clerk in a merchant's house, or something like it; but had attracted Peter's attention shortly after he came to the throne, and became a great favourite with him, and for years was his monitor and Mentor, and in every way his good genius: exercising a very humanising influence over him—saving him from the commission of many a crime, even at the risk of becoming as Clytus to Alexander. Well, with Le Fort for his drill-master and his own willingness of mind, he becomes an expert soldier, and thus learning himself, he is determined that his nobles shall learn too, and orders that no man shall be an officer who has not risen from the ranks, and that all places of honour and of profit shall be open only to those who can win them by their merits. Le Fort and he and a General Gordon (a Scotchman), in a very short time organise some thousands of new troops in European fashion: for the Russian soldiers before Peter's time used to wear long dresses and beards—as the Turkish did till lately. Well, but an

army and a navy, daily growing, must have food—must have work—must have wages. With Peter's notion of making an Empire he could find plenty of work for them, but how to make his money increase with his need for it—a commonly puzzling problem—this does not instantly appear to Peter. Le Fort however—who is admiral, general, privy counsellor, prime minister, everything to him—shews him the way: he points out to him with great wisdom—what will often succeed in other cases—many improvements of administration: they succeed and speedily double his resources. All things going on prosperously, the Tsar cannot stop here: all this is a mere means to an end: he must have a Port, as I have said: he would like to have that of Azoph best: not that it is of much value in itself, but it may be made so; if he had a fleet there he should then have the command of the Black Sea: and if he had that, he should then be able to establish a profitable communication with Persia, through Circassia: and he should also gain a good position from which he might drive the Tartars out of the Crimea. So as a volunteer corporal in Le Fort's corps, to Azoph he goes. But impetuous Peter—no more than any other of us—cannot always get what he wants just when he wants it. He fails utterly now, and is obliged to go home again, portless. But Peter was not the man to sit down quietly and be contented to be disappointed: not he: he was a spoilt child, but not in this way: no one cheerier under defeats than he, for none was ever more determined than he to try till he succeeded. He is obliged to be quiet awhile, for it is winter: so he employs himself with carrying on his manifold works of State. But the first thing he does in the spring is to be off for Azoph again. Peter now determines to be for a while more than Corporal Peter: he will try to be General. And consulting with his friend Gordon, they devise the strangest, altogether unheard of, method of taking a

town. There is a deep wide ditch all round the town, and this baffles them: what is to be done? Fill up the ditch you say. Certainly, but how? By spade and barrow? They have neither; no tools of any kind but sword and musket. No such thing, say Peter and Gordon, all men have tools to do all kinds of work with, namely, heads and hands: and so they set 12,000 pairs of hands to work to scrape up earth, and they fill the ditch by handfuls in five weeks, and then they walk right over it (walls and all) into the town. So Peter this time gets what he wants, Azoph, a Port. He plans dockyards and a fleet, and thus planning goes homewards. As they reach Moscow there are all kinds of processions and rejoicings: everybody is there seemingly but the Tsar. And where is he? Why, as he would have said, in his proper place: among the Corporals: for when he had done his General's work on special commission, he returned again to his place as an uncommissioned officer. However, for his bravery he was promoted to be Lieutenant—and I believe bore the honour meekly. Indeed Peter throughout all his life displayed as little vanity as perhaps was ever visible in any man: he was a very earnest and a very practical man—with very high ideas of what is great and what is practicable—and always active—and such men are ever least vain.

Peter goes on reforming, and that in earnest: his reforms are hated. There is a conspiracy of some officers of the Strelitzes again: they wish to behead him: he is beforehand with them and beheads them. His conduct here, as elsewhere again and again, under like circumstances, seems sadly severe. But in whatever judgment is passed, it must not be forgotten, that when he had commenced reformer, the hatred of the nobles and even of the people was so great and so growing, that he must either annihilate his opponents or become their victim. He need not have become reformer at

this price or of this kind, so radical an one ; but being this, he perhaps could scarcely have been an efficient one, without being somewhat more severe than would be necessary with a more civilised and less absolute constitution.

But now all is quiet again : but Peter is not idle : he invites hundreds of Foreigners, especially Dutchmen, into Russia, and sends hundreds of Russians into Holland, Germany, and Italy, to learn all kinds of arts and manufactures. Nay, he does more than this : he resolves to go himself—and goes. But where? To Holland. What for? To improve himself in ship-carpentering, and other things by the bye. And early in the spring of the year you might have seen a strange spectacle on the Saardam canal—a rough-looking, shaggy, brawny personage dressed like a Dutch skipper in red jacket and canvas trousers, steering a little boat, talking loudly and shouting, boisterous and wild-seeming, with six or seven nearly as strange-looking men : down they come, and entering the lake they hail a man fishing, the steersman speaking to him as to an old friend, and with earnest gladness at the sight of him. The man is a blacksmith who once worked in a Russian dock—the hallooing steersman is Peter. Peter takes lodgings at the smith's, and is servant of all-work to himself. This place, Saardam, you will recollect was the place where Peter's old friend, on board whose ship he served as sailor at Archangel, came from. And the very first thing Peter does after he has got fairly into his lodgings, and unpacked his tools, is to go with the smith round the town, and look after all the families of the many Dutchmen that were working for him at ship-building in Russia, and to bring them news of their husbands and brothers, and to convey to them the kindest messages and money from the Tsar. This done he is down at the Saardam docks, and at work. And if you had been there and noticed a tall yet thickset man, with most intelligent but barbarian face : thick

shaggy eyebrows, and short curly brown hair, matted : in his shirt sleeves, with adze in hand, slaving as hard as any two other of the workmen : uncouth yet not unskilful, handling tools as one evidently not unused to them : rapid and rude in all his movements, and never in repose an instant : ever swinging his arms about with various effect : attracting attention, provoking a laugh, commanding respect : had you seen this man, I say, apparently earning a Hercules' meal by a Hercules' labour, you could not have hesitated a moment in saying, There is the Tsar : there is the Tsar. All the time he is at Saardam he lives just as a common labourer of the dockyard. He lends a helping hand at every thing, at rope and sail making, at smithy work : his industry and his curiosity are unbounded : he visits every thing in Holland, and seems to understand almost at first sight every thing he sees. But his industry is not frivolous : his curiosity is not idle. Nothing comes amiss to him, and he learns to do nearly all kinds of work : he attends the Hospitals, and Anatomical Lectures and Dissections : he learns to bleed most skilfully, and was fond of trying his skill upon his friends (for he was an odd and perhaps an unsatisfactory acquaintance, this Peter) : and when he got home he always carried a case of surgical as well as of mathematical instruments about him in those huge pockets of his, and in the wars many a fellow-soldier has Peter bled, many a comrade's wound has Peter bound up and mollified with ointment. As long as he is in Holland he is in the dockyard : and as long as he is in the dockyard he is at work. But he does so much more work than ship-building during his life, that we must not stay longer with him at the Saardam Docks : but go over with him to our own country, whither he came just about this time of year, 150 years ago. Nor will we stay long with him here : indeed not longer than to notice that he lives in Deptford dockyard—busies himself perpetually with



boat-building—rows and sails on the Thames almost every day, fair weather or foul: avoids all crowds; at one time is entertaining the King in his own hired house, and at another entertaining himself in a Public House; delights to see every thing, hates to be seen himself. A hard, wild, earnestly inquisitive and active life he leads for some months, and then carries away with him nearly 500 artists and artisans. He goes to Vienna, and is about to go to Italy, when a Revolt of the Strelitzes brings him home suddenly to Moscow. He quells the Insurrection with sad severity. As soon as quiet is restored he begins reforming again with fresh vigour: reforming now not only the laws but even the habits of his people. He abolishes beards, taxing heavily those that wear them: he introduces women into general society: he does away with many of the absurd practices of their forefathers: he founds all kinds of schools: he has numerous books translated, and distributed, and sold cheaply. He encourages, and even compels, trade with other countries: institutes an Order of nobility (that of St Andrew)—makes the Calendar like that of other Christian nations—so that the year 1700 should begin on the 1st of January instead of 1st of September. At the same time he goes on ship-building vigorously: makes all his nobles' sons enter the army and navy as privates, and attempts to join by canals the Don and the Volga. He was the life of his dockyard at Varonitz: he was master-man there indeed, but worked as a slave. Indeed he seldom seemed so happy as when he was at some hard handiwork: labour was his pleasure: the doing things that other men would not or could not do was his excitement.

In 1699 dies Le Fort—the good and the wise—and Peter gives him the grandest of burials, himself walking in the procession as mere Lieutenant of his regiment.

In 1700 Peter comes before the world as a soldier: an actor in European politics. When he came to the throne,

Muscovy was Russia : and however important in itself, it took no influential position amid the nations of Europe. It had no Representative at any European Court. Peter weighing well its resources, sees that it may become a nation, even an empire : but only, to be sure, with some unscrupulousness of proceeding on the part of its Prince. Now Peter was naturally a particularly unscrupulous man : he was not the man, then, to see many lions in his way when he wanted to go anywhither : and an opportunity—an opening rather—offering itself to enter into an Offensive League against Sweden, he does so readily. There is war, and he goes into the hottest of it : and gets thoroughly beaten at Narva, and has some 6000 of his army killed, besides unnumbered prisoners. An ordinary man would have been somewhat discouraged by this : but Peter not at all : he was as full of life and vigour as ever, declaring it at the time to be on the whole best for him that he should be beaten : that thus his soldiery would have a more regular discipline and education in warfare. Indeed he seems to me now and always in war, to have displayed a more foreseeing, wise, legislative mind, than we ordinarily meet with in mere soldiers. He goes on with his peaceful plans as quietly and as energetically as before : makes sailors now as well as ships : he introduces all kinds of agricultural improvements : erects manufactories, builds hospitals. His generals begin to beat the Swedes : and at the fall of Marienberg they take prisoner a widowed bride of fifteen, named Martha, afterwards known to history as Catherine, Empress of the Russias. In the autumn of 1702 Peter fights most bravely and most successfully—as captain in his own guards—under one of his marshals. He abolishes the Patriarchate and reforms the Priesthood. He assumes the temporal headship of the Church.

Now Peter plans Petersburg—founds it—builds it. He is architect and master-builder and clerk of the works. He

has a wooden shed made for him in the midst of the work where he sleeps at night: he wants no house for the day-time, for from morning to evening he is out among his men. They build a fortress in six months, and a town of 30,000 dwellings in a year: and yet at first they had not a tool, nor even a wheelbarrow: no, nor stone: no, nor earth even, on the spot—this they carried in bags, or in the skirts of their clothes, from a distance—these same men you will remember who took Azoph: strange men these (are they not?) taking and building a city in the same rude way—with their hands.

Peter returns to Moscow, and visits his nobles at their own houses as a private gentleman, and explains his views of empire conversationally, and endeavours in a manly simple way to engage their co-operation. He also entertains the great body of the citizens with all manner of amusements and shows: and takes occasion amid their festivities to ridicule their old customs till he makes them feel their absurdity. Indeed in Peter there was infinite Humour, and this, where there is not Imagination, is almost a necessary element in the composition of a practical Great Man.

Peter, however, is called away to war. He fights a grand battle with Charles the Twelfth of Sweden at Pultowa, and beats him thoroughly. This battle is one of the most famous in modern history: but I have no time to tell you anything about it but its result, and to add, that if Peter had never done anything but this, he might have been deemed a great General, which is some considerable way towards being a great Man. But war at best is but an art: and most commonly but a crime: and so I shall not attempt now to estimate the degree in which the character of Peter is hereby affected. And so also of the battle of the Pruth which shortly followed, which was as disastrous to Peter as that of Pultowa was glorious. This was in 1711.

The two or three following years were taken up with sieges and battles in very various places, and the Tsar gained a most important naval victory over the Swedes in 1713. This last was to him a matter of peculiar pleasure and pride—of much more than its essential importance would have produced—from the circumstance that the navy with which he fought owed its existence and its excellence entirely to his own personal genius and exertions. He had himself made the navy which he commanded, and with it destroyed one which was irresistible before his own existed.

But in the intervals of peace which occurred during these years, Peter has been going on with the building of Petersburg (to which he removes the Senate in 1712) and improving every part of his dominions. His reforms and new institutions are innumerable. And he so manages it that soon he has nothing more to fear from the Swede, and may sit down quietly and devote himself to what he most cared for, the internal improvement of his Empire. His great passion is now, as ever it was, Shipbuilding. He now gets some vessels of 1000 tons built, and soon possesses 40 ships of the line, carrying more than 2000 guns, manned with 15,000 men, besides a proportionate number of galleys and other small craft.

He now determines to revisit Western Europe. He goes to Copenhagen, where he is elected Admiral of the English, Dutch, and Russian fleets there : which position he always declared was the proudest of his life—he having done the most to earn it. He revisits Saardam among other places, and is just the same hearty, unassuming, simple man he was nineteen years before—renewing with great zest his acquaintance with all the smiths and ship-carpenters he knew when their fellow-workman there. He thence goes to Paris : thence to Berlin : sees everything, learns everything : buys many things—pictures, books, cabinets ; hires many

men—engineers, painters, smiths : and sends all to Petersburg. On his way to Berlin he goes to see Luther's tomb and apartments at Wittemberg, and pays the memory of the Reformer such homage as one great man will always pay to another. He returns to Petersburg at the close of the year 1717.

And now on his return is enacted by Peter a tragedy, which displays to us at least his strength of mind and heart—whether it displays anything better or worse will be variously decided—I mean the death of his son, Alexis. I cannot lay before you the details of the case : but it was of this kind. This son of his was as bad a man as well could be : he was in fact a combination of almost all vices : he disobeyed and opposed his father in every possible way : he hated his improvements and was determined to undo as much as he could of them when he should come to the throne, and to bring back all things to their ancient condition. He gave himself up to every species of licentiousness, and was a most unnatural son, a most cruel husband. Peter remonstrated with him very often and very seriously : and before he set out on his late tour he threatened to disinherit him if he did not reform : and gave him six months to make up his mind whether he would give up his evil practices or continue in them : and assured him that if he did not speedily amend he would send him to a convent. Seven months passed away and he heard nothing from his son. He wrote to him from Copenhagen, requiring his decision. Alexis instead of answering his father's letter fled to Vienna, and threw himself into the protection of his father's great rival the Emperor of Germany—Charles—who not receiving him, he went to Naples. Peter wrote to him to return, promising to give him another trial if he would : he did so. But Peter on his return, when he finds out the extent of his son's wickedness, of which he was not before aware, has him

brought to public trial before the nobles and ecclesiastical dignitaries of the realm. You must understand that the law of Russia allows a father absolute power over the life of a son, and therefore in the eye of the laws of his country he would have been blameless if, on the discovery of his son's conspiracy against him (which is on all hands confessed, even by Alexis himself) he had put him to death. But Peter does not do what he might have done thus blamelessly, but something much better. He gives up the trial of his son into the hands of the most competent of all possible tribunals: and the following expressions in the Address which he made on the occasion to the assembled nobles may perhaps help to make us enter somewhat into his own views of this matter :

Though by all divine and human laws, and especially by those of Russia, which exclude all interposition by the civil power between father and son, even among private persons, we have a sufficient and absolute power of sentencing our son according to his crimes and our will, without consulting any one : yet men not being so clear-sighted in their own affairs as in those of others, and the most skilful physicians, instead of prescribing for themselves, having recourse to others when sick : so, fearing lest I should bring some sin on my conscience, I state my case to you and require of you a remedy. For if ignorant of the nature of my distemper I should go about to cure it of my own ability, the consequence might be eternal death, seeing that I have sworn on the judgments of God, and have in writing promised my son his pardon provided he tells me the truth, and afterwards confirms his promise with his mouth. Though my son has broken his promise, yet that I may not in anything depart from my obligations, I desire you will deliberate on this affair and examine it with the greatest attention, to see what he has deserved. Do not flatter me : and do not be in the least

afraid that, should he deserve only a slight punishment, and you deliver your opinion accordingly, it will offend me : for I swear to you by the great God, and by His Judgments, that you have absolutely nothing at all to apprehend. Nor let it give you any uneasiness that you have to try your sovereign's son : but without any respect of persons do Justice, and destroy not both your souls and mine. Lastly, let not our Consciences have anything to reproach us with on the terrible Day of Judgment, and let not our Country be hurt.

On the lowest estimate of this Address it may be said that its writer could not be altogether what is meant by a Tyrant. The question in truth lay between the natural and decent indulgence of paternal feelings towards a son confessedly criminal, and the permanent welfare of his subjects—between the temporary happiness of a son, and the lasting happiness of a kingdom—between the happiness of One, and the happiness of Eighteen Millions : a question not easy to decide.

On the 5th of July, 1717, the ministers, the senators, and the generals, to the number of 160, to decide it, however, by unanimously condemning Alexis to death. The Tsar caused the whole trial to be printed and translated and circulated among his people, and presented to the sovereigns of foreign nations. The Tsar does not seem to have intended to have carried the sentence into effect. Alexis dies convulsively the day after—whether by visitation of God or otherwise there is no evidence to prove.

Seven years more Peter lives and reigns—seven of the most peaceable years of his life. In 1721 he was at peace with Sweden (his greatest enemy, Charles the Twelfth, had died two years before), and at a congress at Neustadt, in Finland, all his conquests are for ever ceded to the Tsar : thus leaving him sovereign over Livonia, Esthonia, Ingria, Carelia, and other extensive territories, and securing to him

the dominion of the Gulf of Finland, which had been the object of his toils and perils for twenty years. By this peace Peter has now attained to the summit of his glory : he has no kindly wish ungratified : he has done what he essayed to do : he has made an empire—and that too the largest one on earth. Peter appoints a period of public thanksgiving to Almighty God for all his success : and the Senate, with much co-operation with the heads of the Church, take that opportunity of entreating him, as a token of gratitude on the part of his subjects, to allow them henceforth to entitle him and address him as Peter the Great, Emperor of all the Russias, and Father of his Country. All this is done with indescribable joyousness and profuse festivities of all kinds—with fitting dignity on the part of Peter, and immeasurable enthusiasm on the part of his people. And having lived as such three years longer, he died on the 28th of January, 1725, aged 53 years.

Now before summing up his character, let us look for a moment at the net result of his actions.

When Peter came to the throne Muscovy was Russia, and Moscow was Muscovy. It was a barbarian province, without any one element of civilization : or at least with its little civilization centred in its capital. It had no representative at any foreign court : no commerce, no manufactures : and exercised no appreciable influence in Europe. When Peter died he bequeathed to his wife the consolidated empire of a territory the largest ever known in the world. It was much the same then as now, comprising very much more than a million of square leagues—say from East to West, six thousand miles, and from North to South, much more than two. It borders upon the Frozen Sea, the Mediterranean, and China : comprehending more territory than all the other nations of Europe put together, and far, far exceeding any kingdom Roman, Persian, or Macedonian ever ruled. And



assuredly, therefore, when we remember that this magnificent inheritance was acquired mainly by Peter's own labour of head and hand, it may well impress us with some prepossession of his greatness.

And the whole aspect and outline of the man is one of originality. An absolute monarch, at the age of twenty-five leaving his kingdom merely to learn how to govern it: a despot determining to educate himself; putting aside power and pleasure for a while that he might gain knowledge—and doing all this against the wills and despite of the dangerous opposition of his subjects—I call this great, I call this wise. It is an act of self-denial and of far-seeing preference of the future to the present which is the chief characteristic, if not the chief constituent, of greatness. And throughout his whole life a curious and profitable spectacle is this man, full of apparent contradictions and yet really throughout consistent. A thorough reformer of the state, an imperfect reformer of himself, and such with penitence: a promoter of education, yet a man of no learning: half savage and yet the civiliser of his people: impatient yet indefatigable; capricious yet self-denying; boundless in magnificent projects yet most sparing in all personal expenses: an inland prince yet giving all his best energies to the creation of a navy: both planning and executing his own projects, even calling into existence the means as well as the objects of his wishes: equally capable of commanding an army or a navy, and as well able to make a ship as to be a sailor, to do soldier's work as general's: knowing how to forge iron as well as to rule men; in all handicraft and statecraft equally experienced: so singularly original a man is Peter. In fact he did what no one had ever done before him: he changed the manners, the laws, and the very residence, of an innumerable people: though a despot, he was more patriotic than any citizen king: though

an absolute monarch, he was a more thorough reformer than the most revolutionary of all republicans.

And as a great King nothing perhaps can well display the peculiar greatness of Peter better than comparing him with his great opponent, Charles the Twelfth of Sweden. Charles was the hero and the self-seeker : Peter the practical man and the self-denying : Charles had genius and vanity, Peter neither, only singleness of purpose and earnestness of will : and so Charles sowed tares and Peter seed-corn : and what Charles did flourished, died, and is forgotten : what Peter did, lives and grows and promises to endure.

In Peter, as you will have observed, there was not the least development of the speculative intellect : indeed he did not in any way concern himself with any abstraction ; he had no new thing to preach of Truth or of Duty ; no old enigma to interpret. Life was to him no Theorem but only and emphatically a Problem : men and things were his sole studies—his instruments and ends. In fact he was quite the type—on a gigantic scale—of a practical man, a Man of Action. And there is, I am apt to think, something of the greatest in this kind of character. For one sees every day that it is a comparatively easy thing for an indisputably small man, under favouring circumstances, to keep uttering showy things, building strange systems, making original guesses—quite to tyrannise over some, and to make multitudes call him Master : all this, I say, we see—whether in the case of singer or speaker, of orator or mental philosopher—is consistent with any degree of personal inferiority—with the man himself, in his entire character, being morally and socially no better, no greater, than many of those who like Peter never have harboured a Theory, never have been visited by an Idea, yet have managed to influence permanently for good myriads of their fellow-men. Great then, I repeat, was Peter's

characteristic peculiarity—his earnestness of effort, his intense working energy, his life-long laboriousness. Perhaps no man that has ever lived has done so much work as he, and so various: and what he did he did so as to make it last until now: which lasting of any thing, as I have often told you, is a great presumption of its goodness.

Peter was not a vain man: he did great things noiselessly, all things earnestly: no parade, no attraction of the eyes of others on himself. Of all things he hated to be stared at, to be pointed out with the finger. When he was in Holland he never would stir out of his lodgings if there was a crowd about them, and went always undistinguished among the workmen to his work in the dockyard: and when in England, there were strange stories of his shyness, he living always obscurely, and with only those for his companions who could teach him something.

Nor was he a mean man: everything he did was on a large and liberal scale. No ruler seems ever to have united economy with what was becoming in his own establishment better than did Peter. He wasted nothing, but distributed innumerable things gratuitously.

His main faults were those of temper: the great fault, but not the greatest, of passionateness. There was scarcely perhaps a more hasty-tempered man in his dominions than himself. But sullenness or deliberate revengefulness, these were not his, but rather a certain noble, royal generosity. And after all his excesses he was penitent exceedingly. True undoubtedly it is, that on the first aspect of the man there is such want of self-command, and such exceeding coarseness of manner, that one rather shrinks from him: such roughness, such wilfulness, such uncouth vehemence. But we shall never perhaps quite understand a great man at first sight: we must be patient with him. And when we have become so with Peter, we see at least that there is

considerable virtue in him : that his deliberate acts interpret him to us more truly than his occasional impulses : and that, above all, most considerable allowances must be made for him which must not be made for ourselves, his physical construction was so strange, and his education so wretched, and his temptations so strong. From his birth he was subject to fearful fits : to the seductions of his boyhood any other would have been as nearly a victim as Peter was a victor : and unlimited command over others is no help to a man for acquiring any command over himself. The fact is, Peter was a barbarian all throughout ; and therefore perhaps not to be judged wholly by a Christian standard, any more than we judge of the ancients so, or indeed some of the Hebrew Great Men. Indeed the Gospel of CHRIST in its transforming character, in its characteristic features, was never adequately presented to Peter. In its best form or in the fulness of its influence it seldom reaches a Court : but in Peter's case, it came in the sad disguise of a most corrupt priesthood. But this we may say for Peter, that he was in some respects more religious than his contemporaries, and never that I know of did he treat any form of true religion otherwise than with respect. He always attended Divine Worship on Sunday in whatever country he was : in England and at Archangel he used frequently to go to the worship of the Society of Friends : in Holland to the Protestant Presbyterian : and his interference with the Greek Church in his own country was simply to reform its administration—in no way to destroy its influence for good, but to increase it. The specimen we have seen of his principles in his Address to the Senate before his son's trial would impress us favourably rather than otherwise, I think, as to his principles : and his deliberate public acts never contradicted them. After every victory he returned public thanks to Almighty God : in building Petersburg, next to a Citadel

he built a Cathedral: and throughout his private journals there is frequently visible strong Faith in God, and a hearty love of the right and hatred of all falsehood whether of word or deed.

But you may say, he was so cruel and so capricious, that he cannot be called a good man, and therefore too only doubtfully a great one. But now let me say that I do not know that he was severe, except in the case of the punishment of treason: and that in such case—especially in his case—severity is not altogether misplaced. The men whom he caused to be put to death had determined if they could to put him to death: they had rebelled against him without just cause, from mere hatred to his improvements, and with the hope of establishing themselves on his ruin: and I do not see that such men require much indulgence, or need much sympathy. A conspirator knows beforehand that by the laws of all countries—especially of despotic ones—he is playing for large stakes—Victory or Death: and playing with his eyes open he has no right to complain if he loses. Peter may have been in such cases unnecessarily severe (but neither you nor I know this), and if so then all that was needless was certainly criminal. But still I will say that Peter was not deliberately cruel: he was most passionate at times, but also oftenest very kind. They loved him in Holland: and so they did in his army. Many and many a kind act has Peter done to the widow and the orphan: he never refused to go to the font as godfather to the children of any of his soldiers, and a kiss and a ducat he gave them every one. The immediate cause of Peter's death was his over-kindness in dashing into the water (when very ill) to save a boat's crew from drowning. These things do not admit of his being a bad man above his fellows. But even if occasionally cruel and capricious, I do not know that for one having only Peter's spiritual privileges there is

anything fatal to his general superiority of character in the charge. For as I have already suggested, we deem many of the men most notable in Hebrew History men of whom the world was not worthy, and yet there was not surely entire freedom from cruelty or caprice in the characters of Gideon and of Joshua, of Samson and of Jephthah : of David also : wherefore I suppose that there must be some other rule to judge of those who have not had full Christian privileges from that by which we judge those who have. And if I can but impress upon you in these Lectures, to exercise towards others a gentleness of judgment proportionate to that severity towards yourselves which I so inculcate in my sermons, I shall not have altogether failed in my object. At least I do feel this, brethren, that it is not for us—for any of us here who do so little while we enjoy so much—to pass severe judgment against any man, be he who he may, who all his life through when he might have lived in luxury has denied himself for the good of others, however mixed up his exertions may have been with imperfections and errors, which may have been the result in a good measure of his not having been blessed with privilege as we : lest even such an one as this poor blind barbaric Peter should rise up against us in judgment in that day when we shall all be judged according to what we have had and what we have improved.

And now I shall conclude by making a remark or two about Great Men in continuation of those which I made to you on laying before you the story of Luther. By a Great Man then—or at least by one of that class of Great Men which alone I shall bring before you here—I must remind you that I mean one who has deliberately influenced for good the destinies of some large portion of mankind—who has been the Champion of some human Cause—the Herald of some human Truth. To have so acted as to be univer-

sally recognised as having exercised an appreciable influence on the fortunes of mankind; to have passed into history as the symbol of wisdom, of glory, or of worth; to have left a name which is henceforth as a household word in the speech of all civilised men; in fact, to have been such an one and to have done such things as Posterity will not willingly let die—this is to have been a Great Man. Nay, any man who can manage to live in the hearts of a single people so that his children's children shall rise up and call him blessed—such a man is a Great Man. For be sure that it is not possible that that which is little or that which is false should live so long and so glorious a life as this. It seems to be an universal law that nothing which is not born from above can live for long. To endure for a generation, an ordinary man may, by the force of circumstances, do this: but to endure from generation to generation, for this a man must have some force in himself—something perchance of the Divine in him. In the long run, too, give them time enough, the True and the Right will prevail—the False and the Wrong will fail. No Truth can die, no Lie can live, for ever. And therefore if any man or anything grow century after century, while there is such growth there must be life, and all life has its origin from God. It is as great a presumption that anything is of God which men cannot destroy when they fight against it, as it is that if it comes to nought when they do, it is not of God. In the great field of Time that which is false is as tares, which though spreading it may be for awhile and overrunning everywhere, but bringing forth no fruit by which man's spiritual life may be nourished, men will be at no pains to sow afresh age after age: that which is true is as the corn, which though it be hard to rear and there be less of it, yet men will hazard all to preserve, because they find that there is food in it for themselves and their children. By their fruits, then, you may know Great Men.

But a man of this kind—a Great Man—is a rare gift of God. God sends only one or two in a century; nay often not one in two or three centuries. Many men indeed there are in almost every country and every century—remarkable, distinguished, notable—men whom their own generation do wonder at and call great: men who, if they be Men of Action, do contrive by a ceaseless restlessness and unhealthy activity of the lower faculties to keep themselves prominently before the eyes of their contemporaries: or who, if they be Men of Thought, are able, though being the clear reflexes of the average mind and feeling of their own age and nothing more, to expound accurately to almost every man in it many of his own thoughts and aspirations, embodying more clearly than he could do for himself his belief, and imaging his own ideal more vividly without much magnifying it. Of such men there are many always everywhere. Our own age possesses them perhaps sufficiently for its needs. But those of whom I would speak to you are not exactly such. These are rather men to whom God has apparently assigned a more special mission in this world, and whom He has gifted with peculiar powers to perform it, and who have willingly used those powers for the end for which apparently they were given; men they are who either have given birth to some new Spiritual Reality henceforth to take a permanent place among the data of Universal Science, or who have struggled manfully in doing a work higher than all others thought was possible for them: men who either mentally or morally have put out to the uttermost the strength which God has put within them, and gradually grown themselves the stronger through its exercise—who have both fulfilled a mission for their brethren, and in the act of so fulfilling it have singularly educated and disciplined their own souls. And indeed, perhaps the consideration of the Four Great Men whom I have already brought before you—the seeing



how different they are and yet all how great—may be sufficient to suggest to us, and perhaps to impress upon us, that God causes the state of the world to be maintained and advanced—consolidated and rendered permanently progressive—by distributing the work among many men; not enduing all men with the same kind of talents, but most men with only certain practical, self-nourishing, self-guiding faculties—some with superior and governing power—the fewest with a light and strength, an intellect and energy, which can illuminate the most knowing and make the seers see more clearly—which can control the most powerful and legislate for myriads. Thus while it is acknowledged that the main mission of every man on earth is to work out his own salvation—to educate and to discipline his own soul—and that this work may be, and is to be, wrought out by his struggle to perform to the uttermost his duties towards his neighbour, it must also, I think, be seen and admitted that the mission of one man in this world is often as different from that of another as the office of the hand is from that of the foot, and that therefore there must be a different measure to mete our judgment in the one case from what there is in the other. And though I most frequently preach to you how Mind is the ordained Lord of Things—how Man is the commissioned conqueror of Circumstance—yet in passing judgment on the characters of others I would not have you forget that this is true only within certain limits: that it is only in fact a half-truth (though the more forgotten half) and that it must be equally true that it was no fault in Columbus that he was not as Luther—that it was absolutely impossible that Peter of Russia should have been as Francis Xavier.

One other remark and I have done. I wish you particularly to bear in mind that I am no Idolater of Intellect. Intellect I regard but as an instrument: the use of it alone determines a man's greatness in my mind. The mind (or

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what we call so) is but a small part of a man : and if a man have only a large Mind he is after all but a misshapen creature, whom one would naturally recoil from rather than admire. In any living creature Symmetry, not Size, is the essential element of beauty ; and he who has exercised so fully as to have developed every part of his spiritual nature, he only is a model man. It is not therefore necessary in my opinion to be a Genius in order to be a Great Man : nor is every genius necessarily one of those great men whom I should wish to bring before you. Those men who are as illustrious for the weakness of their Conscience as for the strength of their Intellect, I pass by : not indeed as denying them a place in men's memories, but only regarding them as men the contemplation of whom I cannot make pleasing enough for such meetings as the present. Of the Four Great Men whom I have already brought before you, no one of them is most remarkable for his intellect. For it is not the actual attainments of the man so much as his aim and tendency that I look at and judge him by : not the achievement I regard so much as I do the struggle. The first questions I have asked myself of such as are called Great Men are of this kind : Did the man mean to be good and to do good ? Did he seek the Right and the True, and follow them despite all difficulties ? Did he hate the Wrong and the False, and fight against them with all his strength ? Did he deny himself for his brethren's sake ? Was he generous, brave, sincere ? Hearty, truthful, spiritual ? Were his sins deliberate and premeditated, and was he afterwards impenitent ? Or were his sins the result of impulse and his virtues of self-discipline ? and his penitence as prominent as his sin ?—These are the kind of questions I ask myself concerning a man that is said to be Great : and if I find that in the main (however imperfectly consistent he may have been), that in the main, I say, such was the man's aim and attainment, then the more ele-

vated indeed his Intellect the more worthy he is of admiration ; but if he is not thus, then he may have been a famous man, a remarkable, a distinguished man—a genius, a wonder—but he is not what I can consent to call a Great Man. Be he what else he may, he is a dwarf in Soul. Yes, dear Christian friends, I can most truly assure you that I reverence far more the humblest day-labourer in our parish who does not know his letters and yet fears God and does his Duty, than I do the most splendid incarnation of genius if he be a self-seeker or a hypocrite—a wicked man or a vain one. Nay, perchance I might sum up all I have to say to you in these Lectures, by begging you to take this as the Motto and the Moral of them all, That under every form and in whatever guise, **SELF-SEEKING IS MEANNESS, SELF-SACRIFICE ALONE IS GREATNESS.**

## JOHN WYCLIFFE.

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I AM going to speak to you this evening of one of the greatest of our Countrymen—a man in many ways most interesting and deserving of our earnest study, JOHN WYCLIFFE: but before doing so I would just recall your attention to the characteristics of Great Men in general, by making a few unconnected remarks in continuance of those which I made to you on this Monday last year, before speaking to you about LUTHER. The men I am going to speak to you of this winter are of the same class with those of whom I spoke to you last: namely, men of Action, rather than of Thought: men who have done and suffered more than their brethren for their brethren's sake. Bear in mind then these two things that I then said to you: That in my opinion, in order to be a Great Man a man must be the Minister of a great Cause: and then, that the characteristic of a Great Man is emphatically Self-sacrifice. I would now add: To be such an one as I would uphold to you as the Greatest, a man must have a deep feeling of the Infinite in his own soul: he must recognise a mystery and a divinity and an every way unfathomable grandeur in man's Life and Destiny: he must be full of the faith that in the seeming

littleness of the Present there are latent the germs of an immeasurable Future. He must be a man to whom the inspiration of the Almighty has given an understanding above other men: a view into the essence of things visible, and into the existence of things invisible: a wisdom not merely of the Intellect but of the Heart: not only a keener perception of the True and the Right, but an intenser love of them. Insight, Foresight, these are the Great Man's; but so also always are Sincerity, Sympathy; a love of the Real, a hatred of the False: a fear of nothing but of being wrong, a coveting of nothing so much as of doing well. To see the right when others cannot, and to choose it when others will not: to resist temptations which others yield to, and to bear burdens cheerfully which others shrink from bearing at all: to have such confidence in himself and in his cause as may enable him to live on the approbation of his own conscience, and to be careless of the mere praise of others: yea, to cherish and to accomplish a purpose of blessing for his brethren amid their persecution and their scorn—these are the characteristics of a Great man. And he who shall prophesy to men of the Divine for a lifetime in sackcloth: he who shall plead before them for Humanity and the Rights of Conscience ready at any moment to seal his testimony with his blood—such a man is, I think, among the Greatest.

And a proud thought it may be for us, Brethren—may it be equally an ennobling one—that among the greatest of such, Englishmen stand conspicuous. No greater men are to be found in the catalogue of this world's heroes than may be found recorded in our own country's history. One such I believe we have before us this evening: though I fear that the records we have of him may scarcely enable me to present him to you as such. I fear I cannot make you feel how great a man he was in the short time I have to speak to you: more especially as his greatness is not of a startling

nor of an imposing kind : but of a most unassuming though self-substantiating one : a greatness which impresses itself upon you only after a careful consideration of the times in which he lived, and a comparison of him with those who went before him. Indeed I might say more generally, that it is really a very small portion of any such man that we can at any time take in. We can but see points here and there of his course : while all the intervals we pass over must have been filled up with busy and complex growth of motives and of thoughts. The man has been forming and strengthening and enlarging himself all the while he has been invisible to us : training himself in private in those very virtues the public exercise of which is so wonderful : sacrificing in silence many of his heart's fondest hopes to Duty, and in stern though secret conflicts of Reason with Passion striving to make Principle uniformly victorious. Character you know is a growth as well as a gift : an acquisition through discipline as well as a consequence of natural disposition : and the exercises of the training are frequently as remarkable as the achievements of the course. But at the same time, in proportion as what may be said to you about any man's character shall make intelligible to you all the facts of his history—in proportion as it connects all the known points of it into a coherent and clearly marked figure—it will be its own evidence to you of its worth. If I present you with the true idea of the man, you will be able to see him by the light of it : you will feel that he was that, or like that, and none other. For the right presentation of a fact or a truth will for the most part render it luminous to him who is of a single eye. The true idea of any thing or event is to the facts of its history or its science as an answer is to a riddle—it at once satisfies its conditions and interprets its obscurity.

But if these remarks are applicable to most men, they are so peculiarly to Wycliffe : for he comes before us in the great

scenes of history as a figure in outline only ; scarcely a portrait : no man of flesh and blood ; a statuary man : a man of the Baptist type : a Voice crying in the wilderness, and little more. We have no story of his childhood : no memorial of his school-boy days, nor of his young manhood : nay, no anecdote of him at any time, no saying of his festive hours, no legacy of his dying ones. No, there the man stands before us, a specimen of true manhood indeed, but if without its weaknesses yet also without its sympathies : loving God's Truth better than man or woman : a spiritual labourer and warrior withal from his youth : waking or sleeping with tools in his hands, and girt about with the whole armour of God : fighting with one hand and working with the other : dying of the palsy mail-clad.

Before giving you, however, the brief outline we have of the story of Wycliffe, I must say a few words to you about the state of the Church of CHRIST in this country before and during his time.

By whom the Christian Church was introduced into England we do not know. The earliest records of our history reveal our country to us as full of all idolatry and cruel heathenism : of that Druidism of which we have so remarkable a memorial in our own Parish. Then came the Romans : and during their time of rule the darkest portions of this heathenism seem to have been in a good measure supplanted by something more humane ; and traces of Christianity are visible soon after their arrival, and very numerous before they leave it. We have accounts of a council of bishops at St Albans in the beginning of the fifth century : ay, and this St Alban, he was a Roman officer who was a Christian martyr : and Pelagius, who has so much fame in all Christendom, was a Welshman, named Morgan. The Romans changed even the very natural aspect of the country. When they first came, almost all of it was covered with woods. There

were very few towns : huts only here and there : wholly different from what it is now. And so long as they continued here civilization and christianization were progressive. But when they left the country old Druidism began to return : the Saxon invasion, however, prevented its restoration by establishing in its stead a new heathenism from the north. For more than a century now Christianity almost disappears from the Heptarchy. It is restored by Gregory the Great's sending a mission of forty monks from Rome. A fine scene we have it represented—that opening of the year Six Hundred. Savage, rude, barbaric people : living in hovels of plastered wicker-work ; hunting, drinking, fighting always ; caring nothing but for plunder and for pleasure : hating each other and ignorant of God. They gather round the foreigners—they wonder, they listen, they applaud. The monks preach, the monks pray : they build Churches, they establish Schools : they go about doing good : they threaten and they promise out of the Invisible : they embody a higher and a happier mode of life : and how great is their success you may judge from the rapid growth of such Universities as Iona and Lindisfarn, and from the appearance of such a native writer as the Venerable Bede, in a country which half a century before did not possess an Alphabet. Then the Danes come and undo all, or at least most : and barbarise England once more. But England is delivered. How ? By one man. By whom ? Alfred. Here doubtless we have a Great Man. We have few trustworthy records of him, otherwise he would perhaps be the fittest of all Englishmen to be a model to Englishmen : so brave, so wise : courageous, collected : a just man and merciful and devout. A third portion of his time was given up to the toils of study and the exercises of piety : he was the good genius of Literature and of Art : the Founder of our Navy, the Restorer of the Church : the pervading soul of public justice and constitutional law :



he commanded personally in more than fifty battles in the open field against the invaders of his country : and all this under the daily pressure of bodily disease which made life to him a perpetual burden. If we must pass such an one by, let us do it with a pause.

When Alfred died, the Church was partially restored. There were seven Dioceses (co-extensive with the kingdoms of the Heptarchy) : several Cathedrals : more Convents. But there were no Parishes. The clergy lived with their bishops and were supported by the voluntary contributions of the people. These alms were all placed in the bishop's hands, and he distributed them for the most part thus : to support the clergy, to relieve the poor, to repair the church, to entertain strangers. During these times the clergy only went out as missionaries, into the neighbourhood of the cathedrals and convents chiefly, preaching wherever they could find hearers, and with no restrictions but the will of their bishops. Then the landowners build them oratories and chapels to preach in stately : then in process of time—not suddenly but very gradually—lords of the manor agreed to maintain each a clergyman for the instruction of his own tenants if the bishops would let them come out of the convents and live among them always : the landed proprietors having, however, the choice of the particular clergyman who should thus be his chaplain in consideration of his furnishing him with a house and some land and a fixed payment in money. This arrangement was made very generally, and nearly uniformly, before the time of the Norman Conquest : and the portion of endowment was fixed at a tithe of the produce of the estate. Thus was it rapidly growing to be when the Danes came again and destroyed the monasteries, and overturned, or at least unsettled, all ecclesiastical arrangements. Then came the Normans, as you know, about the year One Thousand. Then after a while took place

those most memorable contests between the powers of the State and of the Church which the names only of Lanfranc, of Anselm, and of Becket are sufficient to remind us of. How this long struggle went on you know right well. Henry an abject penitent at the tomb of Becket, and John's kingdom paying an annual tribute of a thousand marks for the suspension of a papal interdict—these things tell too plainly. Rapidly, firmly, sternly did the Papacy advance. With success came also pride : with pride, worldliness, and wickedness and wretchedness of all kinds. In the beginning of the thirteenth century the lowest point is reached. A reaction begins. Grostete bishop of Lincoln, in 1255, stands forth the first Reformer : a fervid, rough, generous, pious man. He opposes the Pope, boldly and wisely, and is excommunicated, but his people love him and will not leave him, and he dies in quiet possession of his see, declaring with his last breath that the Pope is Antichrist. Then come Bradwardine and Fitzralph—men of many virtues, but not of the greatest : men better suited to exemplify what was good than to extirpate what was evil : to improve the administration of a Diocese than to reform a Church or to regenerate a Nation. England had need of a man somewhat other than these : and being needed, he appeared.

WYCLIFFE was born just a century and a half before Luther—and that is now more than five centuries ago—in the year 1324, at Wycliffe, near Richmond in Yorkshire. His childhood, as I have said, is to us a blank. We meet with him at Queen's College, Oxford, where he is more than commonly diligent and learns Greek, which was then almost an unknown tongue in England. At that time the chief studies of the place were civil and canon law and Aristotle. All kinds of fences in logic and scholastic tournaments were prevalent then, and in these Wycliffe was an eminent, and even incomparable victor. But these never satisfied him.

He felt that if the New Testament were a direct Revelation from God it must be of supreme worth both as a means and an end of study. To this then he devoted himself so fervently that he acquired the name of the Gospel Doctor. He goes on studying and teaching this new Divinity until his attention, and that of all about him, is forcibly withdrawn from all study by the appearance of the greatest Plague that ever was known in this country. This great visitation, however, instead of producing a permanent reformation in all orders and conditions of men, seemed rather, after the first shock, only to let loose the worldliness of their hearts. Wycliffe was much struck with this, even deeply impressed with it. He is stirred in spirit and writes a book, called *The Last Age of the Church*, in which he denounces the sins of the priests more emphatically even than those of the people.

But it is not until 1360, when he is six and thirty years old, that he begins the real warfare of his life. Now he attacks the Mendicant Orders: and brings upon himself a host of enemies with whom there was no peace while there was life. These Orders were instituted as counter-agents to the corruption of the secular clergy, as the Universities had been in the preceding century as reforms upon the degeneracy of the abbey and the convents, which had become mere Castles of Indolence. The Friars were at first efficient: they were patronised by Grostete when they were first introduced, though censured by him afterwards. They rapidly became numerous and powerful, and then as rapidly grew tyrannical and rapacious. They were introduced into England only in the beginning of the thirteenth century, and before thirty years were passed there were one hundred convents of them in this country. Several of the highest dignitaries of our Church laid aside their rank and entered into one or other of their orders, and in the last thirty years of

the century, besides many cardinals and bishops, there were at least four Mendicants elected to the Papal Throne. They extort money by absolutions to the dying, and sell shares in masses to the living: somewhat as Tetzels afterwards in Luther's time. They called these last, Letters of Fraternity: they were outwardly illuminated writings on vellum covered with sarsnet and sealed with the seal of the order. Thus as Wycliffe said, 'they made property of ghostly goods where no property may be, and professed to have no property in worldly goods where alone property is lawful.' This was more than Wycliffe would bear in silence: his irritated honesty was prompting enough for him to speak—an inward call which he deemed he could not be wrong if he followed. He boldly ventured almost on the strength of it alone: for the only great truth which Wycliffe had at this time was perhaps this: that pieces of illuminated vellum covered with sarsnet and sealed with any seal on earth, could not save a man's soul alive.

In 1365 Wycliffe is said (though doubtfully) to have been appointed Head of Canterbury Hall at Oxford: and hereby to have got into a lawsuit, which was carried before the Pope. During this time, however, he relaxes not in the least in his zeal against the corruptions of the clergy: but actually engages most fervently in a new cause which from the first he saw involved the very foundations of the papal authority in England, and in which at least he should feel bound to give judgment against the Pope. The cause was this. Urban V. demands of Edward III. a thousand marks annually as a feudal acknowledgment for the sovereignty of England and Ireland, on the ground that Edward's predecessor John had surrendered them to Urban's predecessor Innocent III., and the oath of fealty and the tribute had both been rendered by John's immediate successor. Subsequent princes, however, had evaded the oath, and the tribute

had not been paid for three and thirty years. Urban demands that the oath should be taken by Edward, and the tribute paid, with arrears : and threatens in default of compliance that the king should be cited to appear at the papal judgment-seat, there to be further sentenced. The king asks the advice of his Parliament. Parliament at once declares that John had no right, and could have no power, to give away his kingdom thus, without their concurrence ; and that they would help Edward to the uttermost to resist the claim. Wycliffe is publicly called upon to defend the judgment of the Parliament. He does so with great power, and originality also, as I should say. For he asserts most emphatically and most efficiently maintains this proposition, namely, that the King and Parliament are supreme in all temporalities over ecclesiastics as well as laymen, all canons and Church laws notwithstanding : and rests it upon unprecedented ground, namely, the spirit and the letter of the New Testament. Such Publications as this could not fail under such circumstances to make him conspicuous. But when I speak of publications I must remind you that Printing was not yet invented : and therefore books being multiplied only by copying, Wycliffe's writings could not have been diffused nearly so extensively as they would have been now ; though the very scanty publication of opinion which there was in his day made important writings to be eagerly sought for and dispersed among those whom they were the most fitted to influence. In what he had now written he had not only treated the political question with unprecedented ability and vigour, but had also enunciated great Christian and ecclesiastical truths which sunk deep into the minds of his countrymen. The spirit of the earnest practical Reformer of the Church pervades them all. He feels that the Idea of the Christian Church, gathered exclusively from the New Testament, is not only not represented in the existing state of

Christendom, but is opposed by it. He sees that for the Clergy, for instance, to consider and to call themselves the Church, cannot be right : and that whether they be so or not—and the less so if they be—it cannot be right that any men with their vows and duties should give themselves up to worldly business chiefly, or act in worldly affairs in a worldly spirit : seeking treasure most of all on earth and using spiritual functions only to promote temporal ends. But was not this what they were doing? No high office of state—neither that of Prime Minister or Prime Judge, nor Treasurer, nor Secretary of State—had ever yet been filled by a layman : nor was any of the most menial offices of the household free from ecclesiastics. He utters himself again more fully about this, and the general evil of the great temporalities of the Clergy. His opinions find an echo in Parliament : and they present a petition to the King that ecclesiastics may not any longer hold offices of state.

Wycliffe now becomes a Professor of Divinity at Oxford. He duly performs the duties of his office : but these do not wholly occupy him. Wycliffe was not a man whose mind a mere College could absorb. His aim was the edification of a Church. He sees clearly, and feels deeply, that the Church has Professors of Divinity enough : and that what it needs more than these are Preachers to the People. An extensive exhibition of the great commandments of God's Law and a plain exposition of the great Truths of CHRIST's Gospel, this is the most pressing want he thinks the Church has now. So he sets about supplying both : and for this purpose he very speedily publishes two books ; the one, an Exposition of the Decalogue in English, and the other a book called *The Poor Caitiff*, which was a small collection of Tracts, the purpose of which he says is 'to teach simple men and women the way to Heaven.' Now you may think these things no great things to do—not such as necessarily require

any general superiority of character in him who did them. Certainly if this were all Wycliffe did, or nearly all, I should not call upon you to account him Great, though even then I would rather be as he than as any other man of his age. But I may also say that the doing thus little (as we call it) was doing a good work which no one had done before Wycliffe in England, and one which was deemed so important in his own day that it raised up against him a host of enemies who well-nigh brought him to the stake. And if you read these little books of his, you would see that they embody a mode of thought and feeling about the greatest subjects very far beyond and above his age. His Exposition of the Decalogue indeed is a hearty pleading, as of an old prophet, for the rights of God over the soul of man—a Pauline preaching both to princes and people of righteousness and temperance and judgment to come. He is no barren annotator: no mere interpreter of the letter: he represents every commandment as exceeding broad, discerning the thoughts and intents of the heart: and there is pervading and animating all his exhortations such an inculcation of dependence on Divine aid and gratitude for Divine mercy, as gives to every word that peculiar unction which no words have but those which come from a heart which feels the thing of which it speaks.

In 1374 the Parliament sends an embassy to the Pope; Wycliffe is named in it second in dignity. The conference is held at Bruges. After two years of diplomacy some little is conceded of papal claims. Though Wycliffe had not been to Avignon, where the Pope was residing, yet he had seen so much of the worldliness of the papal court during his embassy that he returns from it, as Luther afterwards on a like occasion, with a deep disgust at the whole system of Papal Temporalities: and his denunciations against the Clergy now extend even to the Pope. The Crown gave him some

preferments for his conduct in the negotiation—among them the Rectory of Lutterworth. To this Wycliffe retires : but not to slumber. His trumpet grows louder and louder, and at every blast has a more certain sound. He is at length summoned by Courtney, bishop of London, to answer for his opinions to the Convocation at St Paul's. This was in February, 1377. Wycliffe presents himself before the convocation : and John of Gaunt and Lord Percy present themselves there too. There is fiery speech between the Bishop of London and Lord Percy : there are great crowds and great riots, and the convocation is broken up, and Wycliffe goes back to Lutterworth.

On the 21st of June, 1377, Richard, the son of the Black Prince, is King. The relations of this kingdom to Rome are soon discussed again : and Parliament defers to Wycliffe whether it might detain the treasure of Peter's Pence, and other exactions, the Parliament having represented that the tax paid to the Court of Rome for ecclesiastical dignities amounted to five times more than that obtained by the king from the whole produce of the realm. And it appears that benefices of the value of six thousand pounds a-year were held by Frenchmen and Italians, (according to certain papal provisions) men who did not ever even visit the parishes over which they were paid to preside. Wycliffe replies in the affirmative : but herein it is not so much the tenor as it is the grounds of his reply which shews the man. He rests his reply exclusively on a Scriptural view of the nature of a Christian Church, and of the spirit of the Law of CHRIST : he maintains that the Church of CHRIST ought to be essentially unlike a kingdom of this world : deriving its strength from the possession of an unworldly spirit and supporting its temporal existence only by the willing contributions of its members : and adds that as regards the spiritual penalties which may be denounced in case of opposition to the Pope, no bene-



diction or censure of a Priest, or even of the Pope himself, would produce good or evil, except in proportion as it was in agreement with the mind of CHRIST : and that in fact the bad had nothing to hope from priestly absolution, and the good nothing to fear from papal excommunication. In consequence of this addition to his previous impeachments of the prerogatives of the Roman See, a Bull is issued by the Pope against Wycliffe, and letters are addressed to the King, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and the University of Oxford. The news of their arrival excites great discussion in Oxford, great disturbance in London. When Wycliffe appears to answer the summons of the Synod of Lambeth, the people break into the court and forcibly interrupt all proceedings : and a message at the same time comes from the Queen-mother which tends to the same result. Wycliffe is again free, and comments on his own case in a statement full of spiritual light and fire.

Wycliffe I say is again free: but his object is not his own personal freedom, but the spiritual enfranchisement of his brethren. He therefore publishes two books: one a Treatise on the Schism of the Popes—the other on the Truth and Meaning of Scripture. The occasion and significance of the first was this: The Popes had now for nearly seventy years removed their residence from Rome to Avignon. Clement V., a Frenchman, was the first to do this in 1304, to please Philip the Fair, to whom he owed his elevation: and his six immediate successors were all Frenchmen. The people of Rome were irrepressibly indignant at this, and in 1378—the year of Wycliffe's life in which we are now—they compelled the conclave to elect an Italian who should reside in Rome. This they did, and the Pope they elected called himself Urban VI. But it was pleaded by some of the leading cardinals that the election was the result of intimidation and was therefore void: and they retired to Fondi and elected

Clement VII. This created not only a schism in the Church, but also among the leading political powers of Europe: France, Spain, Sicily, and Scotland, supporting Clement: Italy, and the rest of Europe, with England, supporting Urban. Wycliffe does not advocate professedly the cause of either: he seems to consider one as bad as the other: he says that God had graciously cloven the head of Antichrist: he urges that England should take occasion by the existing divisions of Christendom to effect by its own efforts its own reformation. His other book on the Truth and Meaning of Scripture would alone entitle him to his honourable name of the Evangelical Doctor. It contains a plain earnest statement of the essential characteristic doctrines of the Gospel: and many words which must have made many ears to tingle in his days. He also contends for the supreme authority and entire sufficiency of the Scriptures, and for the necessity of their being translated into English and diffused among the People. He moreover insists intrepidly and faithfully on the right of private judgment, and discusses freely every supposed exclusive prerogative of the Christian Clergy, and expounds the true Idea of a Christian Church.

And not only this: now he sets about translating the Bible: and accomplishes it by his own unaided mind and right hand. There were various versions of parts of the Bible before Wycliffe's time: but none generally in the hands of the people. It was worth living for to do what Wycliffe now did. Yes, to make the Holy Scriptures an inalienable inheritance of a whole people—to wrest from the hands of an exclusive caste that possession wherein lies virtue to make all men wise unto salvation—to roll away so that it might not be rolled back again the stone from off the well of the Water of Life—this is a deed for which Englishmen of the latest generations may well call Wycliffe Great. How fearful as well as novel a crime it seemed to his contemporaries

we may learn from such a passage as this from the history of one of his clerical contemporaries : ' This master John Wycliffe has translated the Bible out of Latin into English, and thus laid it more open to the laity, and to women who can read, than it had formerly been to the most learned of the Clergy, even to those of them who had the best understanding. And in this way the Gospel pearl is cast abroad and trodden underfoot of swine, and that which was before precious to both Clergy and Laity, is rendered as it were the common jest of both. The jewel of the Church is turned into the sport of the people, and what was hitherto the principal gift of the Clergy and Divines is made for ever common to the Laity.' And a Roman Catholic historian, a contemporary of our own, recognises the same importance in this act of Wycliffe's when he says : ' Wyoliffe made a new translation of the Bible, multiplied the copies with the aid of transcribers, and by his Poor Priests recommended it to the perusal of his hearers. In their hands it became an engine of wonderful power. Men were flattered with the appeal to their private judgment : the new doctrines insensibly acquired partisans and protectors in the higher classes, who alone were acquainted with the use of letters : a spirit of inquiry was generated : and the seeds were sown of that Religious Revolution which in a little more than a century astonished and confounded the nations of Europe.'

These POOR PRIESTS whom this historian mentions were another of Wycliffe's means of evangelising England. They were a number of John Wesleys, who went about the country under Wycliffe's directions preaching the Gospel. To us, in our settled times, it may seem strange, this perpetual Itineracy : but in Wycliffe's time it was much less so. And you should bear in mind these two things, namely, that these preachers were regularly ordained men, and that the same principle was implied in the institution of the mendicant

orders, the Friars of whom I have already spoken to you. This institution was the great practical peculiarity of Wycliffe, and in his defence of it, entitled, *Why Poor Priests have no Benefices*, there are considerations which it would be exceedingly well for all of us in these times to lay to heart.

But these doings of Wycliffe—especially his translation of the Bible—met with great opposition. It was soon practically proscribed by the Parliament and by the Church: but it went on circulating, and there were few parishes in England which had not either a copy of it, or at least the opportunity of hearing it read to them by some of Wycliffe's Poor Priests.

In the beginning of 1381 Wycliffe publishes twelve Conclusions on Transubstantiation at Oxford. In these he takes the ground that this doctrine was not that of the Anglo-Saxon Church, nor of the Catholic Church previous to the tenth century. They excite the greatest ferment in the University: Wycliffe and his followers are condemned under threat of the greater excommunication and imprisonment. Wycliffe appeals to the civil power. Courtney, who comes to the see of Canterbury in May, speedily summons a synod and condemns many opinions of Wycliffe's as heretical, and addresses letters to the Bishops and the University against them. The clergy unite in presenting a series of complaints to the king respecting the new doctrines. They obtain an irregular statute for the suppression of heresy and the arresting of heretics, and formal proceedings are taken at Oxford against Wycliffe at the requisition of the Archbishop, who now terms himself 'Chief Inquisitor of Heretical Pravity.' Wycliffe addresses a Complaint to the King and Parliament, which embodies the noblest principles and the most Christian faith. He is deserted for it by John of Lancaster. He appears before the Convocation at Oxford: makes his defence or confession—re-asserting, and in nowise recanting, his

objectionable opinions. His judges are perplexed: and therefore feeble. Wycliffe is banished from Oxford and retires to Lutterworth—with a heart as strong as his body is weak—formally and ecclesiastically in disgrace, but full of inward joy and essentially triumphant.

He goes on writing and preaching against the abuses of Popery: and now more especially against Transubstantiation. He is summoned to appear before the Pope. He is seized with Palsy, and does not go. For two years he lies in this paralytic state. But ill as he was for these two years he published some of his most effective works: fourteen or fifteen at least. And really this is a fine spectacle, this of the Paralytic of Lutterworth. It is a fine sight to see a man worn down by a life of toil and anxiety—smitten with a malady which might seem to command a cessation of all harassing exertion, most of all of hot warfare—just escaped from destruction by his summons from the Pope—and constantly expecting that persecution would soon do its worst upon him—and yet learning no lesson of indolence or cowardice from these perils and troubles: on the contrary, his energies appearing to gather new strength and intensity, and his whole character of mind a fresh brightness as the shadows of death were thickening palpably about him. Never perhaps since the commencement of his warfare, was Wycliffe more formidable, never certainly more admirable, than during the season of his final banishment to Lutterworth. Never was his voice more loudly, clearly, raised in the cause of Scriptural Truth, than at the approach of that hour which was to silence it for ever. Listen to some words from one of his last Sermons, and judge for yourselves: Men should not fear, except on account of sin, or the losing of virtues: since pain is just and according to the will of God: and the Truth is stronger than all its enemies. Why then should men fear or sorrow? The Prophet bid his servant

that he should not fear, because many more were with them than with the contrary part. Let a man stand in virtue and truth, and all this world cannot overcome him : for if they could overcome him, then they would overcome God and his Angels, and then should they make Him to be no God. Thus good men are comforted to put away fear : since, if they be never so few and feeble, they believe that they cannot be discomfited. Thus the words of CHRIST make his knights to be hardy.

With these feelings he had long lived, and with them he was now about to die. All palsied as he had long been, he still continued at times to officiate in his parish, and it was while administering the sacred symbol of the body of our Lord that he was for ever disabled from serving God more on earth : and two days after, the 31st of December, 1384, he entered into his Eternal Rest—just a century before Luther was born.

To say that he was buried and shall rise again might be enough in the case of most men : but of Wycliffe there is something more to be said, namely this, that at the Council of Constance in 1415—thirty years after his death—his remains were ordered to be disinterred from out of consecrated burial-ground, and thrown far away from all Christian neighbourhood. And so they did with them—even so did Richard Fleming, Lord Bishop of Lincoln, who had been one of Wycliffe's Poor Priests, and was now an unsparing persecutor of that faith which he had once laboured to promote. His remains were disinterred and burned and the ashes cast into the brook that runs by Lutterworth, called the Swift. 'The brook,' says Fuller, 'did convey his ashes to the Avon: Avon into Severn: Severn into the Narrow Seas: they into the Main Ocean; and thus the ashes of Wycliffe were the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over.'

And now what have we here? The fragments surely of the figure of a Great Man. That we have so few, we feel to be a pity: but that so many should have survived throughout Five Centuries, and that we wish them more—this alone is testimony to the worth of that to which they have belonged. But indeed it is not to mere historical remains—to written records—that Wycliffe's greatness will be ever owing. No, we—ay We, Christian Brethren—are some of Wycliffe's monuments: for it has pleased God that we should be what we are in no inconsiderable degree through Wycliffe's means. We are some of his spiritual children. Wycliffe it was who first caused the Light and Fire of God's Word to be so spread, if not kindled, in our country that no power of earth has since been able to put it out. This was a noble service: and as God thus honoured Wycliffe, so should we. Indeed, I verily believe that it is by keeping such men as these before our minds—pondering well on what they suffered and how they fought for the Gospel's sake—what a price they set upon it, even so as to part with all they had to buy it for themselves and to bestow it upon their brethren—it is by meditating at what cost of suffering and of toil, of thought and of sacrifice, that which is now the patrimony of every peasant's child has been procured and transmitted to us—it is only thus that we shall value as we ought our inestimable inheritance of an English Bible, and learn to diffuse to our brethren and to hand down to our posterity the unspeakable gift which we ourselves enjoy.

But let us note him more closely. Perhaps the first thing that strikes us is the exceeding self-oblivion of the man: his personal modesty. Though Wycliffe wrote perhaps a hundred books, there is no allusion to himself in any one of them. This is surely noteworthy. We can get no anecdote of him out of them: no trace of personal peculiarities: no stories of his daily life. He comes before us, as I said at

first, the mere figure of a man: full-formed indeed, but colourless: no brother man, but the dwelling-place of a spirit only. He was not a household man: you hear of no father or mother of his, no sister, no wife, no friend. However, he was not a rude, hard man: far from it: in all that he does he appears gentle, meek, calm. We do not find that he had any personal enemies—for he had no personal pretensions: he was an humble-minded and very earnest man: so intent about finding and teaching Truth that he never thought about any pretensions of his own. A very fine specimen of a Reformer he is for this very thing. A great many Reformers and Preachers of Truth deserve much of the opposition which they excite, because they often make themselves as prominent as the Truths they preach. There is often in them a pretension and a presumption which makes the bitter medicine of truth more bitter: and they often have too readily counted themselves martyrs to their Cause when they have been perhaps fully as much the victims of their own Vanity. But not so Wycliffe: he was as gentle as a John, as courteous as a Paul. Whatever he suffered, he had the satisfaction of suffering for the very Truth's sake. But that he was not weak, or timid, or time-serving, I need not say. Energy and unremitting Labour were his characteristics. Indeed it is only intense earnestness and downright straightforwardness that will ever make an unworldly cause prevail. And that Wycliffe's cause has prevailed we know: that it did prevail in his own time we have abundant evidence from his enemies. One of them tells us that 'you cannot travel any whither in England, but of every two men you meet on the road one of them would be a Lollard.' (Lollard was the name Wycliffe's followers had, from an old Bohemian word *loller*, to sing, to lull, as we have it.) And after a generation or two when the disciples of Wycliffe's Lollards became martyrs, we have the testimony of one of



Erasmus's cold bright jokes wherein he expresses the hope that either Lollardism or Persecution would stop before winter—as it raised the price of firewood so much.

But it has been said that this success of Wycliffe's was a good deal owing to the Patronage of the Great which he enjoyed: of the Queen-mother (widow of the Black Prince) and that strange John of Gaunt, and the like. Now I would say to this and all like objections, that it is a very shallow way of accounting for the infusion of a new spirit into a people—a spirit which makes tens of thousands to renounce one religion and adopt another with so fervent a faith as to be willing to die at the stake for it—to say that it was done by the help of the mighty. Indeed in this case it is not true: for the Queen-mother had no power, and John of Gaunt deserted him as soon as ever he preached the pure Gospel: and more, many more, were they that were against him than they that were for him. And how is it that the Kings Wycliffe had to do with, and the great Lords, and the Popes, and all the Princes and Prelates, one does not think Great now, nor even see at this distance; one does not talk of, one does not bless: but John Wycliffe—the Poor Priest of Lutterworth—does stand out visible, and his name is in our mouths as a household word after the lapse of Five Hundred years. How is it, did I say? Why because an ordinary soul was in them and a great soul in Wycliffe: because they were only of the earth, earthly, while he had in him, as Daniel had, an excellent spirit, a heavenly spirit, even the HOLY SPIRIT. And if Wycliffe was assisted by John of Gaunt, or any other, how did he—poor parson of Lutterworth—get the aid of these people? by flattering them, by fawning on them, by catering to their pleasures? No, by telling them the Truth. Well, Go thou and do likewise. Rather herein, I say, is Wycliffe's especial greatness that he told the Truth to people efficiently; for only this

Telling of Truth to people thus, high or low, is something about the greatest thing that a man can do. What can one man do for another better than this—so to tell him the Truth of CHRIST as to win him from his wickedness and guide him to heaven? These are the men, we know, that shall shine as the stars for ever and ever hereafter : and these are the men of whom it may be said now, that all generations shall call them Blessed. No meed of glory can be greater than that which thousands and tens of thousands could have joined Lord Cobham in giving to Wycliffe—‘ As for that virtuous man, Wycliffe, I shall say of my part, both before God and man, that before I knew that despised doctrine of his, I never abstained from sin. But since I learned therein to fear my Lord God, it hath otherwise, I trust, been with me. So much grace could I never find before in any instructions of the Church.’

Thus Wycliffe left fruits, good fruits, fruits found after many days. He made an impression on his age and on ours : with no forces but those which were spiritual. Verily the secret of his strength lay in no patronage of a Queen-mother, or Duke of Lancaster : but in the Sword of his Mouth and that mysterious Urim and Thummim which he carried with him on his front—the living oracles of God.

Some of the weapons with which Wycliffe worked his spiritual wonders were such as these :

That the Pope of Rome has not, and ought not to have, of necessity, any temporal dominion : That in all temporal matters the clergy should be subject to the magistrate : That wealth was oftener a curse than a blessing to the clergy : That worldliness was inconsistent with the clerical character, and that in obvious, though not ostentatious, self-denial is their strength : That the voluntary offerings of the people should constitute the only revenue of the Christian priesthood : and That it was a shame and a sin to employ either

the anathema of the Priest or the coercion of the magistrate to secure any temporal good to the clergy.

That the Church of CHRIST consists not of Clergy only or chiefly, but of all Christians : That lordship and rule are forbidden, ministration and service commanded, in the office of the Christian Clergy : That the power of the Pope, as well as that of the Clergy, is simply ministerial : That no Priest, not even the Pope, could absolve or excommunicate so as to loose or bind for eternity : That all hierarchical distinctions but those of Priest and Deacon are of human invention : and That the Laity have a right to remonstrate with the Clergy, and if needs be to rebuke them.

He maintains that neither priestly absolution nor confession are necessary to the salvation, though they may be conducive to the edification, of a man's soul : that the notion of indulgence to be granted out of the superfluous merits of the Saints is wicked : and that the virtual sale of livings is simony and sin. Also, That all priests should preach : and that an order of itinerant priests should be added to that of parochial priests, but that these should not subsist on the alms which they could beg from the people.

His positive doctrines were those of Personal Responsibility and Private Judgment : the Supremacy of the Scriptures in all matters of controversy, and their sufficiency when translated into the vulgar tongue to make every man that could read them wise unto salvation. A free remission of sins through faith in the merits of CHRIST's atonement, and the necessity of the sanctifying grace of the HOLY GHOST—these pervade all his teaching. Everywhere he enlarges on the spiritual impotency of man : everywhere he magnifies the power of the grace of God. And his positive morality was, that Justice, and much more Mercy, is better than Sacrifice : that poverty of spirit is more to be coveted than splendour of wealth : that Charity begins with the love of man's

spirit, and that men who love not the Souls of their brethren can love them at all but little: and that the work of Christian Instruction is the best service a man may do for his brother.

Of all Reformers Wycliffe is the least personally faulty whom I know of. There was no priestly duty which he neglected to perform, there was no personal grace which he neglected to cultivate, while he undertook to reform the Church. He never made any unchristian mistakes, or committed any unchristian acts. That he was not invariably right in every thing need not be said: but it may be said that he was always right in the side he took in every great question: that whatever may be thought about particular opinions of his by Christians of our own time, those that are the most spiritual will find the least to be said against the soundness of his general principles. Of these he never retracted one: his views of Christian Truth did not so much change as expand: and in place of growing timid with age or equivocal with opposition, he repeats his doctrines ever with progressive power and expresses them with increasing clearness.

And another characteristic excellence of the man was that he was not a mere doctor, a theologian, a controversialist: he was an open-hearted, large-minded man, harbouring within him many interests and susceptible of many sympathies: with a fine element of the true Englishman in him as well as of the Christian Churchman. He seemed ever to feel such a proud joy in defending and exalting his country's liberties as of itself would have entitled him to be termed a Patriot: and to have entertained such just thoughts of the capabilities of man's nature and such trust in its answering to any power that could develop it, as would alone have ranked him among the first of Philanthropists.

Wycliffe was personally a good man and (as one might

any, full of the HOLY GHOST. His views of life and death, of man's duty and his destiny : of God—the FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST—were after the most purely Scriptural teaching : and in all his aims and estimates, his feelings and judgments, there is uniformly obvious a singleness of eye and an unselfishness of heart which are at once the necessary and sufficient marks of a good and a great man. Never anywhere do we see any self-seeking in him : he was so apparently possessed by a faith in the Unseen and a love of the Future that he had no expectation and no desire to receive any good thing of this world. He never used any power he possessed, temporal or spiritual, to gain anything for himself, not even victory over his enemies, or rather the enemies of his doctrine. He seems to have lived in this world under an abiding consciousness that he was sent into it to work out his own salvation by working for that of his brethren ; that the only good things in it were those which fitted man for the enjoyment of better things hereafter : and that if he would acquit himself to God and to his own conscience he must give himself up to a willing life-long service to Him who is both the Brother and the Saviour of us all.

And there is a good deal of strong originality in Wycliffe. He argues everything out for himself, and that from first principles : generally speaking, he relies on no authority but that of Scripture, of Reason, and of Conscience. And surely this was something considerable to see and to do in an age when the Written Scripture was practically postponed to a Traditional Philosophy, and when if the apostolical writings were not wholly disused in theological arguments, they were uniformly treated as if they could be only rightly interpreted by the help of Aristotelian or Scholastic Logic. And in his writings, there is scarcely any doctrine which the Church of England now prominently sets forth which was not clearly insisted upon by Wycliffe : there is scarcely

any error against which the Church of England practically protests which Wycliffe does not treat in a manner which anticipates and justifies our modern objections.

And now a word or two to compare Wycliffe and Luther, and I have done. In one respect the likeness between their missions and their works is peculiarly striking. It was the glory of each to give the Holy Scriptures to his countrymen in their native language. In vehemence of temperament, in hardihood of deed, in exceeding daring; in large, bold, free thoughts of things; in Titanic strength, and all that constitutes the Hero of history, Luther may indeed be said to stand above Wycliffe. And in truth it would be difficult to fix on any who must not be placed below that type of Ecclesiastical Reformers of whom I was speaking to you this Monday last year. It is impossible to think of Luther at Worms, or burning the Bull there outside the gate of Wittemberg, and think also at the same time of any man his equal in these respects. But the very grandeur of these scenes—the very pomp of that position—may have imparted to Luther something of that spirit which he needed. And we must not forget that he entered into the labours of Wycliffe, and reaped some of the seed which he had sown. For a long while before Luther there had been pleadings against the abuses of the Papacy, and cries for vengeance for the murder of John Huss: and perhaps there needed but a voice so strong that clamour could not drown it, to make the claims of Righteousness to be listened to and obeyed. But till the days of Wycliffe—who was the spiritual father of Huss—the whisper even of what Rome called Heresy had not been heard in England. Resistance to the Pope of Rome indeed there had been before Wycliffe's preaching, but that resistance had been by Monarchs and by Parliaments, by mailed barons and weapons of a carnal warfare, rather than by any of those

which are divinely ordained for the pulling down of strongholds. Among some few before Wycliffe, as I noticed to you this evening, there was assuredly the deep sense of wrong and an earnest longing for better and purer times: but these did not deepen into act: there was no giving vent to the aspirations of the heart in stern death-struggle with the power that oppressed them. No man of them stood up in his generation and declared himself the champion of the Unseen Truth and the enemy unto death of all the adversaries of men's souls. This was a deed Wycliffe was the first of Englishmen to do: and herein is his greatness, in his being the First. Remember, it was a century and a half before Luther: and no man but he had had the courage to speak, though similar corruption had been existing for ages. Luther, too, attacked a slumbering, lethargic, bloated enemy. In the early days of Luther, the Papacy was a creature which had, as it were, fed itself asleep: it had taken its fill of the good things of this world and was resting to ruminate. Thus Luther grew strong before his enemy was aroused. The outcry for Reformation had been occasionally before loud and vehement: but the clamour had been so often raised in vain that it was listened to at length with indolent, insolent composure: and thus the lethargy of the Vatican was disturbed only when the voice that could wake it was strong enough also to rebuke it. Not so in the case of Wycliffe. The Papacy then was in the fulness of its strength, and its activities had been kept keen and vigilant in England, from its having been denied its usual supply of food. Those thousand marks a year which John had paid as tribute had not been paid for thirty years, and when arrears were demanded were refused. And Wycliffe was the man who counselled the refusal. This gave a keenness to the opposition to Wycliffe, which was wanting in the case of Luther. And therefore a voice like his—demanding reformation, not

apologising for opposition—a voice denouncing the temporalities of the clergy as the destruction of the Church, and calling upon the Holy Father himself to cast away his crown of pride and his wealth, and do the work of an evangelist—and all this too in a tongue understood not only by the Scribe and the Recorder and the Priest, but also by the People sitting on the wall—a voice like this, I say, from the chiefest and most fruitful Paradise of the Papacy—that land on which Heresy never yet had taken root and Liberty always flourished—a voice like this must have sounded on its first blast like a trumpet-note of Apostasy, and at once awakened in the papal autocrat the combined energies of Fear and of Hate. And yet in spite of all—foreseeing all—Wycliffe counted the cost, and counted wisely: he deliberately sold himself to do well: he weighed the Infinite Ethereal Unseen against the Definite Material Present, and found it weightier: so he walked by Faith and not by Sight: and staking all on an appeal to Heaven's Invisible Help against Earth's Visible Force, Heaven heard the appeal, and hearing honoured it.


And now we must bid farewell to Wycliffe. A good man and true was he: no self-seeker: a preacher of Pure Truth as well as an assailant of corruption—the morning star of that Reformation of which Luther was the noonday luminary. Allowing then to LUTHER the first place in that portion of the temple of Christian Fame which is sacred to Preachers of Truth and Reformers of the Church, I know not who can be chosen to fill the next, if WYCLIFFE be not worthy.



## SIR THOMAS MORE.


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I AM to speak to you this evening of SIR THOMAS MORE: and of the many Great Englishmen there are, I select him to lecture upon, not because his story is the most interesting and exciting, or even the most remarkable or rememberable, but because he is a specimen of a kind of man which it may be very useful for us to contemplate, and of which kind I know no better specimen anywhere. And of the Five Great Men I have already lectured upon, I have spoken of two Religious Reformers (Luther and Wycliffe) and of a Christian Missionary (Xavier), and therefore perhaps I should be giving too great a proportion of attention to one class of men if I did not introduce to you men less professionally religious than these. I say professionally, or professedly, religious, for Sir Thomas More was essentially a religious—a Christian man. His religion pervaded his whole life—it coloured it all. From his first to his latest recorded act we find him loving mercy and doing justice and walking humbly with his God; full of thought always on grave and Christian subjects; ruling his household according to Christian rule; and ultimately dying in defence of what he believed to be a Christian's duty. And it is chiefly for the very purpose of



shewing you how religion diffuses an equable grandeur over human life, that I select Sir Thomas More. For there is nothing remarkable in his history—save his death. It is the story of a man who simply did his duty in those stations of life into which it pleased God to call him: of a man who never sought an office and never shrunk from one: who did all that was given him to do thoroughly and wisely, and who when he could not live as he thought right, chose cheerfully to die. Now I think it may be very profitable for us to meditate upon this kind of man: for I fear if I bring before you only the men who have done dazzling things, your eyes will grow in time less able to discern the true greatness which there may be in every-day life, and one very great object of these lectures will be defeated instead of promoted. Few of us can do great deeds: but all of us may do the duties nearest to us, and in so doing may be acquiring strength to do greater. In Sir Thomas More we have, as I think, a very fine specimen of a Christian Gentleman, such as England may well be proud of—may take as a type of those that are her truest glory. An upright, brave, wise, calm, accomplished, affectionate man, was Sir Thomas More: with no display of any kind about him, no vanity: a man in all things to be counted upon: of generous, truthful nature: courteous but sincere, firm of purpose but gentle in manner: loyal and religious: a statesman, a scholar: enlightened, unselfish: in every way a man in whom there was no guile. Such an one (as I have said) is worth studying, even if there be nothing startling, nothing dazzling about him. He is what we ourselves should be and may be: a man of household worth, of every-day humanities. Let us look across the dense crowd of historical personages which fill up the picture of England for three centuries, and see what we can discover of him in those days of the Seventh and Eighth Henries which form so considerable and conspicuous a portion of the annals of our country.

Sir Thomas More was born in Milk-street, in London, three years before Luther (1480). His father was Sir John More, one of the Judges of the King's Bench. Sir John sends his son to S. Anthony's School close by in Threadneedle-street, where the boy makes good progress in Latin, but in little else. At 15 his father takes him away, and makes him page in the household of Cardinal Morton, who was then Archbishop of Canterbury and Prime Minister. In those days it was the custom that gentlemen's sons should pass part of their boyhood in the household of their superiors, where they might profit by listening to the conversation of men of experience and gradually acquire the habit of obedience and the manners of the world. He greatly pleased the Cardinal, who is said to have prophesied great things of him: and here he also became acquainted with some distinguished persons. He went to Oxford in 1497; he studied at Canterbury College—of which Wycliffe you remember is said to have been Head, and where Wolsey afterwards built the magnificent Christ Church. Here he distinguishes himself, and forms a friendship with Erasmus (though Erasmus was 30 and he only 17) which lasted throughout his life: and becomes first acquainted with Wolsey, then burser of Magdalen. More was full of zeal for study, especially for Greek, which was then so uncommon a study that old Sir John More—who was a keen practical man, chiefly anxious that his son should become as great a lawyer as himself—discountenanced his studies and curtailed his allowance, and had him up to London under his own eye to keep him to the law. More studies at New Inn—then at Lincoln's Inn—steadily: and is appointed to read Law Lectures at Furnival's Inn—which he does for three years. But More is not quite the man that the study of mere Law could satisfy: he had a yearning after Truth; he was anxious to cultivate all that he felt to be Divine in



him: he did not care so much about his worldly interests as his spiritual: he would be conversant with the arrangements of nature and the commandments of God as much as with the precedents and the formulas of man. So he gives himself up to the study of Divinity and Philosophy as well as of Law: and in time (1504) delivers Lectures on S. Augustin to many of the eminent men of his day (his old tutor at Oxford among the rest) at S. Laurence's Church, Jewry. His religious tendencies increase: he prefers Theology to Law, and contemplates serving the Church as one of its ministers. He retires for awhile to the Carthusian convent of the Charterhouse, where he practises all kinds of austerities and pursues all kinds of studies: but at the end of four years he deems himself unfitted for the vows which he should be obliged to take, and he gives up the thought of entering into orders, and gets married. The next year he is elected a member of Parliament: and nearly his first act there is to oppose with great vigour a lavish grant of money to the king, who asked for it as a dower for his daughter Margaret, who was about to be married to James V. of Scotland. When it was reported to the king that it was principally owing to the eloquence of the younger More that it was refused, he immediately threatens him and imprisons his father—finding a frivolous charge against him, and making him pay a fine of a hundred marks before he would let him come out. More now practises law and indulges in literature. He invites and enables Erasmus to come over to visit him, and they spend together many days, the effect of which is ever henceforth visible in the lives of both, colouring and even moulding their whole mental characters.

In 1510 More is appointed Under-sheriff of the city of London, an office of much greater importance then than now—a judicial one. This he has a great liking for, and discharges its duties as they had never been discharged before

—quite ennobling his court by his manner of presiding over it. And indeed his whole legal practice is something quite noble: he will undertake no cause that he believes to be unjust: he will always plead for the widow and the orphan without fee: and is a peacemaker as much as he is an advocate. By such uncommon ways he rises to the first eminence at the bar: and is no loser by it even in a worldly sense, for he now gains an income greater than he ever had except when holding the highest offices of the realm.


In 1515 his public—political—historical—life may be said to begin, by his being sent by Wolsey on a commercial mission to Bruges. He discharges its duties satisfactorily, and the minister offers him, at the instance of the king, a pension for his services. This he declines, lest the obligation to the king which he would incur if he accepted it should be deemed to interfere with the impartiality of his judgments in those matters between the royal prerogative and the privileges of the city of London which came before him in his judicial capacity. The king is struck with the novelty of a lawyer having such a conscience, and wishes to make him a courtier. More will not be made to spoil his conscientiousness in this way either, and most resolutely declines: as Erasmus truly says of him, ‘no man ever striving harder to gain admittance to a court than More endeavours to keep out of it.’ But the king urges it as a personal matter, and succeeds. He makes him first, Master of Requests: then, a Knight and Privy Councillor; then, Treasurer of the Exchequer. ‘And so from time to time,’ writes his son-in-law Roper, ‘was he by the king advanced, continuing in his singular favour and trusty service for twenty years. A good part thereof used the king, upon holidays, to send for him: and then sometimes in matters of astronomy, geometry, divinity, and of such other faculties, and sometimes in his worldly affairs, to converse with him. And other whiles in

the night would he have him up to the leads, there to consider with him the diversities, courses, motions, and operations of the stars and planets. And because he was of a pleasant disposition, it pleased the King and Queen after the council had supped, at the time of their own supper to call for him to be merry with them.' This went on for a long time, but was more agreeable to Henry than to More. 'And so when he perceived the King so much in his talk to delight, that he could not once in a month get leave to go home to his wife and children (whose company he most desired) he much misliking this restraint upon his liberty, began thereupon somewhat to dissemble his nature, and so by little and little from his former mirth to disuse himself, that he was of them from henceforth, at such seasons, no more so ordinarily sent for.' To his retirement at Chelsea, however, the King often followed him. 'He used of a particular love to come of a sudden to Chelsea, and leaning on his shoulder, to talk with him of secret counsel in his garden, yea, and to dine with him upon no inviting.'

During this time his wife has died, and he has married again: and in 1515 he has written a history of Richard III. and another book, the fame, or rather the name, of which has been spread abroad far and wide from his time to ours—*The Laws of Utopia*—no place at all. This is the most notable of all More's writings: a book full of mild light: enunciating principles and advocating measures far beyond those current in his time: and suggesting much that even this age has not had the power or the courage to accomplish. He has been engaged, too, ever since his first mission to Flanders—and for six years—in all kinds of honourable public service, and been doing all that it became his duty to do as well as it could be done. But now, in 1522, there is one thing that it was not in the obvious course of his duty to do which he does—and perhaps for that very reason does ill:

that is, he writes against Luther. Truly Luther's book against Henry was in as bad taste as could well be : but one looks for little more in Luther than for Truth and Courage : and they were there : but in More one looks for what was wanting in Luther, and one does not in this instance find it. He writes in a style as bad as Luther's, with arguments that are much worse.

In 1523 he is elected Speaker of the House of Commons by favour of the Court. Now mark the independence of the man—as in the former instance of his refusing the pension. Wolsey demands of the house a large subsidy for the King, and in order more effectually to secure it, comes down to the house in person with great pomp and retinue. More deems it improper that Wolsey should come in this way, and so he instructs the house to receive him and his attendants courteously but in silence. They do so. Wolsey speaks earnestly : no one else speaks at all. Wolsey is surprised and annoyed at his remarkable reception ; he had rather have opposition than silence, and so he challenges this member and that : they only bow. He turns to the Speaker, and asks the reason of so obstinate a silence : and begs that he will speak. More replies respectfully, that the members are probably abashed by a presence and a pomp to which they were so wholly unaccustomed, and that as for his part he feels himself unable on the instant to make such an answer as would be entirely satisfactory to his Grace. Wolsey retires defeated and offended, and the subsidy is for the present set aside. Now here was an instance of More's peculiar nature : Whenever he had not something satisfactory to say he never spoke : and whenever his mind was not made up, his lips were always closed. I want you to mark this : for I hold up to you Sir Thomas More as a man of more disciplined mind and speech than any other whom I know of : a man who always in difficult positions says the best thing that can be said.



More continues to advance to fresh honours in the state, and to be employed in new positions of importance. He is made Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster: he is consulted by the King on the subject of his Divorce: he accompanies Wolsey in his embassy to France: he goes on a third embassy himself to the Netherlands: and finally, on Wolsey's fall, in 1529, he is appointed his successor as Lord Chancellor: and thus becomes the Prime Minister of Henry VIII.

Now we will not dwell upon his outward grandeur: for it was not this that made More a great man. Many men before and since have been Lord Chancellors and Prime Ministers, and somehow have not managed to be Sir Thomas Mores. Let us look then a little at the interior of the man, as far as we are permitted at this distance of time. Fortunately we have many records of him such as we want, in sayings of his which his friends have not been willing to let die. It is with these that I shall occupy you principally now, for as I have said there are few, if any, who are more worth listening to than Sir Thomas More. Take these instances:

Just before he is made Lord Chancellor—while he is reporting the result of his mission to the Netherlands to the King at Woodstock—a messenger comes to him to tell him that part of his house at Chelsea, and all his barns then full of corn, are burnt down. More writes thus to his wife:

‘Mistress Alyce, in my most hearty will, I recommend me to you. And whereas I am informed by my son Heron of the loss of our barns and our neighbours’ also, with all the corn that was therein, albeit (saving God’s pleasure) it is great pity of so much good corn lost, yet sith it hath liked Him to send us such a chance we are most bounden not only to be content, but also to be glad of His visitation. He sent us all that we have lost: and sith He hath by such a chance



taken it away again, His pleasure be fulfilled. Let us never grudge theat, but take it in good worth, and heartily thank Him, as well for adversity as for prosperity. And peradventure we have more cause to thank Him for our loss, than for our winning. For His wisdom better seeth what is good for us than we do ourselves. Therefore I pray you be of good cheer, and take all the household with you to Church, and there thank God both for that He hath given us, and for that He hath left us, which if it please Him He can increase when He will. And if it please Him to leave us yet less, at His pleasure be it. I pray you also to make some good search what my poor neighbours have lost, and bid them take no thought therefor, for if I should not leave myself a spoon, there shall be no poor neighbour of mine bear no loss by any chance happened in my house.'

His son-in-law Roper—who married his eldest daughter Margaret—has preserved many of his sayings: and Erasmus many: (you remember Erasmus—the enlightened forerunner but half-hearted fellow-labourer of Luther). Erasmus was but a cold superficial kind of man himself in matters of feeling, but he warms at the recollection of the days he had spent in More's house. He says, 'No man living was fonder of domestic pleasure than More: none fonder of children: he had a house full of them: there were his son and his son's wife: his three daughters, and their three husbands, and eleven grandchildren (with their servants and a host of his own) all living with him in a house which he had built at Chelsea. In his house you might imagine yourself in the Academy of Plato: or rather I should do injustice to his house by comparing it to the Academy of Plato, where numbers and geometrical figures and mere moral virtues were the subjects of discussion: it would be more just to call it a School and Exercise of the Christian Religion. All its inmates, male or female, applied their leisure to liberal studies

and profitable reading, although piety was always their first care. No wrangling, no angry word was heard in it : no one was idle : every one did his duty with alacrity and with a certain temperate cheerfulness.' And his son-in-law says, ' His custom daily was (besides his private prayers with his children) to say the VII. Psalms, the Litany, and the suffrages following : so was his guise with his wife, children, and household, nightly before he went to bed, to go to his chapel and there on his knees ordinarily to say certain psalms and collects with them.' Now I say here is a pleasing and a profitable spectacle for us : and if we can learn no other lesson from the story of Sir Thomas More, we may learn one about Family Prayer : how greatly it adds to the happiness and the dignity of a household : how it solemnises and sweetens life, perpetually purifying it with heavenly influences, softening its asperities with the mild Christian charities, and pouring a kind of consecrated wine and oil into the almost unavoidable wounds or bruises of domestic intercourse. When you think of how great a man More was for twenty years of his life—and how great he was through Gentleness—you may see more than appears at first sight in this household worship of his. You may say these are little things : but More himself justly speaks of the hourly interchange of the small acts of kindness which flow from the charities of domestic life as no small things at all, but as having a claim on his time as strong as the occupations which seemed to others so much more serious and important. He says in a letter to Erasmus, ' After such occupations, the remainder of my time must be given to my family at home. I must talk with my wife and chat with my children, and I have somewhat to say to my servants : for all these things I reckon as a part of my business.'—On which a modern philosopher has observed, ' Domestic solemnities and amenities like those in the house of Sir Thomas More tend to

hallow the natural authority of parents : to bestow a sort of dignity on humble occupations : to raise menial offices to the rank of virtues : to spread peace and cultivate kindness among those who had shared, and were soon again to share, the same modest rites, in gently breathing around them a spirit of meek equality, which rather humbled the pride of the great than disquieted the spirits of the lowly.' Roper says that all the time he lived with him, which was sixteen years, he never once saw a cloud upon More's brow, or heard a word of passion from his lips. He was indeed a man of inflexible integrity and severe virtue: no man dared to propose to him anything that was only even ambiguously honourable, or to speak lightly of any duty in his presence: there was a kind of atmosphere of honour about him which repelled from him all whom it did not pervade: but at the same time he had no personal enemies, for he was so gentle in manner, so measured in speech, so kindly and so genial, though so wise and dignified. Though he lived so much in the world and at court, yet his heart was kept unworldly by the singular virtue of his private life. If he entertained his equals freely, he also frequently invited the poor to dine and to sup with him: the more he was in the king's palace, the more he resorted to the cottages of the poor: when he added to his house a library, he provided also a house near his own for the comfort of his aged neighbours: and when most involved in worldly business, he built himself a Chapel. He never entered upon any fresh public employment without an act of devotion and a participation of the Lord's Supper—trusting, as he said, more to the grace of God thus derived than to his own wit: and so long as his father lived he never sat upon his judgment-seat—that seat was the Lord Chancellor's—without asking his blessing upon his knees.

Was More then puffed up by all his worldly honour and prosperity? or was he only a man whom an affectionate

nature and a guileless heart made weak, but not very wise? Did not his constant and uncommon mirthfulness indicate a lightness of heart incapable of deep impressions, and render him so pleased with the present as to be not very thoughtful or far-seeing as to the future? Judge for yourselves from a small anecdote which Roper tells: 'One day when I saw the king walking with him for an hour, holding his arm about his neck, I rejoiced and said to Sir Thomas, how happy he was whom the king so familiarly entertained, as I had never seen any one before, except Cardinal Wolsey. I thank our Lord, son, said he, I find his Grace my very good lord indeed, and I believe he doth as singularly favour me as any other subject within this realm: howbeit, son Roper, I may tell thee I have no cause to be proud thereof: for I know that if my head would win him a castle in France, it should not fail to go.' Verily there was both Insight and Foresight here not of a common kind.

But to return to his Public Life which now begins to grow troubled.

Arthur, the eldest son of Henry VII., married Catharine, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, sovereigns of Castile and Arragon (you remember these were they with whom Columbus had so much to do). Arthur died soon after his marriage, and Henry VII. got a dispensation from Pope Julius the Second for his son Henry VIII. to marry Catharine, his brother's widow: and she lived with him as his Queen for sixteen years. After this time Henry wanted to marry Anne Boleyn. So he raises the question whether the Pope could give a dispensation to him to marry his brother's wife: and he causes it to be discussed throughout Europe. Six years this case was discussed. The Pope finally declares the marriage valid and refuses a Divorce. But Cranmer (contrary to the Pope) pronounces the marriage of Henry with Catharine null and void, and the marriage which had

taken place between Henry and Anne Boleyn valid : and this was followed by an avowed rejection of the Papal civil jurisdiction by the king and his subjects, though England yet adhered to the doctrines of the Church of Rome.

Now it was this question that brought out the greatness of Sir Thomas More.

More was with the Pope and against the King.

The king uses every means of procuring an opinion favourable to his wishes from his Chancellor, who excused himself as unmeet for such matters, as being by profession a lawyer and not a divine. But the king never ceased urging him till he promised to give his consent to have the case laid before him by some of the bishops and learned divines who were on the king's side. More listened patiently, and on being asked his opinion by the king, answered thus :

‘ To be plain with your grace, neither your Bishops, wise and virtuous though they be, nor myself, nor any other of your Council, by reason of your manifold benefits bestowed upon us, are meet councillors for your grace herein. If you mind to understand the truth, consult S. Jerome, S. Augustin, and other holy doctors of the Greek and Latin Churches, who will not be inclined to deceive you by respect of their worldly commodity, or by fear of your princely displeasure.’

What could any man say better than this ?

Shortly after, the king again pressed him to consider the matter. More fell on his knee and said, ‘ When your grace delivered to me the Great Seal, your grace said to me, First look upon God, and after God upon me : I desire to do so always : and nothing has ever pained me so much as that I am not able to serve your grace in this matter without a breach of that injunction by which your grace enabled me to serve you at all.’

What could any man say better than this ?

More henceforth retired from the Council whenever the

Divorce was discussed; and when the progress towards the marriage was so far advanced that he saw that the active co-operation of a Chancellor was necessary, More prayed the king to accept of his resignation of his office. The king accepted it with sorrow and with grace.

Now at the time of his resignation More asserted that his whole income, independent of grants from the crown, did not amount to £50 a-year. This was not more than an eighth part of what he had previous to his acceptance of office eighteen years before; you may judge then of the man's integrity—as also by this, that when the Clergy voted him a testimonial grant a hundred times his income, he declined it. The circumstances were these:

On his retirement from the Lord Chancellorship, the Convocation agreed to present him with £5000. The Bishops of Bath, Durham, and Exeter waited upon him and tendered it to him, saying that they had been deputed by the whole Convocation to beg his acceptance of this offering as a small testimony of their sense of the obligations they owed him, and which they hoped that he would accept according to the spirit in which it was presented. More replied, 'It is no small comfort to me that men so wise and learned accept so well of my simple doings. But I never purposed to receive any reward save at the hands of God alone: from Him, the giver of all good gifts, came the means that I have used to defend His cause, and to Him alone are the thanks to be ascribed. I give my most humble and hearty thanks to your Lordships, for your so bountiful and so friendly consideration; but I must beg you to hold me excused from receiving anything at your hands.' And when they, after earnest reiteration, pressed it upon himself with no better success, they besought him that at least he would not deny their bestowing it upon his wife and children. He said, 'Not so, my Lords: I had rather see it cast into

the Thames than that either I or any of mine should have thereof the worth of a single penny. For although your offer, my Lords, be indeed very friendly and honourable, yet I set so much by my pleasure and so little by my profit that I would not, in good faith, for a much greater sum than yours, have lost the value of so many nights' sleep as was spent upon the same. And yet for all that, I could well wish that upon condition all heresies were suppressed, all my works were burned and my labour utterly lost.'

And this was not said on the impulse of the moment merely, any more than when he tendered his resignation to the king. He was not thoughtless or careless about the change there would be to him. In a letter to his daughter Margaret he says, 'I forget not in this matter the counsel of Christ in the Gospel, that ere I should begin to build a castle for the safeguard of mine own soul, I should sit down and reckon what the charge should be. I counted, Margaret, full surely many a restless night what peril might befall me. And in devising thereupon, daughter, I had a full heavy heart. But yet, I thank our Lord, that for all that, I never thought to change, though the very uttermost should happen to me that my fears ran upon.'

He was a man of thoroughly philosophic spirit: and quite wise enough to know that to reduce one's wants is as much a way of being rich as to increase one's money. He determined on at once retrenching his expenditure: and as I consider this part of his history as very noble I will dwell upon it for a moment. He first takes care to provide for all his attendants and servants, whose services he was determined to dispense with. He then calls together his children and grandchildren (you recollect my telling you how many of them there were in his house), and expresses to them his sorrow that he could not, as he was wont and as he gladly would, bear the whole charges of them all himself. He

then asked them to give him their counsel: but when he saw them all silent he said, 'I was brought up at Oxford, at an Inn of Chancery, then at Lincoln's Inn, and also then in the King's Court, from the lowest degree to the highest, and yet I have at present left me little above £100 a-year (including all), so that now if we like to live together we must be content to be contributaries together. But we must not fall to the lowest fare first. We will begin with Lincoln's Inn diet, where many right worshipful and of good years do live well: which if we find not ourselves the first year able to maintain, then will we the next year go one step (lower) to New Inn fare: if that year exceed our ability, we will the next year descend to the fare they have at Oxford, where many grave, learned, and ancient fathers are continually conversant. If our ability stretch not to maintain this either, then may we yet with bags and wallets go a begging together and hoping for charity at every man's door, sing *SALVE REGINA*: and so still keep company and be merry together.'

On the 1st of June, 1534, the Coronation of Anne Boleyn as Queen of England takes place. The king sends the Bishops of Durham, Bath, and Winchester to Sir Thomas More to desire his attendance. More excuses himself, and stays at home. Before the end of the year a Convocation of the Clergy of the two Provinces decide, 'that the Bishop of Rome had received from Heaven no higher jurisdiction than any other foreign Bishop:' and the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge follow their example; while the chapters and collegiate bodies renounced his jurisdiction under their common seals, and acknowledged the king's unqualified supremacy. An act is then passed making it high treason to write or do anything impeaching the validity of the king's marriage with Anne Boleyn, and misprision of treason to speak anything: and all the king's subjects of full age were



commanded to swear obedience to the same act, under the penalty of misprision of treason.

More is also endangered by an attempt to involve him in the affair of the Maid of Kent, for which Bishop Fisher is imprisoned: indeed More's name was at first included with his in the bill of attainder framed on that occasion.

The king flatters More. More is firm: More is silent. The king threatens More. More replies, 'Threats are arguments for children, not for me.'

The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Norfolk, and Cromwell, are sent to influence him. More is calm and unembarrassed, and their mission vain. On More's return to Chelsea after the interview, Roper says to him, 'I hope all is well, since you are so cheerful.' More replies, 'It is so indeed, son, I thank God.' 'Are you then out of the bill of attainder?' 'By my troth, I never remembered that I was in it: I am so cheerful because I have given the devil a foul fall, and that with those lords I have gone so far as without great shame I never can go back again.'

Henry is enraged at the ill success of his messages, and declares that he will go down to the house himself to secure the passing of a bill against More. The Lord Chancellor suggests to him when more calm, that he had better not, for that it was very likely the peers would not pass it notwithstanding—the virtue of More was so powerful. Henry yields, and sends the Duke of Norfolk to him once more, who begins with saying, 'Master More, it is perilous striving with princes: the anger of a prince brings Death.' 'Is that all that it brings, my Lord? something is sure to bring that some time: and the difference between you and me will then be but this: I shall die to-day and you to-morrow.'

On the 13th of April More was summoned to appear before

the Royal Commissioners at Lambeth to take the oaths relating to the succession, and to the ecclesiastical supremacy of the king. More had expected the summons, and knowing what himself would do, and guessing what others would, he had been that morning to church to receive the Eucharist. On his return from church he found the king's officers searching his house, the king suspecting that he was not so poor as he seemed to be. As nothing affecting his outward estate could ever affect the serenity of More, he turned towards his daughter Margaret with a smile and said, 'I fear they will have nothing for their pains, unless they chance to light upon Alice's gay girdle and gold beads.' But on all else save the spoiling of his goods, he was not gay. He felt sure that if others were as determined as he, this would be the last time he should look upon his home and all of living worth that it contained. His family as usual accompanied him to his barge. His customary pleasantry was wanting to-day : he was nearer to tears than to smiles. He does not bid them farewell ; he only bids them go home and pray for him. He looks not behind : for some moments his manly heart is tumultuously moved, though by no visible sign betrayed, until he says with obvious unburdened emotion, ' Son Roper, I thank our Lord the field is won.' When he appears before the Commissioners he consents to take the oath as far as the succession is concerned, but refuses to do more. He is committed to the Tower.


For thirteen months More is kept in prison before his trial : and there are few revelations of the workings of any mind so worthy of our regard as those which we are permitted to have of More's during this period. I can only tell you of a few : but remember, the records of these are preserved by those whose position and character are all that we could desire : and from the nature of the case, as well as of

the man, on the part of him who is our study there is nothing but truthfulness.

His wife comes to him—a very ordinary woman—and says with commonplace vulgarity, ‘How can a man taken for wise like you, play the fool here in this close filthy prison when you might be abroad at your liberty, if you would do but as the Bishops have done? Think of your large house at Chelsea, your library, your garden.’ More said, ‘Alice, is not this house as nigh heaven as mine own?’

Margaret Roper, his eldest daughter—a far different woman, a gentle woman, a noble woman—comes to him, and there are scarcely anywhere more beautiful and touching scenes than those between him and her. They write, too, often. One of her letters ends thus: ‘From your own most loving obedient daughter and bedeswoman, Margaret Roper, who desireth above all earthly things to be in (your servant’s) John a Wood’s stead to do you some service.’ And one of his to her thus: ‘Mine own good daughter, this is written with a coal by your tender and loving father, who in his poor prayers forgetteth none of you, nor your babes, nor your good husbands, nor your father’s shrewd wife neither.’

Cromwell goes to him again: the Lords Commissioners go to him twice, and press the oath upon him earnestly: in vain. They now keep him from seeing his wife or children, and from church. But his daughter Margaret, by a curious artifice, gets leave to visit him in prison. The presence of this daughter was at once the source of the greatest comfort and of the greatest trial to him. Her own noble soul would not allow her indeed to suggest, much less to urge, any thought of dishonour upon her father; but at the same time her passionate idolatry of him made her state every argument which was used by his friends with a power which few consciences but More’s could have withstood. What kind of



reply More gave to them all, you may judge from this portion of one of her interviews which Margaret Roper herself records.

‘Daughter Margaret, we two have talked this thing over twice or thrice : and the same tale in effect that you bring me now, and the same fears too, you have brought me twice before and I have twice answered you, as I answer you now again, that if in this matter it were possible for me to content the king’s grace, and God therewith not be offended, then had no man taken this oath more gladly than I would do : as one that reckoneth himself more deeply bounden than any other to the king’s highness, for his singular bounty many ways shewed to me. But since, standing my conscience, I can in no wise do it, and that for instructing my conscience in this matter I have not slightly considered, but many years advised and studied, and never yet could see nor hear the thing, nor I think ever shall, that could induce my mind to think otherwise, I have no manner of remedy. God hath placed me in this strait, that either I must deadly displease Him, or abide any worldly harm that, for any other sins, He shall, under the name of this thing, suffer to fall upon me ; which thing, as I have before told you, I have ere I came here not left unbethought or unconsidered, even the very worst and uttermost that can by possibility befall. And albeit that I know my own frailty full well and the natural faintness of my heart, yet if I had not trusted that God would give me strength rather to endure all things than offend Him by swearing ungodly against my conscience, you may be very sure I would not have come here. And as in this matter I look only unto God, it concerns me but little though men call it as it please them, and say it is no conscience but a foolish scruple.’

Margaret suggests that very many good and great men have taken the oath, and that only one of all to whom it has

been tendered has refused it, Fisher bishop of Rochester. More replies, 'Verily, daughter, I would not pin my soul to another man's back, not even to the best man's that I know this day living, for I know not whither he might happen to carry it. There is no man living of whom, while he liveth, I can make myself sure. Some might act through favour, and some through fear, and so might they carry my soul some wrong way.—But in good faith, daughter Margaret, I can use no such ways in so great a matter: but as, if mine own conscience served me, I would not hesitate to do it though other men refused, so though others do it, I dare not do it, my own conscience standing against it. If I had, as I told you, looked but lightly on the matter, I should have cause to fear: but now I have looked on it so long, that I purpose to have regard to my own conscience only. (And as to what other men can do for me) by my truth, Margaret, I may say to thee in secret here between us twain, I have found the friendship of this world so fickle, that for anything I could pray, not one among them all, I ween, would go to the devil with me for fellowship's sake. Then verily, if there were twice as many more of them as there be, I will first have respect to mine own soul.'

Margaret suggests that other wise men had changed their opinions. More says, 'I will not misjudge any other man's conscience, which lieth in their own breast far out of my sight. But this will I say, that I myself never heard the cause of their change to be any new thing found of authority further than, as far as I perceive, they had looked on and as I suppose very well weighed before. Now if of the self-same things that they saw before, some seem otherwise unto them than they did before, I am for their sakes the gladder a great deal. But as for anything that ever I saw before, at this day it seems to me as it did before. Wherefore though they may do otherwise than once they might, yet, daughter,

I may not. As for such things as some men would haply say, why I might with reason less regard their change—any such opinions as these will I not conceive of them. I have better hope of their goodness than to think of them so. For had such things turned them, the same things had been likely to affect me: for in faith I know few so faint-hearted as myself. Therefore will I, Margaret, think no worse of others in the thing that I know not, than of that I find in myself. But whereas you think, Margaret, that there are so many more on the other side than on mine, surely for your own comfort must I disabuse you of that thought, which maketh you conclude that your father casteth himself away like a fool, jeoparding the loss of his substance, and peradventure his body too, without any cause why he so should for peril of his soul, but rather his soul imperil thereby too: to this shall I say to thee, Margaret, that in some of my reasons, I nothing doubt at all, that though not in this Realm, yet in Christendom, those well-learned and virtuous men still living who are of my opinion are not the fewer part.

‘But for the conclusion, daughter Margaret, of all this matter, I tell you again as I have often told you before, that I take not upon me to define or dispute in these matters, nor do I rebuke or impugn any other man’s deed; but as concerning mine own self, for thy comfort I shall say to thee, daughter, that my own conscience in this matter is such as may well stand with my own salvation: thereof I am as sure as that there is a God in heaven. And therefore as for all the rest—goods, lands, and life itself—since this conscience is sure for me, I verily trust in God, that He shall rather strengthen me to bear the loss than against this conscience to swear and put my soul in peril.

‘And finally, Margaret, this I wot very well, that without my fault God will not let me be lost. I shall, therefore,

with good hope, commit myself wholly to Him. And if He suffer me for my faults to perish, yet shall I then serve for the praise of His justice. But in good faith I trust that His tender pity shall keep my poor soul safe, and make me commend His mercy. And therefore, mine own good daughter, never trouble thy mind for any thing that shall happen to me in this world. Nothing can come but what God will: and I make me very sure that whatsoever that be—in sight seem it never so bad—it shall indeed be the best. And with this, my good child, I pray you heartily be you and all of your sisters and my sons too comfortable, and serviceable to your good mother my wife. And of your good husbands' minds I have no manner of doubt. Commend me to them all, and to all my other friends, sisters, nieces, nephews, and all: and unto all our servants, man, woman, and child, and to all my good neighbours, and our acquaintance abroad. And I right heartily pray both you and them to serve God, and be merry and rejoice in Him. And if anything happen to me that you would be sorry for, pray to God for me, but trouble not yourself. Pray for me as heartily as I shall pray for all of you, that we may meet together once in heaven where we shall be happy for ever and ever, and never have trouble more.'

On the 3rd of May, Cromwell and many with him visit More again in prison and urge him to swear. More replies, 'I am the king's true faithful subject and daily bedesman: I say no harm, I do no harm: and if this be not enough to keep a man alive, in good faith I do not long to live. My poor body is at the king's pleasure—would to God my death might do him any good.' What could a man say better than this?

Archbishop Cranmer and others come to him: he is firm—silent.

On the 6th of May, More is brought to trial at West-



minster Hall. He—once the first judge in the land—is being tried for life or death. In a coarse woollen gown, his hair grown gray in prison: pale, weak, resting on a staff; with the same look he had when Chancellor, there he stands, silently eloquent. No such criminal had stood there before, nor any since.

I will not lay before you much detail of the trial, but I will just tell you the kind of charges against More, and of what sort his answers were, and then you shall judge for yourselves what kind of trial it was.

1st. That he had tried to dissuade the King from the marriage.

ANSWER. That he had done so, but that he was officially the keeper of the King's conscience, and that it never could be treason for one of the King's advisers to give him honest advice.

2d. That he had refused to give an opinion when asked about the right of the King to be Head of the Church.

ANSWER. Silence is my right where speech will be injury to me. Silence is no sin; at least no Treason.

3d. That he had written treasonable letters to Bishop Fisher.

ANSWER. I have not—produce them. (They could not.)

4th. That he called the Act of Settlement a two-edged sword—which would destroy a man's soul if he complied with it, and his body if he did not.

ANSWER. I did: and I think so now: and I choose, if you please, that my body shall be destroyed and my soul saved alive. I dare not court Death; but I have faith enough in God that if He draw me towards it, He will enable me not to shun it.

Judgment was given against him, and he was condemned to Death. More was allowed to speak. He said, 'Now that judgment is given I will say, after seven years' study I can



find no colour for holding that a Layman can be Head of the Church. Nine out of ten Christians now in the world think with me. Nearly all the learned doctors and holy Fathers who are already dead agree with me : and therefore I think myself not bound to conform my conscience to the council of one Realm, against the general consent of all Christendom. More have I not to say, my Lords, but that as S. Paul held the clothes of those who stoned Stephen to death, and as they are both now saints in heaven and shall continue there friends forever : so I verily trust and shall therefor most heartily pray, that though your Lordships have now here on earth been judges to my condemnation, we may nevertheless hereafter cheerfully meet in heaven in everlasting salvation.'

What could a man say better than this ? I deem these words some of the noblest that have ever fallen from uninspired lips.

The Chief Justice then informed More that the King was graciously pleased, out of consideration for the high offices he had held, to commute his sentence to simple beheading. More bowed and said, 'I thank the King for his kindness, but at the same time I pray God to preserve all my friends from such royal favours.' They take him back to the Tower : Sir W. Kingston, Constable of the Tower, with tears running down his cheeks, conducts his prisoner. More comforts him. Kingston afterwards said, 'Indeed but I was ashamed of myself when I found my heart so faint and his so strong.'

Margaret Roper, More's good angel, watches for his landing at the Tower wharf. Her husband writes : 'As soon as she caught sight of him, without care of herself, pressing through the midst of the throng and the guards that were about him with halberts and bills, she embraced and kissed him, unable to utter any other word than, 'O my father ! O my father !' He gave her his fatherly blessing — and they parted. But scarcely had she gone ten steps when

she, all ravished with the entire love of her dear father, suddenly turns back again, runs to him as before, takes him about the neck and divers times kisses him most lovingly—a sight which makes many of the beholders weep.’

The Tower gates close upon him till the 6th of July. All manner of great people come to him meanwhile, and persuade him to give way. He is firm.

On Monday the 5th of July he writes a farewell letter to Margaret Roper, with his usual pen of coal. It contains blessings to all his children by name—and even to one of Margaret’s maids: and in it he says of his daughter’s interview with him at the Tower wharf, ‘I never liked your manner towards me better than when you kissed me last: for I love when daughterly love and dear charity have no leisure to look to worldly courtesy.’

On Tuesday the 6th of July, S. Thomas’s eve, 1535, Sir Thomas Pope, his ‘singular good friend,’ comes to him early with a message from the King and Council, to say that he should die before nine o’clock of the same morning.

‘The King’s pleasure,’ said Sir Thomas Pope, ‘is that you shall not use many words.’ ‘I did purpose,’ said Sir Thomas More, ‘to have spoken somewhat, but I will conform myself to the King’s commandment.’

The Lieutenant brings him to the scaffold—which was so weak that it was ready to fall: More says, ‘Master Lieutenant, I pray you see me safe up: and for my coming down you may let me shift for myself.’ When he had laid his head upon the block he said to the executioner, ‘I pray you wait till I have removed my beard: there is no need that you hurt it, for it has never offended his highness:’ one instant more and his head is on the ground—his soul in heaven.

The chief use to us, as I have said, of meditating upon Great Men is to see how they viewed this life of ours, com-


mon to them and us : to learn what Idea of God they had and of their relations to Him : of what Good is and what Evil : what True and what False : what Right and what Wrong.

Of More's theoretic faith I have not much to say. It does not appear to have been much above that of those with whom he was accustomed most to associate. His peculiar strength did not lie here. He was indeed a very admirable specimen of a Roman Catholic layman of the sixteenth century : but he was not more than this. He was scarcely in mind more Catholic than Roman : though in heart he was indeed much more so. He wrote against the Reformation of Luther with no more insight or foresight than a contemporary Bishop.

But turn to his practical character—to that which was deeper than his opinions—and there he is great and good indeed beyond most other men. There we surely have a remarkable instance of the supernatural strength which severe virtue gives a man—of the indefinite Force there may be in Character alone. Rate his Intellect as you will, what impressiveness is there in his Integrity, his Truthfulness, his Conscientiousness—his clear catholic soul, so wise in prosperity, so calm in danger, always so cheerful and so kind. Verily More's way of living in this world is worth studying. He presents himself always to me as one who had but a single aim in life—though that was indeed a comprehensive one—namely, to get himself into right relations with every thing around him, and especially to all that was above and within him : to be at peace with God and with his own conscience : to be at unity in himself and in harmony with all else. He was a man to whom the first of evils was not Pain but Sin : to whom the highest good was not Pleasure but Duty. He seems to me a man in whom dwelt continually a practical Faith far better and deeper than his verbal Creed : a finding a God ever present everywhere—as well in society and in

business as in houses of worship and at hours of prayer : living ever in His eye and grateful chiefly for His care : not counting His commandments grievous but rather His service the only Freedom. The consciousness of an ever-present Deity and of an everlasting Future seems at all times so to have pervaded his mind as to have made him ever feel the difference between Right and Wrong to be altogether immeasurable, and the consequences of his actions to be chiefly developed hereafter : thus imparting to every portion of his life, even the most ordinary, a dignity quite impressive. There was no ostentation, however, about him : indeed he was natural and simple beyond all other men we have any record of : emphatically homely. He seems never to have recognised any distinction between public and private life : he always simply acted out himself : doing the most ordinary act from a sense of duty, and the most important with an appearance of ease. He kissed his children with almost a prayer, and laid his head upon the block with more than a smile. In fact Sir Thomas More was an instance of the rarest class of men : he was a Symmetrical man : I mean by that, a man every part of whose nature is equally developed. He was a man of no eccentricities, or follies, or weaknesses, but well proportioned, well disciplined throughout : a man equal to anything : without intrigue, without fear : manly yet mirthful : going through this world as consciously on a journey to a better : with Duty as an ever-present Guide, and Peace as an inseparable Companion : equably and serenely good. Such a man was this Sir Thomas More : a man strong through integrity, clear-sighted from being single-eyed : the best type I know of an English Gentleman : accomplished in mind, dignified in deportment, of measured speech : unembarrassed, good-humoured : courteous yet straightforward : loyal, but ever serving his God with greater zeal than he served his King.


Had More then no faults? Yes, some, but not many : and perhaps as many fewer faults than most men as he had more virtues. He was a better man than any of his contemporaries—every way stronger morally. Those who were wiser on some points were weaker on all others than he. Who for instance of those who consented to More's death were superior to him? Who would compare as a whole even Cranmer with More? True, he was cheerful on the scaffold : but that is a sin too peculiar for me to blame. I only wonder too greatly either to censure or applaud. For that a man should die thoughtfully and yet cheerfully has ever seemed to me the greatest thing to be done on earth. You remember I told you when speaking of Great Men generally, that he who would die for his Conscience was even greater than he who would die for his Country : he who should suffer for Truth in prison and on the scaffold, than he who died amid the shouts of comrades in the battle-field. There is more of Mind in this death of More's than in any other I know of. A Martyr's death is the most imposing and every way grand : but there is in it an enthusiasm—a religious excitement—a supernatural fervour—a conscious inspiration—which ministers miraculous strength. But here in More's case there was little of this. He died simply because men would not let him live as he ever had done, truthfully. He did not bring this death upon himself by any act of his own—by doing anything at all, but simply by refusing to say something : something which he believed to be a lie. He did not die in support of a Party, or of a Theory, or of anything in particular : but for the great human duty of not allowing the lips to belie the heart—of being a true man. He died a sacrifice to Duty, a martyr to Veracity. Indeed I deem it a great thing to do, to die as More did. A man who can die well, at any time or any where, he in my eyes is Great. To submit without a murmur to inevitable decay,



indefinitely distant, or to be stricken down suddenly without quailing, this is great : but to leave the world with foreknowledge of the day and hour, in the full flow of animal life, and in the maturity of all the faculties : not blindly and recklessly without thinking of anything beyond, but rather after deepest thoughts of such things and continual calm contemplation of the Unseen, and steady large faith in a living future—to do this is greater. Yes, I confess I peculiarly reverence a man who can so believe in God as to wish to die that he may know Him better : who can count the Seen not so satisfying as the Unseen : who has a desire to depart, in the faith that it will be far better for him. It is an awful thing—we will say at least it is a solemn thing—for any thoughtful man to Die : and to submit, or at most to acquiesce, is enough for most men. To die voluntarily is a remarkable attainment : but when sickness, or sorrow, or world-weariness, or old age comes before, it is less to be thought of. When, however, none of these things are Death's heralds, and joy and love and hope are around, it is much to be thought of. Indeed when a dark curtain is about us and we listless, Death may be yielded to as deepened Sleep : but out in the sunshine, and with passionate present Love all around, to choose to die when by the utterance of a word we might continue to live—to be and to do as Sir Thomas More—I know nothing greater than this.

One word more and I have done. Though I thus hold up to you such men as Wycliffe and More, and others of wider fame, as Great Men, I do so rather as Attractions to Goodness than as Models of it : as shewing you what has been done in particular cases rather than what must be done in all. And it is not so much the outward form as the inward spirit of these men's lives that I would direct your attention to ; nor is it the minor accidents and detail of their character that I would have you think much of ; but specially its out-

line of form, its general aspect and informing spirit. The most important thing to us in the history of any man is, the seeing what he practically felt to be his relations to God and God's to him: what most he hoped for, and feared and loved—what he thought good, thought great—his idea of the Highest and the Best. Every man has practically a rule of life—a law which he lives by, or at least gives evidence that he feels he ought to live by: and this, I say, it is of importance for us to discover and to study: not, indeed, as an ultimate standard for us to walk by, but as an auxiliary to our interpretation of the Divine Law common to us all—as an encouragement and confirmation for our own nobler aspirations—as an exercise of that sympathy with the good in us which ever imbibes an additional influence from others similar and proportionate to that which it imparts. A man's practical faith—not what he professes in words merely, but what he consistently shapes his conduct and his judgments by—this is the truest index of the man: this is what gives him his distinctive character, his real individuality. His most profitable interest for us, and his essential spiritual worth, lie in what his Belief makes him feel and do which he would not have felt and done if he had not thus believed: and our safest judgment of him is from observing the way in which he estimates things of which we also have our estimate; the way in which he feels under circumstances the like of which we have known; the way in which he acts in positions in which we can imagine ourselves to be placed. If a man discharges duties and bears burdens common in kind to all men but under uncommon conditions, and if he achieve what most men would not attempt, and thus render the seemingly impossible intelligibly practicable—this man is one into whose source of superiority it is verily worth our while to inquire. And when we do so, I believe that we shall find that his unusual strength was drawn out of the



Invisible—his superior Force was the consequence of his superior Faith. Surely he must be the strongest and the bravest who believes himself to be in alliance with the Almighty—the commissioned Soldier of an Invisible King—the approved Servant of a Heavenly Master: nay, that large calm brave heart which is of right the Heroic, how can it come but by constant communion of purpose and of spirit with Him who is the Lord of Life and Death, and of all things pertaining thereto, and who is Himself the Supreme Justice, and whose name is the symbol of the Highest Good? And again, if we see a man caring most for the things that are seen and temporal while he professes to believe that he himself is immortal: most anxious to lay up treasure on earth though he says that he believes that the one thing needful is treasure in Heaven: and though subscribing zealously to a lengthened Theoretic Creed, never acting otherwise than if it contained no allusion to an Ever-present Eye—that man's Faith is vain; it is no true presentation of the inner man—it is an Appearance and no more. For such the possession or the profession of even the purest and highest Creed can do but little: and I would even say that an impetuous, wilful, but courageous Luther: an enthusiastic, exaggerating, but single-eyed Columbus: a warm, morbid, but self-sacrificing Xavier: yea, a barbaric, ungovernable, but reforming Peter—all following untiringly through toil and even blood some Great Cause—are even in their weaknesses something better than the best of such. At their lowest there is always present with them—visible if not luminous—an idea of God and of His Universe higher and deeper, and larger every way, than it ever entered into such an one's heart to conceive. And one result I have ventured to hope for in these Lectures has been this: that we might learn to feel more that it is the spirit a man is of which is of most importance—that what we should mark



and value most is rather the obvious aim of men's lives than the completeness of their attainments—the direction and tendency of their course rather than the number and regularity of their steps. Such is surely the Evangelical rule, which ever vindicates its divinity by doing as God does—regarding first the thoughts and intents of the heart, and giving to every man according to his Works and not according to his Words. And if on former occasions I have hoped that we might gain some enlargement of our sympathies by the contemplation of men of other lands whose fame is co-extensive with the civilization of our race, and might be in some degree impressed with the feeling that we are children of a Parent who has many others not of our Home—members of a Family consisting of many groups, each of which is diversely endowed and educated, and therefore must be variously judged of by their brethren: so now I would presume also to hope that we may learn yet other lessons from the contemplation of those who are more nearly related to ourselves, even these: at what a price the glories we now inherit have been purchased for us by our forefathers: how solemn a privilege it is to be the countrymen and the heirs of a WYCLIFFE and a MORE: and that if the first of our blessings and the greatest of our glories is that of being CHRISTIANS, the second is beyond all question that of being ENGLISHMEN.

## THOMAS CRANMER.

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I AM going to speak to you this evening of THOMAS CRANMER. His story, however, is familiar to you: probably so familiar that at first you may feel some surprise that I should include in my catalogue of Great Men one who was so confessedly deficient in several of the qualities which I have frequently represented to you as characteristic of those whom I think the most worthy of our admiration and our study. I acknowledge at once, then, that I do not bring him before you wholly for his own sake (though from peculiar sympathy with some parts of his character and opinions I think more favourably of him than most men do) but also very much for the sake of having an opportunity for laying before you some account of his times—a period of English history of exceeding interest to us—the great era of our Reformation. And truly the more I consider the events of modern European History, the more important seems to me this period of its Religious Reformation—a period the importance of which, I believe, it is more difficult to comprehend than to exaggerate—and which will grow to be recognised as of greater and greater significance as the history of the Church and of the world goes on. It was verily the grandest epoch in the

history of Human Progress since the Christian Era began—a new birth of Christendom—a step onwards for our Race well planted and irrevocable. For it was not merely a Reformation of Discipline or an assertion of Independence of unjust ecclesiastical dominion, or an external conquest of any kind—it was not these things that made us Protestants. Such things as these have been done in various times and countries—before and since—by those who have been, and who are, among the most devoted members of the Roman Catholic Church. No: it was and is, our rejection of fundamental principles of the Old Church—central, essential Doctrines—Sacramental and Sacerdotal claims; it is our assertion of the Supremacy of the Individual Conscience, and of the Written Word combined, and the opposition, therefore, henceforth of the Rights of Private Judgment and the Sacredness of Personal Conviction to all the pretensions of Tradition and Authority—it is our emphatic denial of the mediatorial character of any human Priesthood, and of the efficacy of any vicarious or meritorious services of any kind save those of JESUS CHRIST—it is the opening and making known a common highway into the hitherto half-closed City of God which no Keys on earth can henceforth ever lock up again—it is this which is the great Deed of Protestantism. Be sure of this, the ground of Protestantism lies deep—very deep—in the heart of man and in the Gospel of JESUS CHRIST. It lies in the fact that it returns the only satisfying answer to the ever-recurring question of consciously sinful humanity, What must I do to be saved?—the answer of the New Testament—unalloyed by human traditions and ecclesiastical philosophies falsely so called—even this, Believe in the Lord JESUS CHRIST with all thine heart, as thou oughtest to believe in God—and by this faith, and by it alone, thou shalt be justified from all things from which thou couldst not be justified by the rites and ceremonies, the penances and absolutions, of

any Church under heaven. These things, I must repeat, lie at the root of Protestantism; and they are not dead dogmas, but germinant Principles, which have already brought forth much fruit, and are destined, I believe, to bring forth yet much more. Wherefore, I consider that it behoves every man sometime to ask himself deliberately the question, and as deliberately to answer it, Are these things a nearer approach to the Truth of God than the things which went before them? are they in substantial accordance with the Gospel of CHRIST? and therefore, Is the Reformation so much for good as to be of God? I for my part, after long meditation on such matters, with deep earnestness answer these things with a Yes, and declare that the Reformation of the Sixteenth Century was a work so good and so Christian that I believe it even to be one suggested as well as sanctioned by the Divine Spirit, and that it is entitled to all the approbation which we may give to anything that has so much of the Human in it. I am not unconscious of its errors and defects, nor am I insensible to what we have lost as well as gained by it, but after repeated calculation of the cost of it, I still pronounce the gain to have immeasurably exceeded the loss: and therefore I can never consent to speak half-heartedly about it, or in any wise to attempt to explain it away, or to represent it as only an accidental and subordinate change in the old condition of Christendom. No: I accept the Reformation in its broadest and deepest principles: I do not apologise for it, I glory in it: and at once acknowledge and declare that it was a Religious Revolution—an Ecclesiastical Rebellion—a Spiritual Insurrection which was a Resurrection.

And most inadequate do I deem any view of the Reformation in our own country, which would make it different in kind from that which took place in Germany, and in other Protestant countries of Europe. Our English Church is essentially as Protestant as any Church, though the outward

form of our Protestantism is indeed very different from that of the majority of the European churches. Doubtless many of our English Reformers only intended so to reform as to leave reconciliation and re-union with Rome hereafter possible; and the course they almost all took was very different from that taken by almost all the Continental Reformers—building a new edifice on much of the old site, and with many of the old ecclesiastical materials, instead of clearing new ground, and using only such materials as were to be found provided in the New Testament—but the result has come to be the same with us as with them. For the spirit which dwells in our Church is as different from that which dwells in the Church of Rome as that of any Protestant Church is: and both England and Rome for three centuries now have so repeatedly reciprocated excommunications, and so equally and irrevocably repudiated each other's claims, that Re-union could only now be accomplished by annihilation of their individual existence, and absorption into some new community which should be so Catholic as to comprehend them both.

But though the result of our Reformation has been this, it has not been a sudden one: it has come to pass only gradually, and by the acts of both Churches rather than exclusively of either. The great Council of Trent fixed unalterably the position of the Church of Rome, while our two Revolutions in the same century widened impassably the gulf which the Reformation opened, or at least for the first time very materially enlarged. For I would wish you very much to remember that even the Reformation was no sudden impulse—it was largely a consequence of what had been going on even for centuries before it. It was generally, I believe, the case in all the Reformations in Europe, that there had been long preparations for them—invisible to us, it may be, rather through the poor means we have of look-

ing into those times than through their own insignificance. In the case of Germany, it is very instructive, and not very difficult, to trace the leaven of the New Doctrine for some time previously at work, though the outburst of Protestant feeling in Luther throws into the shade all other preliminary efforts. The political and social condition, too, of Germany made the positive element of Reformation of much more rapid development than the negative, and thus gave it a character greatly differing from ours. For I wish you to notice that in almost all Religious Reformations there are generally two elements—a negative and a positive one—a destroying and a creative one, if I may so speak : the first a resistance to all unjust claims of authority, and a protest against practical abuses : and the latter the assertion of new or neglected truths, which by their mere reception require the removal of much of what they mingle with—dispersing old errors as light does darkness, and removing old boundaries as any elevation does that of our horizon. And both these elements had long been at work in England : the latter certainly since the times of Wycliffe, the former from very long before. For though it can unquestionably be said with truth that the English Church from its first planting by Augustine to the times of Henry the Eighth was as integral a portion of the Roman Church as any other Church, yet there were certain exemptions which it claimed from Roman jurisdiction—certain limits to its obedience to the Papal See—which were contended for and maintained with great and growing spirit for many centuries before the final schism. Long before Wycliffe even—in whose Life we have so lately seen the bold resistance which Englishmen made to many of the claims of Rome—throughout the lives of Lanfranc, Anselm, Becket, and Langton, all Archbishops of Canterbury—we see a continual contest and conflict between the kingly and the papal, the civil and ecclesiastical powers : while

after Wycliffe's time this spirit of resistance seems to have made such steady progress, that it gradually, and even naturally, terminated in the Royal Supremacy. And this kind of contest was not exclusively a British peculiarity. Various countries had their own similar national privileges and immunities, which they also defended with a jealous vigour. France had very prominently, and so had also even Spain : and yet more remarkably most of the States of Italy : indeed I believe that the submission to Papal claims, though ultimately yielded more unconditionally, was also yielded later and more reluctantly in some Italian States than in any other portion of Christendom.

And the positive element of Reformation, as I have called it, this also was not wanting in England before the times we are to speak of this evening. Certainly since the times of Wycliffe, and probably before, there had been a leaven of true Doctrine at work among the English people, which a gifted eye might have seen from the first would not cease its energy until it had leavened them nearly all. Wycliffe's Bible, and the books it had given birth to, continued to be for long a secret treasury of Faith and flowing fountain of Truth, to many of the people : and the Persecutions to which his followers were subjected by their enemies, were a Providential means of keeping lively and firm this Puritan Principle. For indeed there is nothing that we may reckon a greater gain for a good cause, than that it should be occasionally persecuted : especially in a Religious cause the fires of martyrdom do as it were burn in an impression of the Truth into the minds of its disciples, while they brand its opponents with a character which repels conversion. And this gain had been granted liberally from Henry the Fourth's time to Henry the Seventh's : and just before our Schism with Rome, many had been imprisoned and burnt for merely reading and possessing Wycliffe's Bible. How little, how-

ever, this dismayed the followers of the purer Faith we see from the fact that some years before Cranmer could get permission to have the Bible re-published in English, there had been more than one edition of a new Translation of the New Testament in English—by Tyndal and Coverdale—though through fear of hindrance these were printed by them abroad. And the reading of these Testaments, and of the many small religious books founded on this reading, which were now largely circulated by means of that Instrument of many Revolutions—the Printing Press—had in some considerable degree prepared the minds of large numbers of the people for the reception of that fuller truth which those whom we especially term our English Reformers publicly proclaimed.

Not however, I must add, that these Reformers can justly be considered mere disciples of Wycliffe's. The rather these men came to the same kind of conclusions by study in a great measure independent. The New Learning—the study of Greek, which you will recollect we noticed as a novelty in the case of Sir Thomas More—was just at this time being opened out to Europe, and it was eagerly taken up in England, as it was in France, and Germany, and Italy. And among its chief students with us were, Hugh Latimer, and Nicholas Ridley, and Thomas Cranmer—precisely the three men to whom our Reformation was the most indebted. These men were naturally led by their new study into an examination of the original source of Christian Faith and Duty—the Greek Testament—and such examination alone was sufficient to bring them immediately to a perception of the discrepancy between the original and the existing doctrine: and through many a doubtful and devious way, ultimately to the recognition of those Great Principles which are characteristic of all the Reformed Churches.

And now I will delay no longer to speak of that one of these our Reformers who has been permitted in God's Pro-



vidence above all others to influence—for nearly three centuries now—the ecclesiastical history of our nation.

Cranmer was born six years after Luther, and for the first forty years of his life was undistinguished from any other of his educated contemporaries. He was the son of a gentleman in Nottinghamshire, and brought up at the school of his native village (Aslacton) on leaving which, he went to Jesus College, Cambridge. Here he becomes a fellow: vacates his fellowship by marriage: and on the death of his wife shortly after, is restored to it. He then takes orders, and lives a quiet, studious, collegiate life: full of lectures and examinations, and doing such kind of business exemplarily: a man we may say fairly prosperous in the world, but not very: not very clever, not very good: a moderate man in every way: a specimen of an average College Tutor of the Sixteenth Century. And in this way he lives—apparently contentedly—for twenty years: indeed he has been six and twenty years at Cambridge altogether, when a great epidemic sickness breaks out there, and he goes to the house of a Mr Cressy at Waltham Abbey, with two sons of that gentleman who were Cranmer's pupils at college. While here, Henry VIII. passes through Waltham on a Progress which he is just now concluding, and stays a night there. Two of his suite—his secretary and his almoner—Gardiner and Fox—are guests of Mr Cressy's, and at supper they converse much with Cranmer—naturally enough about the great question of the day—the Divorce. Finding him a scholarly, thoughtful man, they press him for an opinion about it. Cranmer without hesitation says, that it appears to him that the only real difficulty there could be in the matter must lie in the just interpretation of what the Bible had pronounced on it, and that the most obvious way of resolving this would be by obtaining the opinions of those who had made the Bible their chiefest study—which were

certainly the Universities of England and of Europe. He therefore would suggest that the opinions of the principal Universities and Divines of Europe should be collected, and then, if they were nearly unanimous, and on the King's side, the King would have a much firmer standing in any measures he might press upon the Pope, and even be not without some justification in acting without the Pope's dispensation if it were ultimately denied him. This is new light to them. So they report their conversation at the supper-table to the King. The King thinks highly of it, and instantly exclaims in his usual way, 'That fellow has got the sow by the right ear: bring him here.' So Cranmer comes before the King, and the King is pleased with him, and orders him to put his opinions into writing, and make a book of them. This Cranmer now sets about, and soon his book is done—in which book it is maintained, that the marriage of Henry with Catharine is condemned by the authority of the Scriptures, the Councils, and the Fathers; and also that the Pope has no power to dispense with the requirements of the Law of God, and therefore not to give validity to a marriage which that Law prohibits. Now it appears to me that Cranmer's judgment here was a very unsatisfactory one, and a very confused one: wrong in its principles, right in its processes: ecclesiastical logic, not evangelical morality: a notable, lamentable instance of the triumph of the Letter of Rule over the Spirit of Law—much to be avoided. More's judgment here was surely better: and on other grounds than his I should suppose that maturely cultivated and Christian minds would now agree with him and disagree with Cranmer, and perhaps even not think it right to entertain the question. But at that time minds of great culture, and very Christian, did entertain the question, and did decide it in favour of a Divorce. The English Universities and six foreign ones thus decided, be-

sides a good many individual Divines, and the Convocation of the English Clergy. It is Cranmer naturally enough who is now sent (with Lord Wiltshire, also naturally enough, as he is the father of Anne Boleyn) on a mission to the Papal Commissioners: and then to collect the judgments of the Universities and Divines: and then also to the Emperor Charles V. His mission both to the Papal Commissioners and to the Emperor were, as might be expected, unsuccessful: as Charles V. was the nephew of Catharine, and the Pope (Clement VII.) was now virtually a prisoner in the Emperor's power. But though his mission is for these purposes inefficient, it is highly profitable to himself personally: for he has intercourse with Erasmus, and Ecolampadius, and Bucer, and Melancthon—and his converse with these so enlarges his mind, and enlightens it, that the whole course of his after-life is most materially affected by it. Even for the present it takes sufficient effect upon him to encourage him to marry the niece of Osiander—a measure which would probably not have been taken by any man situated as Cranmer was who could have looked into the future at all. But the fact was, that Cranmer was a man who was characteristically not far-seeing—a man always of closely circumscribed vision, but equally always of right intention: of clear though of near sight: wholly unambitious. And perchance no one was so thoroughly surprised and disturbed as he was, when just after his marriage, a king's messenger comes to him to summon him home to be made Archbishop of Canterbury. Truly he is unwilling to take this great step: he feels he has no calling to it but the king's: no echo from within to a voice from on high: he has no aptitude, too, as he thinks, for being Primate of all England, and neither head nor feet fitted for walking, or even standing, in such high slippery places. He is just married too—which is against the law as a clergyman, against all precedent as an Archbishop: and

what he has seen of late of Rome has taught him that not much emphatically Divine is to be looked for from thence, while what he has seen in Germany has taught him that there true Light assuredly does shine. So he hesitates and does nothing—for seven weeks—hoping, he says, that the King would in the meantime appoint some one else. But this is not the case, and the King sends again and again to command him to return. Cranmer now makes an objection which he believes will be insuperable, namely, that if he is made Archbishop he will receive his office only from the King, and that he will not take the usual oath to the Pope, as he now is fully persuaded that the Pope ought not to have any such jurisdiction within the realm of England as that oath recognised. This makes Henry pause, and at the same time opens out new views of the future to him. He refers the matter to his highest legal authorities. These are Roman Catholic, remember. They suggest that the matter may be compromised by Cranmer's making a solemn public protest on the day of his consecration which should embody his peculiar opinions, but otherwise conform. Cranmer reluctantly acquiesces. Henry sends for the usual Bulls to the Pope, and receives them, though the Pope would seem to have known the protesting peculiarities of Cranmer : and so Cranmer is consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury 30th of March, 1533.

Now in all this affair we see, I think, the character of Cranmer very clearly displayed, and we are presented by it with a specimen of the whole course of his subsequent conduct and character, not of the highest kind, and yet better perhaps than that of almost all the men by whom he was surrounded ; not lofty, yet by no means low. It was surely much above the average morality of his time, or of our time, or of any time, for a fellow of a small college at Cambridge to be sincerely reluctant to be made Archbishop of Canter-

bury: but at the same time it altogether falls short of any ideal heroism to accept so high an office only under protest against the oaths and signatures which you swear and subscribe in order to obtain it. Cranmer's mind, however, here and elsewhere throughout his history, is clearly shewn to be a merely scholastic one—pedantic—technical—magnifying the letter to the overlaying of the spirit: judging well according to its rules, but not judging its rules well: making more of precedents than of principles, and confounding the bye-laws of the Church with the great commandments of the Gospel—a common kind of college product in those days.

But here again we must consider well that this or the like difficulty must have occurred at some point in this transitional stage of the Church's and the nation's history: and that such things as these are the great moral trials of Revolutions and Reformations—exceptional cases in ecclesiastical and political matters which require a very patient and a very strong mind to judge of. While I cannot, therefore, here approve, neither can I condemn: indeed I am only careful to dwell upon this matter here in order to enter my Protest too against all vehement dogmatic denunciations of others in matters concerning which the standard of contemporaries was so different from our own, and their judgment so unanimous, and to append to it the exhortation, that as something much better will be expected from us to whom something much more has been given, we should look to it well that in judging others we do not only condemn ourselves.

And now Cranmer is Archbishop, he is at once plunged into difficulties, great and manifold. First of all there is the King's marriage with Anne Boleyn, which has already taken place privately (on the 25th of January) but which was not at the time known to Cranmer. One of Cranmer's first Archiepiscopal acts therefore is to write to the King, urgently to exhort him to take immediate steps for settling something

finally about this matter—as he seems to have two wives, and no one can say which of the two is his legal wife—which of them is not such. So the Convocation of the Clergy is summoned, and after debate, this assembly pronounces for the Divorce : and then Cranmer, on the 23d of May, publicly pronounces Henry's marriage with Catharine invalid from the first, and his marriage with Anne valid. On Whitsunday, 11th of June, 1533, Anne is crowned Queen. The Pope, however, pronounces the whole proceedings void, and threatens an interdict if they are not formally annulled before September. The King of France tries to mediate, but ineffectually. So on the 23d of March, 1534, England is Excommunicate. No earthquake followed that day, or the next : and here we are now spiritual freemen, and none the worse for not considering the Universal Supremacy of the Pope a Fundamental Article of Revealed Religion.

And now Henry and Cranmer, Parliament and Convocation, work awhile all together strenuously. All now unite in conferring upon the King the power of appointing Bishops without confirmation from the Pope, and the right of receiving all pecuniary payments for ecclesiastical matters hitherto made to the Pope, and in passing an act legalising Henry's marriage with Anne Boleyn, and confirming the succession in that line, with an obligatory oath subjoined which is to be taken within a certain time, which declares the King of England to be 'The Head of all the people of England, as well Ecclesiastical as Temporal.' Declarations and Subscriptions 'that the Bishop of Rome has not any greater jurisdiction conferred upon him by God in this realm of England than any other foreign bishop,' are both required from, and given by, the Chapters and Universities and other Ecclesiastical Corporations. All the Bishops—except Bishop Fisher—take the oath to the King as thus 'Head of the Church : ' and nearly all the clergy. All the great officers of the

Crown do—except Sir Thomas More. These two dissentients—men of the noblest hearts in England—are both beheaded for their refusal.

But I must beg you especially to observe that at this time it was only the ecclesiastical claims, not the religious doctrine, of the Roman Church, that were protested against and rejected. Both Henry and Cranmer were in belief and practice at this time in communion with Rome. Cranmer had not yet got rid of many errors—that of Transubstantiation, for instance—though he was losing hold of them very rapidly. And the claims which Henry made were by no means all new, or different in kind from those which had been made by his predecessors for some centuries now. The doctrine of the Royal Supremacy was debated very keenly, and in some degree asserted, as I have already reminded you, in Wycliffe's time. The act of Præmunire (which made the promulgation or execution of any papal ordinance without consent having been previously obtained from the King, a matter of confiscation and outlawry) was passed in Edward the Third's time (I think) and repeated not long after—in 1392 at least. And Richard the Second and Henry the Fourth had both been 'Defenders of the Faith' before Henry the Eighth. Indeed we may say that before his time, too, no papal decree was of force in England unless it had also received the King's sanction; and even in the time of Cranmer's immediate predecessor, Archbishop Warham, this kind of Regal Supremacy was distinctly and repeatedly acknowledged. The peculiar step advanced and made good by Henry was—that the King might make laws for the Church which should be of force whether they had Papal sanction, or had not. The Clergy too now, at the instance of the King and Parliament, gave up the power they hitherto had exercised of making canons, or bye-laws ecclesiastical, without the King's consent, and acknowledged that no law of any

kind could be valid without the Royal approbation. It was in these two points that the peculiarity of the Royal Supremacy consisted, as at this time established.

And now when these matters are settled, or settling, Cranmer applies himself to a measure which did more than any other to introduce a Reformation into England of far more importance than this ecclesiastical Protest—even a Doctrinal Protestantism. This measure was the translation and circulation of the Bible, in the English language among the English people. He had always been at college a great student of Scripture (so much so as to have acquired the name of the Scripturist) and to have become noted for refusing men their degrees until they had studied it too: and he was versed, as I have already said, better than most men of his time in that which was then called the New Learning. On Cranmer's motion then in the December of this year, 1534, the Convocation voted an address to the King for an English Translation of the Bible. The King consents to this: and so Cranmer divides Tyndal's Translation of the New Testament into nine or ten parts—which he distributes among the bishops, requiring that each of them should send back his portion as carefully corrected as he could procure it to be, by an appointed day. And this they do for the most part both zealously and well. You must understand that there had been Translations of the Bible, or at least of parts of it, in circulation before—but to a comparatively very limited extent: and even the possession of these was very often the occasion of persecution. But now great use is made of the recent translation by Tyndal, who was the first to translate the Pentateuch and the New Testament from the original tongues (Wycliffe's being from the Vulgate) and Miles Coverdale, and Bilney, and Rogers, and other good men, had added to this translations of the other books, and got all published abroad lately under the fictitious name of Mat-



thews. Cranmer takes the greatest interest in this work, and when the first edition of his revised translation came out, he writes to Thomas Cromwell, 'I rejoyce to see this day of Reformation which I conclude is now risen in England, since the light of God's Word doth now shine over it without a cloud.' And again, in thanking him for some help he had given in this matter, he says, 'Your lordship shall have a perpetual laud and memory of all them that be now, or hereafter shall be, God's faithful people, and the favourers of His Word. And this deed you shall hear of at the Great Day, when all things shall be opened and made manifest.' In 1540 there is a Royal injunction which required a Bible thus translated to be placed in every parish church in England. And in 1541 another edition is published with a Preface by Cranmer,—that which is now commonly called Cranmer's Bible,—which presented the Word of God to the people in a form they could very readily avail themselves of. Wycliffe in his Preface to his Translation of the Bible had said, 'Christian men and women, old and young, should study fast in the New Testament—should cleave to the study of it—and no simple man of wit, no man of small knowledge, should be afraid immeasurably to study in the text of Holy Writ.' And truly now such did so with an eagerness which it is hard to describe, but which it may not be hard for you to picture to yourselves, as it was like that with which the Israelites drank of the stream that flowed when the Rock was smitten.

And Cranmer before this, and while it was going on, was preparing several works for the instruction of the people—not only with the King's consent, but also with his co-operation. You will remember that King Henry VIII. had been some years now an author. He had written against Luther, and that a book by no means inferior to the average quality of books written in those days: and now (1540) he takes a

very intelligent interest in the books Cranmer is preparing, and writes a preface to one of them entitled, 'The Necessary Erudition of a Christian Man.' In 1535 there had been published a book called 'The King's Primer,' which was a book of Private Prayer and Devotional Exercises in English—intended to be used both at home and in the Churches: for you must remember that the Churches were in those days—as they are always in Roman Catholic countries in these days—used as places of private devotion, even during the celebration of parts of the Public Ritual. And in 1537 there had been published with the consent of Convocation a book called 'The Institution of a Christian Man,' (this is commonly called the Bishop's Book) a book which we should not now-a-days call a very enlightened one (it making much mention of Images and Masses for the dead) but in some respects it was one better than the book to which Henry wrote the preface, and which was published after this, because this latter one defined and inculcated strictly Transubstantiation, which the Bishop's Book left wholly in silence.

The King, too, in the last year of his reign orders Lessons from the English Bible to be read in the Public Worship, and the Litany to be said in English which had hitherto been said in Latin. This Litany was translated, and it may be somewhat altered, by Cranmer. It was, however, nearly the same as ours is now—only after the Invocation of the Holy Trinity, there followed three other invocations to the Virgin Mary, the Angels, and the Patriarchs, Prophets, Apostles, and Martyrs, to pray for us: and also where we now pray to be delivered from 'sedition, privy conspiracy, and rebellion,' these words were inserted, 'From the tyranny of the Bishop of Rome, and all his abominable enormities, Good Lord, deliver us.'

But it must not be forgotten that while these things are going on in favour of the Reformation, there were fearful

drawbacks proceeding from the same royal right hand. And among these may in some respects be classed—what in others was a gain—the Destruction of the Monasteries and the confiscation of all the property belonging to them to private purposes. Cranmer earnestly tried to get some of the monasteries in each county left as Colleges or High Schools: and the exertions which he made in this cause against the King's wishes are highly honourable to him. But indeed it was not wholly Henry's doing: for most were dissolved by Act of Parliament, and that, it should be remembered, a Parliament in which in the House of Lords there voted more Spiritual peers than Temporal.

And again the same Parliament which decrees that the King's Proclamations shall have all the force of Laws, makes certain Articles of Faith punishable with burning, and all the penalties of Felony. This law was previously proposed to the Convocation, and opposed by Cranmer. But the notorious Six Articles pass in 1539. Cranmer's conduct here again was as good as could be. He spoke for three whole days consecutively in the House of Lords, and when he was commanded by the King—who went down to the House on purpose to get these Acts passed—to leave the House before the Bill was put to the vote, he resolutely refused, saying before all, 'that this cause was not his own to stand to or desert at his will, but the cause of God, which must be stood by: and he would do so.' He did so, and voted against the bill. In consequence of the passing of these 'Six Articles' Latimer is imprisoned and resigns his bishopric: and Cranmer separates from his wife. And various persecutions and limitations of religious liberty now take place. And it should be mentioned that so great was the opposition and hatred to Cranmer for his reforming proceedings that his life was now more than once conspired against. On these occasions Cranmer convicts and pardons his enemies: and so

gentle and affectionate was his spirit that it became quite a popular saying, 'Do my Lord of Canterbury a shrewd turn, and he will be your friend for ever.' There was one notable instance of this in 1546, when a conspiracy (revealed to him by the King, who was always faithful to Cranmer though never to any one else) was got up against him by two of his most intimate associates: one Thornden, his suffragan Bishop of Dover, whom he had himself promoted: and the other his own legal adviser, who formed a part of his permanent household. Having received indubitable proofs of their guilt, he leads them aside into his garden, and shews them their own letters, put into his hand by the King himself. They fall upon their knees, and beg his forgiveness. He tells them to rise, and to go and beg forgiveness of God—they need no other. Truly this was a Christianised spirit—a noble one—for it was a charity that he knew might cost him his life.

In 1547 King Henry dies—a few months only after Luther. And on the accession of Edward, the Reformation goes forward rapidly. The Parliament meets immediately, and repeals all acts against heretics—especially the Six Articles. The Bishops, too, now take out new patents from the Crown, and are nominated by it absolutely, without any intermediate process—as the Irish Bishops are to this day. A Committee of Bishops and Divines is appointed to take counsel concerning changing the Mass into a Communion. And a temporary Book of Communion is published, and first used at Easter 1548, allowing the Communion for the first time in both kinds to all—a Book which was indeed a great improvement upon all that went before, but yet very far from as good as that which we have now. A Complete Book of Common Prayer is begun to be compiled by Commissioners at Windsor on the 9th of May of this year: and this is finished, and receives Parliamentary sanction by the "Act

of Uniformity" 21st January 1549 : and is solemnly used in S. Paul's Cathedral on Whitsunday following. Truly this may be justly called (as it has been) a new Day of Pentecost for England—a day in which the wonderful works of God should be spoken of henceforth unto the end of time, in all the solemnest and sacredest utterance of their hearts, in the tongue wherewith Englishmen are born.

Now ever when we think of Cranmer, let us think also of this Prayer Book of his—of ours. Not that it was of Cranmer's composition—we may be very thankful that it was not—but it was greatly influenced by him for good : it was by his anxious care that it was framed, and much gratitude do we owe him for his share of it. But the fact is—and the blessing is—that this Prayer Book of ours is no one man's work, but many men's : the creation of no one age, but the contribution of all the Christian ages. It is a collection of the devotional utterances of the very best Christians of many Churches—the most truly Catholic composition that is extant in the world. It thus can rightly be associated with no human name : it is, as it ought to be, the anonymous accumulated Sacrifice of the whole Soul of Christendom. Thus our Prayer Book is unique : it is a separation of what is truly Catholic from what is Roman, or in any way national, or local, or sectarian : and all in such English as is a vehicle fitted by its purity and nobleness for the thoughts and feelings it conveys. Let us thank God for so inestimable a gift, not only with our lips but with our lives.

In 1550 Cranmer publishes on his own authority and responsibility one of the most important of all his works—a Book on the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Gardiner replies to Cranmer's book : and Cranmer replies again to Gardiner's : and these form a most explicit and elaborate statement of his doctrine on this, and many other points, which heretofore were obscurely stated by him, and indeed

very doubtfully entertained : for Cranmer, as Luther and almost all the early Reformers, it cannot be too frequently repeated, came only very gradually to a clear vision of Evangelical Truth.

In 1552 Cranmer publishes a new edition of the Prayer Book, which is very nearly the same as that which we have now : only without The Prayer for all Conditions of Men, and The General Thanksgiving, which were not added until after the Restoration.

And now also under Cranmer's direction a London Synod draws up Forty-two Articles of Religion, which receive Royal authority in 1553. Among these were four Articles that are not now included in our Thirty-nine : and there was not among these one which we now have in ours, that on the HOLY GHOST. The Four Articles omitted were in substance affirming :

1. That the Resurrection is not passed already.
2. That the soul does not sleep until the Judgment.
3. That the notion of a Millennium is a Fable derived from Jewish Traditions, and against the sense of Scripture.
4. That it is a grievous error to teach that all men shall be saved at last.

But so great is the diligence of Cranmer—so full is he of schemes of Christian usefulness—that it is wholly out of my power even to name them all to you. Those only which came to nothing, would have constituted the labour of an ordinary life. But I should have mentioned already that he has drawn up a Book of Homilies, writing three of them himself—those on Salvation, and Faith, and Works : and that he has long been in correspondence with the Reformers of the Continent, attempting to form an Union with the Foreign Protestant Churches. And now in this year—1553—the King himself writes to Melancthon to come over. He does not come, but many others do, and Cranmer gives them

positions of usefulness in the Church and the Universities: Martin Bucer, for instance, being made Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, and Peter Martyr being licensed to deliver lectures at Oxford. But all these things, I should add, he does not do without strenuous opposition from many of his Bishops, or without able help from others—especially from one—Ridley, now Bishop of London.

On Edward the Sixth's death (in July 1553) fresh troubles, and of another kind, begin for Cranmer. You will remember that Cranmer took the side of Lady Jane Grey, against Mary. It is said that he had reluctantly yielded to the dying request of the King after he had opposed the measure in the Council, and that he was never allowed a private interview with Edward in order that he might retract his promise to him, as he wished to do. The scheme indeed seems unwise to us looking back upon it, but before forming our judgment respecting Cranmer's share in it, we should remember that this proceeding had the sanction of all the Judges (except one, Hales)—that Lady Jane Grey's husband was his declared enemy—and that the case very closely resembles that of the succession of William III., afterwards adopted with success. It seemed, too, very probable that by so doing he would seal his own condemnation: for there could be little prospect of the plan succeeding, and Mary was not likely to overlook the conduct of so Protestant an Archbishop, and one who had given sentence against her mother. And so, as you know, it came to pass. Many Bishops are immediately deprived and imprisoned. Cranmer is urged to fly while he may. He replied, "If I was accused of parricide, or any such crime, I might perhaps be induced to fly, though innocent. But now that it is a question of my faith not towards man but God, and of the faith of Holy Scripture against Papal errors, I am resolved to act with the constancy that becomes a Christian prelate, and to quit my life rather

than my country." He therefore sets his house in order—pays all his debts—arranges all his worldly business—and awaits his fall. It comes speedily, but scarcely in the way he had expected : for few could have expected that it would have come through that same suffragan of his whom he had forgiven for conspiring against his life before—the Bishop of Dover. But the occasion mattered little, for if it had not been on this, it would assuredly have been on some other. And so now Cranmer is imprisoned in the Tower of London. The number of his fellow-prisoners, however, is so great that he is obliged to share the same apartment with—whom do you think?—Ridley, Latimer, and Bradford. Happy providence—for these great hearts now impart spiritual gifts to each other largely. They are removed from London to Oxford : and here a deputation from the Convocation dispute with Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer—a day with each—April 1554. They are then asked if they will subscribe certain articles embodying Transubstantiation. Each having answered that he will not, sentence of Excommunication is read over them, and they are remanded to prison. And for a year and a-half they are kept here. You will do well to read a little book that Miles Coverdale made of the letters they now wrote.

During this time, you will recollect, Mary was married to Philip of Spain—a fearful persecutor—son of the Emperor Charles V. (July 1554): and this greatly strengthens the hands of the Catholic party. The Commons and Lords sue for Reconciliation with Rome, and receive it through Cardinal Pole, and there is a National Thanksgiving on the occasion, and a formal Absolution. And then Persecution begins afresh. Three hundred persons are burnt one after another—and thirty thousand are said to have suffered exile or spoiling of their goods—for Protestantism—its enemies being the accountants. In the February of the new year,



John Rogers, John Bradford, Bishop Hooper, and Rowland Taylor—very reverend names—are burnt with many others, with a cruelty on the part of their enemies, and a fortitude on their part, which do much to strengthen our faith in a Future Judgment. Then on the 15th of October, Latimer and Ridley are burnt at Oxford, Latimer prophesying as he died, “Be of good comfort, Master Ridley; we shall this day light such a candle, by God’s grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out.” Cranmer’s final trial is yet further deferred until February 1556, when he is tried before a Papal Commission. Now Cranmer three several times signs papers which generally and vaguely imply a submission to the Pope as Head of the Church of England, and that he ought to be so, as his being so is now in accordance with the will of the Queen of England: but he will do no more than this, and when brought on the 14th of February into Christ Church, Oxford, he appeals in all matters of doctrine from the Pope to a General Council. So far only now, I say: but on the 16th he himself draws up and signs a Paper in which he asserts his belief in “all the Articles of the Christian Religion and Catholic Faith, as the Catholic Church doth believe, and hath believed from the beginning.” And before the 12th of March he has signed another Paper, which “anathematised the heresy of Luther and Zwingle, acknowledged one only Church of which the Pope is Head, as Vicar of CHRIST, to whom all the faithful must submit themselves: admitted Transubstantiation, Seven Sacraments, Purgatory, and Prayers to Saints, and acknowledged that he agreed in all things with the belief of the Catholic and Roman Church.” Sad is this, most sad: and useless too, for no Reverse of Sentence follows this Recantation of Opinion. Cranmer is left by the Queen to die.

On the 21st of March, Cranmer is brought from prison into St Mary’s Church, no longer dressed as a bishop, but clothed

meanly, and as a common culprit. There is a vast course, and pressure—the people expecting that he will read now publicly this last Paper that he has signed. So he is placed on a platform opposite the pulpit, and during a sermon which is now being preached, Cranmer is seen to weep bitterly. When the sermon is over, and all is silence, Cranmer takes a paper and reads it as he stands—it is a Prayer merely : and then he kneels down and says the Lord's Prayer, and all the crowd of the congregation kneel too, and join in it aloud. Rising he draws forth another paper, and begins to read. This clearly is his dying speech : the crushing crowd are hushed, and in breathless suspense : they hear him at first but faintly, but what they miss is but of general exhortation : they grow restless with the pain of the pressure, but they now hear him saying the Apostles' Creed, and having done it he speaks louder, saying that he now comes to that great thing that so much troubled his conscience above anything he has done or said in his life past. And now the strain of body and of mind is at its height : it cannot endure long, but all is quite still while he says :—'And that is, the setting abroad of writings contrary to the truth which I thought in my heart, and written for fear of death, and to save my life, if it might be ; I mean, all such bills and papers as I have written or signed with my hand since my degradation—wherein I have written many things untrue. And forasmuch as my hand offended, writing contrary to my heart, my hand shall first be punished therefor, for when I come to the fire it shall first be burned. And as for the Pope, I refuse him as CHRIST's enemy and Antichrist, with all his false doctrine. And as for the Sacrament, I believe as I have taught in my book against the Bishop of Winchester, the which my book teacheth so true a doctrine of the Sacrament, that it shall stand at the last day before the judgment of God, when the papistical doctrine contrary

thereto shall be ashamed to shew his face.' He can scarcely make these last words heard, for all cry out against him, and accuse him of falsehood and dissembling. He answers, 'Ah, my masters, do not take it so : always since I have lived, I have been a hater of falsehood and a lover of simplicity, and never before this time have I dissembled'—and more : but all further was dumb show, his voice being overwhelmed with hootings and rude shouts. They hurry him away to the spot where his happier brethren had witnessed their confession. And here he now stands for a moment, covering his face, and then kneels and is wrapt in prayer. They place him at the stake, and the moment he feels the fire he thrusts his right hand into the flame, and holds it there unflinchingly, exclaiming often, 'This unworthy right hand;' and when it has been consumed, he says, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit,' and expires.

Such is the story of Thomas Cranmer—Archbishop and Martyr, as we say. A good man and a wise one, on the whole, I judge, though it may be not a strong man beyond others. But this matter of strength is one which will be very variously judged of according to the judge's own temperament and experiences. Mine lead me to say that Cranmer has been harshly judged of on the whole and underrated, because the difficulties and burdens of a Religious Reformation have been not adequately felt. In my judgment these are far greater and more harassing to an earnest and cultured mind than those with which a Civil Ruler or a Military Leader has to do. Not only is there a higher sacredness about the things with which such an one is conversant and the aims he has before him, but the effects of his measures tell instantly and permanently on men's souls—they are spiritual and they are everlasting. The doubts and fears with which such high blessings and hopes are associated—the having to move constantly amid springs which move infinite

issues—the awful unsettling of myriads of minds—the wrenching from them the supports they have been bred up to consider as divine provisions for their spirit's needs—the turning them adrift on the great ocean of Free Inquiry with little more than Private Judgment for a compass—and all this done with a more vivid consciousness than others have of a Present and a Future Judgment of God—these things I should imagine were perhaps the very utmost pressure that a human spirit could bear. We indeed in our times must ever find it difficult even to imagine what this burden was to one who, like Cranmer, had been born and bred beneath the shelter of Infallibility. We live in times in which liberty of Dissent from received dogmas has come to be considered as a kind of indisputable birthright, and when the confusion of the counsels of the Doctors on almost every point affords not only a pretext for the superficial, but even a relief for the earnest, in the exercise of the awful prerogative of Private Judgment. But in Cranmer's time it was yet a fearful thing to do, to dissent from the great body of Christendom; and quite different qualities were then required for the assertion of doctrinal or ecclesiastical peculiarities from those which now would suffice for even the most bold denial of the most sacred traditions. But even yet I believe that there are some who will understand how that, as there is no tyranny so great as that of soul over soul, so also is there no heroism so great as that which by mental conflict sets the bound in spirit free. However, in all cases this may be said, that the burden will be heavier or lighter—the struggle more or less severe—according to the degree of culture, and of native sympathy with spiritual interests, which may characterise the mind of him who is the agent of the Reform. In such case a Luther will feel less than a Cranmer: partly it is true because he has more faith and a clearer vision: but partly also because he has less culture and a more limited horizon.

Luther too, had some peculiar advantages for his exercise of the strong will he was endowed with, from the thorough independence of his position. Standing alone he could stand firmer. He was for a while the sole responsible agent in the great work of Reformation, and he originated nothing which he did not feel impelled to from within. He chose his field of battle, and his weapons, and his adversaries. And he had thus the consciousness that if he, one man, could fight and conquer myriads, it clearly was because his Cause was the cause of God. But most different from this was the case of Cranmer. He did not originate the movement which he was called upon to guide. He was necessarily but the agent of a higher earthly mind—sometimes even but its instrument—and that mind one but very partially in unison with his own, or even in sympathy with the cause which he wished to promote ; at least it was but in full sympathy with one portion of that cause, and that the lower and more worldly. Assuredly too, we must never forget that Cranmer's task was a double one—that of a Statesman as well as a Reformer, and that of a Churchman as well as a Christian. And for such a task Wisdom was as much a necessity as Courage. Doubtless it is the commoner exhibition (and one which must always command the sympathy of our hearts) to see men who are deeply impressed with a desire for Reformation—men of great daring and decision—willing even to stake all their earthly life on some one point which they deem Truth or Duty : but, alas, how often does after history pronounce such point to be certainly not one from which the World or the Church may be moved—a point only possible to have been considered as such by those whose vision was weak by nature or distracted by accident—and that clearly such as they were fitted only to work out their own salvation, and not largely to help others to do the like. Such men History honours, but at the same time buries. It needs men of

more and other gifts than those of courage and conscientiousness, to rule the ages that are to come : and while large measure of sympathy and of praise is allotted to those who Dare rather than who Do—who stake much that is personally valuable and gain little that is permanently so—we may not justly, I think, omit to give some tribute of our admiration to those who by sacrificing some of their own highest aspirations gain much more for others than they ever would have of themselves acquired. And this I think was the case with Cranmer. And how often do we hear it declared by statesmen of all times, that the man fitted to do good in a free country is one who shall exhibit such self-control and temporary tolerance of present abuses as may enable him ultimately to effect large reforms peacefully—one who will be content to achieve, or accept, instalments of possible good—and that it is only the weak that are passionate, only the inexperienced that are impracticable. Cranmer then ought, I conceive, to be judged in this way—more especially as he was a man all of whose opinions and professions would have made any other conduct in him inconsistent—his views as a Churchman harmonising precisely with his views as a Statesman. What Cranmer deemed most important in Christianity—so important as to be superior in kind to all else connected with it—was its Creed and its Worship—all its Traditions which were not Scriptural he believed to be questionable, and all its Institutions which were not Sacramental he believed to be indifferent. He certainly did not believe that any scheme of ecclesiastical government was of exclusively Divine appointment, but rather that all were of God in proportion as they were for Good: therefore he could not consistently be expected to manifest any outbreak of enthusiasm to defend or push on any special plan amid all hazard and against all opposition. And in addition to this it was an early and funda-

mental conviction of his that there was not only a Dignity, but also a Divinity, in civil relationships—a dignity and a divinity equal to that which there was in ecclesiastical: and that there was even about the Kingly estate a sacredness and supremacy which attached to no other functionary on earth. And the problem which he had conceived himself called especially to solve being that of remodelling the Historical National Church of England, and not the construction of a new Church on any theoretical plan at all—he could not but allow himself in so doing to be swayed by a will—his King's will—which not only in itself was so strong, but also was presented to him under a character almost sacred. That Cranmer should have attributed, in a Constitutional Commonwealth like that of England, a sacredness to the Kingly function overwhelming that of the other powers that be in it—I indeed deeply regret—for this error of his bore most deadly fruit under the House of Stuart—but still it was with him so conscientious a conviction, and is one which has been deliberately shared by so many noble hearts, that actions simply in accordance with it cannot be considered impeachments of his integrity.

But Cranmer was a Persecutor. In one sense he always was apparently: in one instance he certainly was especially. That instance far be it from me to defend: though even that should still be judged with reference to the general tone of feeling which characterised all men—even the best men—of his times. For until long after Cranmer's time English Protestants put to death their fellow Protestants: and abroad Calvin and Beza were what Cranmer was: and I believe that it is not untrue to say, that many of those who died so nobly for their own opinions, would not have thought it wrong to have made others die for theirs. Many of those who thus suffered would not have objected—or at least did not object—to being burnt if they were Heretics. They

never pleaded large principles of Toleration in their own case, or in that of others— but only special exemptions : not that Burning for Heresy was wrong, but that it was wrong to consider their opinions as Heretical. On all hands it is admitted that Cranmer's nature was abhorrent from cruelty, and some even think that he was a man below Revenge rather than above it. He strove hard to save Frith by personal argument and persuasion, and More and Fisher and Cromwell—who were not, you must remember, put to death for their religion's sake—by earnest intercession with the King. No persecution indeed (save in one case) originated with Cranmer : he was but at most a passive persecutor : he consented to men's deaths when he could not prevent them ; allowing the law to take its course, and not striving to alter the law—this was I think (save in one case) the amount of Cranmer's Persecution.

But Cranmer's Recantation—what is to be said of that ? Why, first of all, it is not to be denied—it is to be unreservedly and unequivocally admitted. Cranmer did Recant, and that simply from the hope of Life—from the fear of Death. And this was, it is fully confessed, a weak disappointing of our hopes from which we must withhold everything but our pity. But seeing how humbled he was for his weakness himself, and how afterwards he nobly recovered himself to constancy, I do not know that we need say more. It is by no means enough to obliterate a long catalogue of Christian graces, or to neutralise the effect of a whole lifetime of hard service, that a man in his old age cannot face fire without flinching. Better, indeed, and far nobler, they who with equal foresight of the Future, and with a greater assurance of Faith—as that army of contemporary Martyrs—can desire to depart and deliberately choose to die. No heroism can be greater than for a man in the fulness of his strength—his natural force not at all abated—in the midst of many



duties and many interests—loving and beloved—with large culture of the mind, and complex far-stretching sympathies, cheerfully to give up all at the first summons from within or clear call from above—either, like Elijah, to wait in open day for Translation in a Chariot of Fire, or, like Moses, to go up unto some mountain top and be no more seen. And our souls' deepest reverence be to such, for these are indeed the true Legislators and Prophets and Apostles of mankind. But let not all honour be denied to those whose spirit and whose flesh were both more weak, but yet who, amidst all the weakness of their nature, could endure great things which they might have avoided if they would not have witnessed for Truth, and whose consciousness of weakness and penitence for shortcomings, were of themselves large additions to their sufferings. Such surely may yet be revered by such as we—we who live in days when absence of comfort is considered synonymous with positive hardship, when elementary discipline is deemed a yoke too heavy for us to bear, and when we have almost lost the remembrance of the significance of a Cross. Verily it is not for us to judge even a Cranmer harshly : and it might help even the most self-relying to judge him more mildly if they thought more frequently of Peter. Well, like Peter, Cranmer fell, and like Peter, when fallen, weeping, he rose again to fall no more.

Cranmer, then, on the whole I thus judge. He was a man scarcely to be fairly comprehended within my definition of a Great Man ; but at the same time assuredly not harshly to be excluded. A man exercising large influence over his times—and those times the most critical of our history—and exercising this influence deliberately and thoughtfully, but waiting upon Providence rather than originating much himself : a pilot in a storm rather than a commander in a battle, but this in a storm which he did not raise and which none but he perhaps could have steered through with the same

safety and the same success. A man truly of little animal hardihood, of languid temperament, and it may be too yielding: but always pliable through amiability rather than through subtlety: and if becoming too much to too many, yet always more for their sakes than for his own. Not a soldier but a scholar: a studious, gentle, considerate, reverend man: constitutionally modest, conscientiously cautious: more naturally suited to administer with dignity and with wisdom a church that was already established, than by the vigour and prowess of resolute championship to wage life-long war for its establishment against all enemies. A man, finally, whose faults were mainly physical, and whose virtues were specifically spiritual—a man who, if we cannot call him Great in any assemblage of this world's Heroes, we may say, I think, has been and is and will be great in the kingdom of God in Earth and in Heaven.

And now a few words on our English Reformation and I will hasten to a conclusion. No one of you then, I think, can have failed to notice how different in its origin and course our Reformation was from that in Germany. The German Reformation arose and was carried on very principally by individual Reformers—men in no kind of authoritative station, but the rather having against them all constituted authorities political and ecclesiastical. It was the working of Faith in Great Truths which originated and sustained the German Reformation: it was the practical revelation of a new Doctrine that overthrew the old Discipline: its changes were all wrought by individual Conviction and Conversion. It was no political or party movement: but simply and solely a Religious movement—a movement grounded on no limited principles, and arising from no local causes—but a matter of thoroughly human interest—intelligible to all Christians equally; having its foundations laid deep in the very heart of man—in his sense of Responsibility, and in the

very essence of the Gospel—in its doctrine of Free Grace. Whatever might be the case with some of the subordinate and accidental accompaniments of this great fact—however much these may require, or admit of elaborate explanations, and all manner of philosophical or other exposition—you may be sure of this, that as far as its real essence and its fundamental principles are concerned, it requires no subtle arguments, no fine writing, either to understand or to justify it. It was the cause of the Common people against all other kind of people—the assertion especially of the rights of the Laity against the claims of the Clergy—the proclamation of the supremacy of the individual conscience over all else, and of the Written Word over all ecclesiastical customs—the maintenance of the mere Gospel against all Traditions whatsoever. It was, in fact, an Insurrection of the oppressed Conscience of Christendom against ecclesiastical despotism, and a Protest against the imposition for the future of any legal or outward yoke of bondage on those whom the Truth of CHRIST had made Free indeed. And as such it was preached from the first—only more and more distinctly and loudly as opposition waxed stronger and fiercer—and as such it has so approved itself to so many, that the Reformation of the Sixteenth Century no century that succeeds it will ever be able to counteract or to repeal.

But the Reformation in England (though practically and substantially it has now, as I believe, come to the same issue) did not originate in the same cause, nor proceed in the same course. The Reformation in England was at first more political than religious—more national than Christian—and took its rise from the highest authorities of the State, and not from out of the midst of the people: In Germany the Reformation ascended from the people to their social and ecclesiastical superiors: in England it descended from these to the great body of the people: and while in Germany it

was from the first and always most engaged with the primary principles of the Gospel, and built up its new institutions on these alone—in England it was at first concerned chiefly with Discipline and Polity rather than with Doctrine and Worship—with matters of national and ecclesiastical interest rather than of thoroughly evangelical importance: and in the new order of things to which it gave birth, it proceeded on a most careful consideration of the relations of English life and history to those of past times and foreign connexions. In fact, in Germany the Reformation was a spontaneous impulse—doubtless in manifold inscrutable ways connected with much that went before it, but yet having no visible History—while in England it was preceded, as I said at first, by a long series of historical facts which all exercised a large and an obvious influence in producing those critical events which took place in the reign of Henry the Eighth.

And this historical development of the English Reformation gives a peculiarity to the character and the claims of our English Church which I think it of the utmost importance that we should fully recognise and frequently consider. A few more words then on this subject and I will have done.

I must at once say then that our present National Church is to me a matter of admiration and of thankfulness equally profound. I look upon it as a Providential Gift to this country of quite inestimable value, and I trust and pray that the present relations between the Church and State may substantially long be continued: and I deem it a privilege beyond all price, and a lot the highest that I covet on earth, to be one of its humblest and obscurest ministers. But while I so say, I think it but just for me also to say, that I cannot, and do not, make any exclusive claims for the Church of England—I cannot, and do not, represent it as having

any explicit constitution given to it by God—nor could I uphold it with the same fervour if there were not allowed both by it and by the State, full freedom of dissent from it. For truly it is a most notable characteristic of our Church that it is by no means a simple institution, but on the contrary a very complex one: not merely Scriptural but also Historical: embodying in it traces of every portion, it may be, of our national existence. It always presents itself figuratively to my mind as an edifice of no one order of Architecture, but rather of very many and various orders—containing within it specimens and traces of almost every variety of style that has ever prevailed in England: of Roman as well as Gothic, of Saxon and Norman, of the Early English and the Decorated, of Tudor and especially Elizabethan. And not even only this, but it seems to me as an edifice not merely for worship, but also largely for social and political life: made up in part of the catholic cathedral, in part of the feudal castle: in part of the palace, in part of the cottage: as a group of buildings rather than as one, and even as a City of God rather merely than His Temple: and all combined into a whole by no genius of a superior human Architect, and on no principles scientifically consistent, but rather by that indefinite Spirit presiding over and pervading equally a Nation's and a Church's life, for which I know no truer name than the Providence of God. Most assuredly our National Church has grown to be what it is, not by any preconceived and theoretically consistent plan, but by a series and combination of political and social events which it did not originate and could not prevent, but was permitted in a great measure to control. And not even only this: but it has also received benefits and committed errors which must now largely modify the claims and affect the character which it might have had if it had been erected on any independent base, or constructed on any

theoretic principles. The true temper, therefore, of the English Churchman must be ever one of Thankfulness and of Humility, of Gentleness and of Charity. For he cannot but remember that his Church owes not only the largest portion of its Edifices and its Endowments, but also that great scheme of National Parochial Subdivision which is the prominent glory of its present position, to the piety and the wisdom of that Church from which it separated: and that it owes a large amount of that Nonconformity and Dissent which is our misery and our shame, to a want of piety and wisdom which is peculiarly its own. He will know and feel that from the circumstances of its history—a history antedating that of every other Institution of our nation, and all throughout intimately mixed up with that of our civil life—it has come to abound in all kinds of theoretic anomalies, and to embody in it manifold observances which are wide deviations from primitive practice; and therefore he will never think of attaching to it the character of a normal institution, but view it always as a special adaptation of the Christian spirit and the Church life to the varying needs of a great and a growing people. He will not therefore attempt to force upon all equally a yoke which he may find it easy to wear, only because a complicated richly-coloured covering is that which the accumulated civilization of centuries has accustomed him to in other departments of his life. Understanding like Cranmer, the founder and first builder of our Reformed Ecclesiastical Edifice, how there has been no Divine Pattern of a Church left us in the Gospel, and therefore how on Protestant principles there can be none universally obligatory, he will ground the claims of our Church upon its spiritual worth rather than upon its traditional authority. He will set forth ever as its most prominent and most sacred claims—its faithful tradition of the pure Gospel in its authorised formularies—its opening for all and for ever

the sources of all Christian Revelation to the English nation by its Translation and Proclamation of the Bible in a language that may be understood by the commonest of the people—upon its reasonable and reverend forms of worship—upon its immense social and civilising benefits—these things and the like, I say, he will ever dwell on more than on its superior observance of Scriptural precedents, or its exclusive possession of Spiritual prerogatives. Indeed every true English Churchman, I think, must ever remember and revere so much the example which his own Church has given of resistance to all exclusive claims of ecclesiastical authority, and to all attempts to monopolise the Spirit of CHRIST, or to Romanise, or in any other way to Sectarianise, the Catholic Church—that he will rejoice at every new Reformation that is an advance towards a truer Liberty, and bless God for every growth in grace in others that is greater than his own. Cultivating this temper of mind, and continually striving after a Reformation in our own individual hearts, I believe that we shall best promote the welfare of that portion of the Church of CHRIST to which we have the blessed privilege of belonging, and shall do most to bring about that consummation so devoutly to be wished—the accomplishment of the Saviour's Prayer—"That they all may be One—as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee—that they also may be One in Us—that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me." Amen.

## OLIVER CROMWELL.

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Civil and Religious Liberty are most intimately connected with each other : and if that Reformation in our country in the Sixteenth century of which I last month spoke to you be of the first importance to us, those two Revolutions which took place in the century that followed—with the former of which I would this evening engage your attention—can be justly regarded as only in a very small degree inferior to it. Indeed it seems to me that these three great events in our national history must be judged of together if we would understand the true significance of each, and appreciate the full measure of our country's Protestantism.

But there is so much to be said on this matter this evening in our meditation on the story of OLIVER CROMWELL, that I must make to you only a very few introductory remarks. Indeed the difficulty of speaking to you about Cromwell proceeds very principally from the great abundance and complexity of the materials of his history. Perhaps there never was any portion of any country's history concerning which such a quantity of written matter has been issued : matter of the most diverse qualities : truly a mass : miscellaneous, heterogeneous : dense and dull, heavy and heaped up :




wearisome to move, burdensome to carry : intolerable in many respects in any way to deal with. But at the same time I must say that some very serious study of this period of our history is absolutely essential for every Englishman, or indeed for any other man, who would aspire to be in any sense Educated. And I think that a man can hardly put his powers to a better test than in trying to form for himself some credible history of this time : I know scarcely anywhere of such hard historical work to be done—such pressing demand upon a man's natural insight and judicial faculties : such strong stern trial of his moral courage—such a thorough searching of his religious sympathies. A man is here brought into close contact—inevitable confronting—with the very deepest facts of religious and social life ; and how he feels and comports himself in their presence, will assuredly give him to understand what manner of man he is—where his deepest sympathies lie—whither his real tendencies are leading him. And truly diverse have been the judgments which have been given already ; the majority, however, it may be said, to whatever extent differing as to the goodness of the cause, nearly all concurring as to the badness of the character of its great agent, Cromwell. Him they almost unanimously agree to pronounce an insincere man—a self-seeker : most able but most artful : most religious in speech, most worldly at heart ; having the form of godliness, but not its power : or if at first when obscure, sincere, then a Fanatic : and ever afterwards when successful, Hypocritical. I need not say that if I thought Cromwell this, or anything like this, he should have no voice of mine, here or elsewhere : but I think otherwise of him, and have always thought otherwise of him. My first attempt to estimate any historical character—many years ago now—was engaged with that of Oliver Cromwell : and from that time to this I have kept my mind open to all the light which has reached

me, and I am now of the same opinion as I was then, namely of this opinion, that Oliver Cromwell is one of the very greatest of Great Englishmen.

Understand, however, distinctly from the first that I do not hold up Cromwell to you as one in all things to be praised : very far from this indeed : No, with a very deep sense that he has been miserably misjudged by most, and that he has scarcely ever been duly appreciated by any, I do by no means consider him either an unblameable man, or an unexceptionable Christian. He was rather, I conceive, a Great Man with great faults : an immature Christian, but a fervently sincere one : a kind of man and of Christian I think by no means a fit product for us in this Nineteenth century of grace ; but still one very marvellously greater than any other which our England commonly produced two centuries ago. Indeed if you have remembered what I have said to you on former occasions with regard to what I consider the noblest kind of Christian product, I think you will see that I must have peculiar difficulty in speaking of Cromwell. He is a man so very far removed in many points from that tone and temper of the Christian character with which I have most sympathy, that I feel it a considerable effort to stand forth as a defender of him : but at the same time I feel so deeply the injustice which has been done to his character, generation after generation, and the substantial inner worth and nobleness of his soul amid all its outer crusts of earthiness, that it would be unpardonable in me, who have undertaken to uphold to you some of the Great Men of the world, to shrink from vindicating for Cromwell what I believe to be his due—even a position amidst the very Foremost Spirits of our race.

And now, though I clearly foresee that I have more to say to you than you may like to listen to, yet I must, before entering upon the actual story of Cromwell, beg you to bear

in mind two or three considerations which I cannot but think necessary to be carefully weighed by every one who would form a just judgment of this great matter. Consider then, first, how the case has been with Cromwell's story for the most part hitherto: it has been told us chiefly by his enemies: by men who have either hated him or his cause, or both, most fiercely, or by men of a temper more political than religious: by men who have defended despotism and despised the Gospel. It was first written in the days of the Restoration, when men gave themselves up unrestrainedly to the indulgence of hate against their predecessors—in the first flush of what they then deemed Victory, and before they had learned that that victory would have to be undone, and those Stuarts whom they had restored would have to be again dethroned. This last point I must beg you very particularly to bear in mind. Had these Stuarts been retained on that throne on which they were reseatd, and had they made England increasingly happier and better by their government—had they justified by realising the expectations of their adherents, and been substantially and sincerely promoters of Religion and Morality, of Justice and Constitutional Liberty—then indeed the invectives of their adherents against Cromwell might have been listened to with submission, as they would have fallen with some considerable force: but seeing that these two sons of Charles the First were far worse than their father—seeing that under them England was debased at home and abroad to a degree unprecedented in all her annals—seeing that their conduct was such that in the very same generation in which they were restored they were again dethroned, and for ever banished from the English soil—then, I say, this second act of the great English Revolution in the Seventeenth Century throws a very important light upon the first, and the Revolution of 1688 which we all consent to call 'Glorious' must be considered




as reflecting some of its glory upon that in which Cromwell was so great an agent. And really, are the men who made the great mistake of considering the House of Stuart as having an inalienable Divine right to rule over Englishmen—men who for long years fell prostrate before the most profligate of kings, and thought the while that they were doing God service—men who deemed the interests of CHRIST'S Church to be more promoted than endangered by the patronage of Charles and of James, and dared to identify His altar with their throne—are these the men whom we are to receive as authoritative judges of the Religion or Morality of Cromwell? It always seems to me that as the men who dethroned James the Second, whom they long had looked upon as ruling them by Divine Right, should ever have been silent about the rights of Englishmen, so the men who willingly served in the Court of Charles the Second should ever have abstained from accusing others of Hypocrisy or Irreligion.

And when we come to later times, who that has spoken ill of Cromwell's religious sincerity has been one whom an earnest Christian would take for his guide in anything else that enters deeply into the Christian Life? I for my part know not one: and therefore I have ever considered the character of Cromwell to have been unfairly dealt with, and that it was no presumption, but rather the clearest duty, for every earnest man carefully to re-examine the verdict of the majority before he repeated it as his own.

But after all, the influence of names and authority can be but temporary for any honest seeker after truth in this or in any other matter, and by such an one the main objections to Cromwell will probably arise from the character of the Cause of which he was the Champion. The first thing, then, for any one who desires to form a just judgment concerning Cromwell, is to make up his mind about this Cause of his—

whether it was a noble cause or otherwise. Was it a cause in which a true Christian and a true Englishman might be earnestly engaged? Was it a cause, I do not say absolutely the Best, but which might reasonably and honestly be considered the Better by the kind of men who adopted it for their own? That the Civil ground of the contest was sufficient on the part of the Parliament, I suppose to be now sufficiently admitted, because not only, as I have said, was the same course repeated and sanctioned by the whole nation subsequently, but because all our constitutional legislation from that time to this has been more and more characterised by those principles which were involved in the success of these Revolutionary struggles. But with the civil part of this question I am not going to occupy your attention at all largely this evening. The struggle in Cromwell's time was something much more than a civil one: and he himself was something much more than a successful Soldier and Ruler. That struggle was as much for Religious Liberty as for Civil: and Cromwell was the Champion of Puritanism as well as the Opponent of Despotism.

Now it is this Puritanism—and the offence which it is— which I believe to be at the root of men's aversion to Cromwell: and well indeed may men who dislike Puritanism dislike Cromwell, for he was the very highest product and impersonation of the spirit of Puritanism, if I understand him and it aright: no better specimen to be found anywhere of that singular form of Christianity than Cromwell, save indeed it be one who is yet better known to you—and I will venture to say is loved by those of you to whom he is known as you love few other men two centuries old—I mean JOHN BUNYAN. This man ever presents himself to me as the best type of the ordinary Puritan; and he surely is a man who was a true Christian, and one who has been honoured of God to be an instrument of converting and edifying very many souls—a



man whom we must honour too, if we would aspire to understand the mysteries of the kingdom of God on earth or in heaven. A few words then on Puritanism, and I will speak of Cromwell.

Puritanism, then, in so far as it was a Theory—though perhaps it was always more a Faith than a Creed—was built on the assumption that all true Christians constitute a peculiar people—a people as much chosen of God as the Hebrews were—and were intended to live according to a specially Revealed Law: that this Law was contained, complete and irreversible, within the Written Volume of the Bible: and that therefore the calling of the true Christian was to realise this law in individual and social life, and, if it might be, also in national: in fact, so in all ways to translate the Written Word into living action that there might become visible a kingdom of Heaven on earth—a species of Theocratic Commonwealth—in which Religion and Law should be identified, and in which all authority should be exercised and obeyed as unto the LORD and not unto man. This kind of Constitution then—social and political—in which Biblical Law should be above every Law, a Law at once universal and inflexible—required as its necessary complement a strong faith in an ever-living, ever-acting Providence over it—an expectation in those who lived under it of visible interpositions of its Invisible Head precisely the same in character, though differing in form, with those which were manifested to the Hebrews of old. They lived consciously under an ever-present Eye, and looked up to Heaven for its wrath or its favour, with quite as unhesitating an expectation of seeing some token of either according to their deeds, as one would do in the service of an inflexibly just earthly Master, or an indulgently kind earthly Father. To the Puritan as to the Hebrew, the Commandments of the Bible all came, as the awful Ten did, from out of the thunder and the lightning,

and he believed that he must obey them, or perish in his disobedience. He believed, in fact, that he had to do with an Invisible Omnipotent Being who executed judgment on transgressors of His law with an inflexible and infallible certainty which nothing but Repentance, and Humiliation, and Prayer, could avert: that his life, therefore, here on earth was a very awful gift: that he had a Divine Calling and a Heavenly Prize which it was 'the one thing needful' for him to make sure of: that he had a certain 'soul' which might and must be 'saved' or 'lost,' according as he 'walked with God' on earth, or did not—according as he did or did not renounce the world, the flesh, and the Devil, and strive with all his might, God helping him, to be CHRIST's faithful soldier and servant unto his life's end. Thus the Puritan believed not merely in a Supreme Mind but in a Sovereign Will: not in the laws of Nature and the like, but in the Commandments of the LORD GOD ALMIGHTY: in an ever present Person, not in a far-off First Cause: in a Particular, as well as in an Universal, Providence: aye, Heaven all above, Hell all beneath, and man's life on earth a 'Pilgrim's Progress'—a 'Holy War'—this was the Creed of the Puritan.

And truly there is a soul and a significance in this Puritanism, which is everlasting. It is the recognition of the reality of Good and Evil, and of the eternal and infinite Difference between the Two: it is the belief that men are summoned to be the servants and soldiers of the Being who is Supremely Good, and to fight with Him and for Him, against all Evil until it be destroyed out of this earth: and that if men do not thus fight, they are to be considered as Deserters, and will assuredly be conquered and cast out into that Hell which has been prepared from the beginning for the Devil and his servants. Life on earth, a work, a war, a grand gift, a noble stewardship—lying ever encom-

passed by Splendour and by Darkness infinite; a Law of Duty Eternal and Inflexible as the Heavens, which a man can transgress only at infinite peril, but may be enabled to obey to his infinite gain; an ever-active Omniscient Providence, always present to suggest and to succour, to guide and to guard, as well as to govern and to chastise; the Invisible in fact ever translucent through the Visible, and Spirit around and above ever in communion with Spirit within—these were the essential Articles of the Creed of the Puritan. And however this may appear to us, for these men of old it was a very authentic possession: a staff for their souls to lean on in trouble, and a weapon for them to fight with in war: bread they could nourish themselves with in life, and a Hope they could front Eternity with at any time rejoicingly. Men, as it seems to me, of souls much larger and deeper in many ways than ours, and of a faith, not like ours, argumentative and mental, but wholly self-abandoning—men of a noble aim, and of a quite awful devoutness: thinking most of the dues of Conscience and of the worth of the soul—of the Sacredness of Duty and of the Sublimity of Worship—dwelling and working ever as under the Eye of the Almighty Father—practically believing in The LIVING GOD.

All Puritans were doubtless not such as these: perchance but few: and even noble as the aim was of the Few, it was one which admitted of easy self-delusions. Alas, a visible Theocracy without a sensible Inspiration—this is an assumption so much ante-dating the Future as to be at least midway between Faith and Presumption, if insisted on as yet with any strictness of the letter. And I am quite prepared to admit that this Puritan Faith did often degenerate into Presumption, and that as they have represented themselves, as well as have been represented by their enemies, there is a vast quantity of their speech and action which may justly excite our aversion



rather than our sympathy. Their minds seem often so saturated with the history of the Old Testament as to have but little capacity for imbibing much of the spirit of the New, and they so indiscriminately mix up secular things with sacred, that they must produce in many minds an impression of inconsistency and confusion both singular and forbidding. Their strange and obtrusive use of Scriptural phraseology, and their incorrect and offensive methods of Scriptural interpretation, and their unweariable habit of Scriptural exposition—may readily and reasonably weary or disquiet us. And truly if they had only talked—and talked thus—we might then not have thought much of them: but these men that do thus, do they not do more? Ah, verily yes: so much more, I think, that he must indeed stand upon a higher elevation than their opponents hitherto have done, who can pretend altogether to look down upon them without a greater presumption than their own.

But now to Cromwell: and in order to lessen, though very hopelessly to remove, the difficulty caused by the comprehensiveness and complexity of Cromwell's story, I will endeavour to tell you only an outline of it, and trust to your correcting the inaccuracies, and filling in the blank spaces, of my story, afterwards at your leisure.

Oliver Cromwell was born in the last year of the sixteenth century—on the 25th of April—at Huntingdon. He was by birth a gentleman, living neither in any considerable height, nor yet in obscurity. He was of the same family stock with that of the Thomas Cromwell whom we met with in the histories of More and Cranmer. His father, Robert Cromwell, was a younger brother of that Sir Oliver Cromwell who so magnificently entertained James on his Progress from Scotland to take possession of the throne of England: and he himself sat in one Parliament as member for the town of Huntingdon: but when Oliver was born he was

engaged in business principally. Our Oliver was the fifth of his ten children, and educated at the Town Grammar School, and then at Sidney Sussex College at Cambridge—the date of his admission here being the day of Shakespere's death, 23d of April, 1616. But neither here, nor heretofore, was he at all of a studious disposition: he has had little culture before he comes up to college, and has grown up somewhat stubborn and self-willed, rude and rough: and now he seems little likely to be much better. He has not, however, been long here when his father dies, and his mother, being now left with a large family and but moderate means, is anxious that he should be doing something that may be profitable: and so he removes from Cambridge to London—to study law. This, however, he does not do: he rather wastes his energies and his time in profitless pursuits and pleasures: in gambling and in riotous living, it may be.

But he does not stay long here either, for when he is but one and twenty he marries a daughter of Sir James Bourchier's, and then returns to live with his mother and sisters at Huntingdon—as a farmer and magistrate. And here he has nine children born to him: and here, too, and now, he himself is spiritually 'born again,' as it would seem. For losing sight of him awhile, we find a great change has come over him. The rough, riotous, animal youth has become a grave, serious, and somewhat melancholy man. He is now the friend of Persecuted Puritans: he entertains them in his house: he listens to their doctrines—he reads his Bible: he feels a new spirit coming into him—from no special cause, but hearing the Word: a spirit which has warred against the flesh, and is conquering now. Cromwell's whole nature is stirred to its depths: is fermenting: a fearful process, a joyful result—but a result visible to all—unquestionable: for whereas he was carnal, now he is becoming spiritual; many

old things are passing away in him, and many things becoming new.

And this change in Cromwell's character has made a great change in the feelings of his neighbourhood towards him. Of old he was not much liked there, and had lost the friendship of his worthy old uncle and godfather, Sir Oliver—which he now regains; and has come to be so much thought of by his fellow-townsmen, that they elect him their Representative in Parliament. And so in 1628 he goes up to London to attend in his place in that Parliament which you will recollect framed the celebrated Petition of Right, and passed resolutions against Illegal Tonnage and Poundage—in both of which he took part. But his first speech was on a matter at this time more characteristic of his state of mind. It was on 'The Committee of Religion' that he first spoke, and here against 'the flat Popery' of some of the Bishops and Clergy. A man of no special mark now perhaps, but one whose mind is deeply meditating what he sees: a mind learning much daily through those two great Teachers of a Great Manhood, Observation and Sympathy: a somewhat awful mind to have looking on in that time and place. For it could not but see the wrong side of things uppermost, and this was almost the same thing in such a mind with an instant effort to turn these things upside down. Bad men in high places, weak men in power; the righteous suffering—if not in silence, yet only under protest: and the unrighteous ruling all recklessly—much does such a mind brood over these things, and whether it might not be, may not be, otherwise. All around him say, Impossible: Cromwell says, Almost Impossible. But the Parliament is suddenly dissolved, and Cromwell goes back again to Huntingdon, pondering these things. He will do what he can however, in his private station, to promote the preaching of the true Gospel, and to oppose the Religious Formalism of the times. And so he engages in promoting

a scheme which there is now among the Puritans of establishing Lectureships over the country. This is a plan of buying certain 'Lay Improvements' which give right of ecclesiastical presentations: and they vest these in 'Feoffees,' who put into the cures a peculiar class of clergy, who preached at times and places which were supplementary to those occupied by the regular incumbents. These, however, are soon suppressed by Laud and his Star Chamber—but not without having done much good in their short life.

In 1631 Oliver sells his property in Huntingdon, and stocks a large farm at St Ives with the money he gets for it: and here lives a thoroughly English country life—a life of robust out-of-doors work; of abundant buying and selling—substantial honest dealing; given to hospitality: of blunt speech and great household worth; truthful, kindly, religious. But Cromwell, though well to do in the world, and with a prospect too of doing better, is not happy: for a concern for the public welfare overclouds all private enjoyment. And truly his country is not well to do, as he is, with a prospect of doing better. No, Public Liberty seems dying daily. Continual fresh reports of Tyranny reach him—the religious persecutions of Laud—the illegal measures of the Ministers. They cut off Prynne's ears, and begin to levy ship-money. But Hampden (Cromwell's cousin) will pay no ship-money, and in public opinion succeeds in his opposition to it. As his cousin has taken up the Civil grievance, shall he take up the Religious? He will think of it.

In 1635 he removes to Ely, for he has been left some considerable property there, and he will manage it himself. And so for the next three years he is engaged in these matters, tranquilly, save that in 1638 he opposes with great vigour some Royal encroachments in the matter of draining that great Fen country in which he lives. It does not appear that he was opposed to the object: but the special

means now to be employed by the Government for effecting it, he thought so unjust, that the good object would be bought too dearly at the price of submission : and so he put himself at the head of a resistance to the scheme, and succeeded in preventing it. And here by his fearless maintenance of what he believed to be Right against Power—a resistance in those days not to be exercised without great personal risk—he clearly ascertains his power, and makes out his title to be a Leader of men. And so impressed with this seem those about him, that when Charles calls a Parliament in 1640, Cromwell is returned for Cambridge. This Parliament, you will recollect, is dismissed in three weeks : but another is called in the November of the same year ; which is destined to sit longer than any Parliament ever sat, and is known in history as the Long one : and Cromwell is again returned for Cambridge.


And now follow rapidly those events which are doubtless as familiar to you as household history, and which I will not weary you by dwelling on : but you must permit me just to enumerate them in order that I may speak of some of them more presently. The King then, having failed in his attempts to overawe this Parliament (to which I have said Cromwell was returned) and forcibly to seize five of its members, retires from London and endeavours to raise an army in opposition to the Parliament, and sets up his standard at Nottingham in August, 1641. The Parliament raises an army for its defence, in which Cromwell rises from being captain of a troop to be Captain General. The first engagement between the Royal and Parliamentary forces is at Edge Hill (on the edge of Warwickshire) : and Cromwell is here with Hampden. It is but an inconsiderable affair : but it suggests to a great mind a great thought—to Cromwell this : That a good cause will never prosper with bad soldiers : that to cope with men of Honour they must have men of Religion :

that men having the fear of God before them are the only men who will have the fear of wrong : and that men who 'make some conscience of what they do' are the only men who can justly fight for Civil and Religious Liberty. His cousin Hampden says to this, It is a good notion if it could be executed. Cromwell thinks that any notion that is good may be executed—ought to be—must be.

And so he instantly, but amidst explosive derision, sets about executing this, and gradually succeeds. He will from this day henceforth allow no new man to serve under him whom he believes to be a mere hireling—no man who is not what he calls 'a man of principle.' And so his men—'those psalm-singing fellows'—in time get the name of Ironsides, and wherever he and they appear they conquer : they never were once beaten in all their battles. Truly from the very outset of Cromwell's career, wherever he is there is success, and wherever he is not there is defeat. He is successful at Croyland, at Stamford, at Gainsborough, and at Winceby Fight (October 11, 1643), where he is sole captain: and when third in command, he it is that turns the tide to victory at Marston Moor (July 2, 1644). But at the second battle of Newbury, where he is now ordered to join Lord Essex, he is absolutely not allowed to conquer—being kept back by his General. How is this? Why clearly Lord Essex does not wish to beat the King—so Cromwell sees: and if this be the case, Cromwell judges that the war is not honest, and therefore not just, or justifiable. He feels and declares that War is not lawful at all unless it be so carried on that a man can earnestly long for Victory—praying to God for it with all his soul, and thanking Him humbly and heartily when it is vouchsafed: that War never must be a Game, but always is either a Duty or a Sin; it must be 'made Conscience of'—all else is hypocritical. If he, therefore, is to have anything more to do with it, things must be put on a new footing.

So Cromwell and his friends contrive 'The New Model' for the Army, and 'The Self-denying Ordinance' for the Commanders: and these measures having to be passed through a Parliament the majority of whom are Presbyterians, and at variance with his party (the Independents), if they are adopted it must be from a perception of their necessity or of their wisdom, his adversaries being the judges. They pass; and Sir Thomas Fairfax, a Presbyterian, is appointed General, and Cromwell is disqualified from serving further. But soon Fairfax, getting into trouble, begs Parliament to dispense for a while with the Ordinance in Cromwell's case, and to send him down to his assistance. Parliament does so, and two days afterwards follows the great victory of Naseby, very principally through the courage and capacity of Cromwell. Then follow the siege of Bristol and the surrender of Prince Rupert, the affair at Basing House, and the King's flight from Oxford (which has been long his head quarters) to the Scots' army at Newark—which may be considered as the closing of the First Act of this great War in the summer of 1646.

How the Scotch army surrender the King to the Parliament, and how Cornet Joyce transfers the King from the custody of the Parliament to that of the Army, and how there are manifold dissensions between the Parliament and the Army, and equally manifold negotiations between the Army and the King—how the King is confined at Hampton Court, and is allowed to escape from it, and yet knows nothing better to do with himself than to surrender himself again in the Isle of Wight—and how there are Royalist risings in Wales, and a mutiny of a part of the Fleet—and the Second Act of the War begins, by the entrance into England of an army of 40,000 Scots under the Duke of Hamilton, in August 1648. Cromwell is sent for out of Wales to fight the Scotch: he comes with swiftness, and with force, and disperses the



Scotch multitude at Preston utterly—taking their chief and many thousands of prisoners, with scarcely any loss at all to himself. He goes on to Scotland, and thoroughly completes his work : but before he has done it there have been carried on fresh negotiations with the King, which result in nothing but a thorough conviction on the part of the negotiators of such insincerity on the part of the King as must render it useless ever to attempt any further treaties. The House of Commons indeed, by a majority of 46, are willing to take further measures of negotiation, but Colonel Pride ‘purges’ the House of 41 members, and so the majority becomes a minority : and now active measures are taken against the King. A High Court of Justice for trying and judging of Charles Stuart, King of England, is constituted—of 135 members : Oliver Cromwell is one of these, and attends every session of this Court but one, and on the 29th of January, 1649, is the third of Fifty-six to sign a warrant for his death.

On the death of the King, a Council of State is formed to settle the nation : of this Cromwell is a member, but Bradshaw is President. The kingdom is now provisionally constituted a ‘Commonwealth,’ but the old laws and customs are administered in the accustomed manner, and very nearly by the same persons as before. There is very little constitutional or social Revolution—no bloodshed, or cruelty, of any kind.

But Cromwell acts now for four years to come rather as a military servant of the Parliament than as one of its Political Leaders. He is almost instantly appointed by them to reduce Ireland to order. You will remember that there was a rebellion there in 1641—a kind of Irish St. Bartholomew—in which it is said forty thousand persons were massacred, principally Protestants—and it has never got to peace again since. For nine years a most insane war has



been raging : Cromwell, by merciful severity, concludes it in nine months.

After that time Cromwell returns to England, being most imperatively needed to settle Scotland now. He is constituted Captain General of the forces of the Commonwealth (Fairfax declining), and instantly marches with great swiftness for the north. This campaign of his in Scotland is as remarkable too as that of his in Ireland, in revealing to us the true character of Cromwell. In the one case, he believed he had to fight against the enemies both of the Lord and of the Commonwealth : and he wars like a Hebrew : in the other, he believes he has to fight against all as the enemies of the Commonwealth indeed, but also against many who are the friends of God, and he wars like a Christian—if that be possible. He is indeed no less brave and bold—no less resolute and vigorous : but he is ever gentle in his strength, pitiful in his wrath : treating his enemies as misled brethren merely : anxious to hurt them no more than is necessary for their own good, and earnestly beseeching them to make peace with him. He argues, he exhorts : he teaches and he preaches : but he cannot persuade : so under protest he fights : and if ever there was an answer from Heaven to an appeal to Christian arms, it was given at Dunbar, on the 3d of September, 1651. For it is made under all seeming disadvantage by Cromwell, and yet of the Scotch force Three Thousand are slain, and Ten Thousand are taken prisoners : and of Cromwell's army, not half so numerous as the Scotch, there is not a loss of Thirty men. The remainder of the Scotch forces, with Charles, intrench themselves in Stirling Castle—but leave this suddenly, and march into England. They are at Carlisle on the 6th of August, 1651, and at Worcester on the 3d of September, where Cromwell falls in with them, and on that anniversary of the battle of Dunbar, wins the battle of Worcester, which, in his despatch written

that day, he appropriately terms 'the Crowning Mercy' of his life.

He now enters upon other battles demanding of him scarcely less of courage and of skill. The Settlement of the kingdom yet remains to be accomplished: but there would seem now a clearer stage for doing this upon than any yet obtained. And Cromwell presses this upon the Parliament, or rather that Remainder of it—some 120—which yet is to be found in council. This Remnant is clearly incompetent in many ways—naturally feeble, and apparently not in earnest about what it has to do: it keeps asking for time, and resolves that it will dissolve itself—when do you think? three years hence. The Army are urgent that it do some work—itself having done much of late years, and that rapidly too—from Naseby to Worcester. The Army petition the Lord General that the Parliament may be expedited in settling the nation, and may give some guarantee that it will settle it according to the Gospel—that it will permanently secure the fruits of its victories. The Parliament do little notwithstanding, and what they are doing, the Army do not like. There are ten or twelve conferences between the Representatives of the Army and the Parliament; but nothing is furthered hereby, and the Parliament has dwindled down to fifty-three. So, that the Divine Mercies vouchsafed of late may not be all wasted by such an incapable formality as this Parliamentary Remnant, Oliver Cromwell goes down to the House on the 20th of April, 1653, and expels and disperses it. And then, taking counsel with the high officers, both civil and military, he issues a hundred and forty-four summonses to various persons in all parts of the kingdom to assemble and deliberate concerning the settlement of the nation. The method in which these were chosen is very illustrative of Cromwell's character, and very honourable to it, as it seems to me; it was an honest attempt to get the

country ruled by those whom he thought the most religious persons in it. It was this: the Independent ministers were ordered to take the sense of their Churches, and according to this to name a certain number of persons within their districts whom they thought the most godly and able, and from these exclusively Cromwell and his Privy Council would select 144. When selected, only two of these did not come. And nearly all the judges and various officers in all departments of the public service continue to act as heretofore, and marks of approbation of his conduct are poured in upon him from all quarters. Cromwell declares that in this case he did not summon one person 'in whom I had not this good hope, That there was in him faith in JESUS CHRIST, and love to all His people,' and says, 'If I were to choose any servant, the meanest officer for the Army or the Commonwealth, I would choose a godly man that hath principles—because I know where to have a man that hath principles: and I would all our magistrates were thus chosen—and this may be done.'

This Assembly sits for five months and does routine business to general satisfaction. They elect a new Council of State: take various measures for ejecting ungodly clergy, for simplifying and codifying the law, and especially for reforming the Court of Chancery: but find the difficulties of their position so great that they finally resign their trust to Cromwell, who on the 3d of December by an 'Instrument of Government' is constituted 'Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland,' with a Council. And this same 'Instrument', too, provides a system of Representation for the People—making a new Parliament of four hundred and sixty members. It also provided that no laws were to be made, nor taxes to be imposed, without the consent of Parliament, and every act passed by Parliament was to become a Law after twenty days, whether it received

the consent of the Protector or not. The Parliament also was not to be prorogued, adjourned, or dissolved, without its own consent, within the first five months of its meeting; and a new Parliament was always to be called within three years after the dissolution of the last. The appointment, too, of all State officers was made subject to the approbation of Parliament. Surely this was a wise and just, a free and fair base on which to build a Protectorate.


And Cromwell is now solemnly inaugurated into the new office of Protector—all the great officers of the kingdom assisting. He calls a Council of Fifteen—and these are of the most worthy men that are to be met with in England. With their sanction he makes many 'ordinances'—one especially for settling the 'Ministry' of the country on a Gospel foundation. For this purpose in March a Commission of Thirty-eight is appointed for the 'Trial' of public preachers. Nine of these are laymen, and all seem to have been chosen—not from one sect but from several, and some even from among his personal opponents—only on the ground that, as it appeared to him, they were men who had given proofs that they had 'the root of the matter' in them. And in August another body of Commissioners is appointed: from fifteen to twenty in each county, to inquire into 'scandalous, ignorant, and insufficient Incumbents.' We have the testimony of Richard Baxter that with all its difficulties this worked well, and that 'many thousands of souls blessed God for the faithful ministers they let in.'

And now France and Spain send Embassies to England, recognising abundantly the position of Cromwell: and Treaties are concluded with Holland, Denmark, Sweden, and Portugal, which recognise also his power.

And on the 3d of September, 1654, assembles Cromwell's first Parliament, according to the 'Instrument of Government.' Cromwell addresses them in a speech full of light

and warmth: and for a moment they seem enkindled to a recognition of their high calling: but the first week they only debate day after day on the constitutional merits of the 'Instrument of Government.' Cromwell comes down to the House and addresses them. He tells them that the Instrument of Government has been approved and accepted by the chief officers of the State and of the Army—by the chief Corporations, and the great majority of Magistrates—and by those who returned them to this Parliament: and that thus its authority cannot admit of their debating it—they must assume that, and build upon it. He then requires them to sign a Paper which pledges them not to interfere with the fundamental provisions of that 'Instrument,' by virtue of which alone they had assembled. Most of them sign this: but they do not leave off their idle discussions, and get no work done: they pass no single Bill—no one Resolution: they vote no supplies, even though the Army is thirty weeks in arrears with their pay: and all kinds of insurrections have been put down, and plots detected and prevented, without help from them. In fact they do nothing but talk: they do nothing towards the government of the nation, and, in place of 'settling,' only unsettle it. And so when the Five Months which the 'Instrument' had provided should be its shortest session are over, Cromwell, punctual to the day, dissolves it.

The whole responsibility of the Government lies upon Cromwell and his Council. He now divides the country into districts, and places a Major General over each, who is to be responsible for the order of the Counties committed to him; to see that justice be administered without hindrance or favour by the regular authorities in ordinary cases; and to deal with all kinds of plots and insubordinate people—Royalists, Levellers, and Anabaptists—with appeal only to himself and the Council. This was a mere temporary provision for keeping the peace until some more permanent



government could be settled : and, though it was arbitrary, it proved beneficial and not unpopular.


The comparative order which this produced gave the Protector leisure to attend to his Foreign Policy, which indeed hitherto he had by no means neglected, but which now pressed upon him greatly. For some years now we had been at war with the Dutch and the Spanish, and Puritan sailors under Puritan Admirals had achieved as noble deeds on the seas as those we have been engaged with on land. Admiral Blake had been victor over Van Tromp and De Ruyter, and acquired and vindicated for England the character of the Mistress of the Seas. And now in 1655 he fits out two armaments under Blake and Montague—against the Spanish West Indies—which, I may add here, fail in their main object, though they gain Jamaica : and this is the only failure in Cromwell's history—and that not his.

And what seems to me a noble instance of his mode of dealing with Foreign Powers occurs now, and I would have you well consider it, if you think that Cromwell cares mostly for himself. On the 3d of June this year (1655) he has appointed to sign one of the most important of his Treaties with France. On that day news comes to him from Piedmont of the oppression of the Protestants there by the Duke of Savoy. Cromwell refuses to sign the Treaty not only until France promises to help him in righting these people—the Lord's people, as he calls them—but until France actually has helped him. And how deeply he feels this suffering of a distant member of the great Christian body, he further testifies by directing Milton to write letters to all Protestant States concerning it—by appointing a day of Humiliation and a General Collection throughout England for them—and by subscribing Four Thousand Pounds out of his private purse. On the supposition that Cromwell was a man deeply devoted to that Great Cause which is not limited to any

nation—the Cause of CHRIST's Gospel—that he felt its worth to a degree which makes most men's feeling of it seem but superficial—how intelligible such conduct: how unintelligible on any other.

And let such, too, study well the record of that speech of his with which he now opens the new Parliament which assembles on the 17th of this September, 1656. This seems to me the most memorable of all speeches ever spoken on such occasions. Most earnestly does he plead for the Perfect Toleration of all who hold the Christian faith under any form, if only they will be tolerant of others who do the like. But at the same time that he is thus pleading for general Toleration, and for freedom of thought and speech, he prevents a hundred members out of this new Parliament of Four Hundred from taking their seats without first submitting to certain conditions. A most singular-looking proceeding truly, but one not inconsistent with his aims, and not (it is said) even with the letter of the New Instrument of Government; for these whom he prevents from sitting now, have manifested such determined and open opposition to that Toleration which he is determined to secure as the base of all Future Legislation, that, if they be admitted, this Parliament can only end as the preceding ones.

The Three Hundred, however, who do sit are no mere Instruments of his. They do away at once with the system of Major Generals, for instance. But though not this, they are not a very competent body to rule over this kingdom at this time: as illustrative of which we may take the fact, that with all the exigencies of an 'unsettled' nation pressing upon them on every side, they take up three months of precious time very principally with debates about one James Nayler, and his doctrines and his doings. However, by the last day of March, 1657, they have framed a 'Petition and Advice' to Oliver Cromwell, and a 'New Instrument of



Government'—which provide for his assuming the Title of King, and for his nominating his Successor. This they many times press upon him, and he as often begs for delay in deciding. There are repeated Conferences between him and the House of Commons—until the 8th of May, when he finally declines to be made a King. And so to confirm his present position, he is again inaugurated as Protector, with great pomp and rejoicing.

This same 'New Instrument' however provides additional limitations of the Supreme Power : and also for a House of Lords : and Cromwell tries to create one, subject to certain conditions of approval by Parliament. He summonses 53 persons to be Peers : of these Forty only came to sit, when Parliament meets again after an adjournment of six months. These he addresses with the Commons, on the opening of the second session of this Parliament, and again recalls them all to a consideration of the 'Providences' which had brought about the present position of things, and with great earnestness endeavours to animate them with a sense of their high calling. He declares that the whole history of the struggle which has ended in the present condition of things has been an ordering of Providence : and that his whole history has : that assuredly he never contemplated standing in the place he is in : that he had not sought his position but was 'led' to it step by step, by a Hand visible enough to an eye of faith, and in a way which was 'marvellous' in his eyes. And much more does he say that is most impressive to any open mind, I think : but apparently not very impressive to those to whom it was then spoken : for no sooner do they leave his presence than they debate most eagerly on mere constitutional formalities, and all manner of comparative minutiae. Their weakness he deems so great an encouragement to insurrections and disorders—of Royalists and Levellers—that he dissolves them in ten days : and



takes upon himself the whole responsibility of the Government of the country. And now, unfettered by a Parliament, he quenches all inflammatory outbreaks, and treads them out utterly and speedily. And so he governs some few months more, with firm and vigorous hand, and gets his will done at home and abroad with an unreluctant obedience, such as had not been in the times of his two Royal predecessors. But only for a few months more.

And now before we bid him farewell, let us look at him in his Household and on his Deathbed, and see what manner of man he shews himself there: for truly these are places where it is hardest of all for a man so to feign goodness as to deceive both others and himself. Now Cromwell from his conversion to his death had a happy Home: this is saying much for any man—very much for any public man. He loved his mother, and wife and children, with a quite touching affection: and they loved him with an affection more solemn indeed but not less tender. We have many letters of his to his family scattered over the whole course of his public life—some written in its most exciting moments, amidst the very gravest deeds of civil policy, and even amidst the shouts of the battle field—and they all unanimously and unequivocally testify of that profound sympathy with their spiritual interests, as well as their temporal, which is characteristic of the Christian, and by that peculiar considerateness and courtesy in trifles which is characteristic of the Gentleman. For truly you must recollect that this stern, rugged Cromwell was no upstart adventurer who had pushed himself by vulgar self-assertion into places too high for him naturally: nothing of the kind; he was by birth a Gentleman: his grandfather and his uncle had entertained their sovereigns sumptuously, and if Cromwell himself was not so ‘golden’ a knight as they, it was because they had lived more sumptuously than most men of their time. Yes, Crom-

well, though a Puritan, was a Gentleman: and had always lived, if simply, hospitably. It is true he was, compared with our present standard of manners, and with that of the courtiers of his time, rough and coarse at times: but he was not so in any remarkable degree compared with those of his own class in his own time. But even here in this matter we have the testimony of his enemies (courtiers too) that though when he first entered upon public life he was very unlike themselves, yet, when in the later years of his life he had grown into something more than they were, he had a dignity of deportment, and a self-authenticating aspect of greatness, which well befitted the first man in the British nation. But neither in his earlier or in his later estate, was he ever other than an unaffected, kindly-hearted but sternly moral man: in public—authoritative, decisive, unhesitating; but of most profoundly tender nature at home, full of household charities, loving and beloved. And men—women—do not love the ‘hypocritical,’ I think, and they only fear the ‘crafty and ambitious.’ All his family—the youngest, the mirthful and graceful Frances—and the wise Mary, who though so like him was yet so handsome—and the dull but virtuous Richard—and the clever but giddy Henry—and his daughter Claypole, who though married could not part from him—and his daughter Fleetwood, Ireton’s widow, who felt herself only more and more humbled by her husband’s growing greatness—and his wife, with her comely matronly mien, who did not like the splendour of Whitehall—and his mother, upwards of ninety, whose only earthly wishes were to see her son daily while she lived, and to be buried in a quiet churchyard when she died—all these for long lived together in singular harmony and affection—as noble a household as any in this our land of noble households—and all joined in looking upon the great Titanic Cromwell with an enthusiasm of admiring love. In prosperity and in his rising fortunes, all was thus with them

all—piety and affection, Christian grace and household virtue. How was it in affliction and at the last? Why, now in this year 1658, his daughter Fanny has been only four months married to poor young Rich, the son of the Earl of Warwick—and he dies : and she comes home to her father, who writes to Lord Warwick letters of condolence and comfort, it would seem, for the brave old Earl replies, ‘I cannot enough confess my obligation, much less discharge it, for your seasonable and sympathising letters; which besides the value they derive from so worthy a hand, express such faithful affections and administer such Christian advices, as render them beyond measure dear to me.’ A man thought much of, you see, by those nearest to him : much loved, and loving much, I think, for now in this same year his daughter Claypole, who has been ill some time, in the autumn is again very ill. The only thing, she thinks, that can do her any good, is the presence of her dear father, his kindly nursing care. She has it : for there he sits, and will sit night and day till she dies, at his daughter’s bedside, that old warrior-statesman : he whose heart beat ever calmest amidst the dangers of the battle-field, and whose unarmed presence alone could often make crowds of enemies to tremble, now gathers himself into a very type of gentleness, and becomes a minister the most tender to the least want or wish of his dying daughter. He will see no one, hear from no one : for fourteen days and nights so he sits there ; hourly his heart growing sicker as his hope grows fainter : until he has the certainty fully formed within him that instead of that treasury of sweet affections which he had deemed safely garnered for the solace of his deathbed, there will be nothing left him now but the light and shadow of their memory. Watching beside her thus, long and sleeplessly, and tending her during those frequent and violent convulsion fits which brought her to her end, he too becomes ill—he too has fits : and when he

recovers a little, she is no longer there. Though smitten thus, and sorely bruised in spirit, he seems at first not quite broken: nay, he seems even getting better: and after a week or two goes into the air for an hour or so, and seems refreshed. But really he is no better, but worse, and soon (on the 24th of August) is confined to his room. He thinks, however, that he is not going to die—he feels so much strength within him yet: he even says to his physician, ‘I believe I shall yet be spared to do more work, in answer to the prayers of those who have a more intimate interest with God than I have.’ He is removed from Hampton Court to Whitehall, for change of air. His fits, however, are doubly frequent now: and believing that he may not survive as he had expected, in calm intervals he will now do the business of the State. He is in a fast consuming ague-fever: but the heart is stout within the shivering body, and he declares, ‘a Governor ought to die Working.’ On the 2d of September he asks one of his chaplains to read Philippians iv. 11, 12, 13. ‘Not that I speak in respect of want, for I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. I know both how to be abased, and how to abound: everywhere and in all things, I am instructed; both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need: I can do all things through CHRIST who strengtheneth me.’ When the passage has been read, he murmurs forth in his broken, impulsive way: ‘This Scripture did once save my life when my eldest son died—which went as a dagger to my heart, indeed it did:’ then repeating the words of the Apostle, he continues, ‘’Tis true, Paul, you learned this—you attained to this measure of grace—but what shall such an one as I do? Ah, poor creature as I am, it is a hard lesson for me to take out: I find it so: But then those words, “I can do all things through CHRIST that strengtheneth me”—He that was Paul’s CHRIST is my CHRIST too.’ As they stand around,

leaning over his bed, he lifts himself up, all aguish as he is, and says to one of his chaplains, 'Tell me, is it possible to fall utterly from grace?' His Chaplain says, 'I think it not possible.' Cromwell says, 'I know I was in grace once.' 'The Covenant is sure, and Faith in the Covenant is my only support. And if I believe not, He abideth faithful.' Turning to his wife and children he says, 'It is not good that you should love this world: Live like Christians: I leave you the Covenant to feed upon.' And again to all, 'All the promises of God are in CHRIST yea, and in Him, Amen; to the glory of God by us—by us in JESUS CHRIST, you see.' 'The Lord hath filled me with as much assurance of His pardon and His love, as my soul can hold.' 'I think I am the poorest wretch that lives: but I love God, or rather I am beloved of God.' 'I am a Conqueror indeed, and more than a conqueror, through CHRIST that strengtheneth me.' He lays him down again and prays; the words he uses are taken down with carefulness—words seeming earnest—seeming truthful—the very interpreters to us of his soul—the fittest of all for the exposition and conclusion of his life: They were these:—

'Lord, though I am a miserable sinner and wretched creature I am in covenant with Thee, through Grace: and I may—I must—come unto Thee for Thy people. Thou hast made me, though so unworthy, an instrument to do them some good, and Thee some service: and many of them have set too high a value upon me, though others wish for, and would be glad of, my death. But, Lord, however Thou dost dispose of me, continue and go on to do them good: give them consistency of judgment, one heart and mutual love: and go on to deliver them: go on with the great work of Reformation, and make the name of CHRIST glorious in the world. Teach those who look too much upon Thy instruments to depend most upon Thyself. Pardon such as desire

to trample upon the dust of a poor worm, for they are Thy people too : and pardon the folly of this short Prayer : even for JESUS CHRIST, 'His sake. Amen.'

With an aspiration for a quiet night, he composes himself for sleep ; but it was not God's pleasure that that night should be a quiet one, but one the rather most unquiet : for within were the death struggles of a spiritual Samson, and without the wild blasts of such a storm as seldom there had been in England. Most part of the night he is very restless, very feverish, speaking often to himself. At one time he is heard muttering, 'I would be very willing to live to be further serviceable to God and His people : but perhaps my work is done : and assuredly God will always be with His chosen.' There is something offered him to drink, that he may sleep : he replies to it saying, 'a Governor ought to die Waking.' Again they listen and he says, 'Truly God is good : indeed He is : He will not' (his speech is thick and failing fast, but they think his expression was) 'He will not forsake me.' Thus, and like this, passes the night within the chamber of death in the mansion of Whitehall. Solemn assemblies had been held for several days throughout the country and all over the city in the Churches of the Independents, and large numbers pass this night in fasting and tears and prayers, for that great soul's sake which now all heedless of this world is gasping itself into another. Though he had used some 'exceeding self-debasing words, annihilating and judging himself,' yet his expressions gradually have grown more full of comfort and of peace, until they become so much so that a pious spectator says, 'We could not be more desirous that he should abide, than he was intent and willing to be gone.' And now it is the Third of September—the double anniversary of his victories of Dunbar and Worcester—but he knows not of it—or only just knows—for a film has come over his every sense, and a veil between his

soul and the world; and now on this his twice victorious Third of September his last struggle is over, and his last best Victory, we will hope, is for ever won. Awe, and dumb grief, paled most faces on that stormy autumn day, and as the death news spreads among the praying congregations, louder and louder grows the sobbing shout, 'It is the Lord'—but 'a great man is fallen in Israel.'

Such is the story of Oliver Cromwell—at least such outline of it as I am able to present you with on the present occasion: an outline indeed inexpressibly insufficient, but even in its extreme poverty presenting to us, I think, a man whose first aspect is one of Greatness—of greatness so impressive that it must require much even of this little to prove untrustworthy before we should be able to pronounce this man not to be among the Greatest.

You know what manner of man he was in outward presence. When he first entered Parliament he is described as a man whose 'stature was of a good size—his countenance swollen and reddish—his voice sharp and untunable:' and as 'very ordinarily apparelled:' but afterwards we read that though 'when he appeared first in Parliament he seemed to have a person in no degree gracious, no ornament of discourse, none of those talents which used to conciliate the affections of the stander-by: yet as he grew into place and authority his parts seemed to be raised, as if he had concealed faculties till he had occasion to use them.' Let us look at him at a time between these two extremes—between the time when Hampden could say of him 'that sloven there,' and Clarendon could say that he looked the Great Man successfully. A man, then, we will say, in mid-life, presenting himself to us as of strong solid build: of most muscular structure, and of somewhat military carriage: with profuse brown hair, and a nobly massive head: his face

coarse and common, with a wart conspicuous above the right eyebrow : a large irregular nose : a mouth and lips expressive of self-command and of command of others : of I know not what kind of eyes : but of a countenance which is on the whole eloquent of the man of sagacity, wariness, and promptitude—of that ability and valour, of that sternness and fervour, of which his true story speaks. Look at any portrait of him, and with different degrees of clearness but with consentient testimony, you will see, after some meditation, a superior Force at least in this man. At first sight perhaps little more than a robust English country gentleman, of not the highest class; every feature and limb indicating strength; a man of not uncommon bulk, but of superabounding animal vigour : not unkindly, but clearly not to be trifled with : of somewhat keen intellect perchance, but withal of a coarseness of the whole nature which leaves you in uncertainty as to what the real man might be. But look again at the best representation of him that we have, and you will see, I think, something more : that forehead may cover thoughts of any depth : that nose, though too large for symmetry, is not large enough to overshadow the aspect of command which beams from every other feature of his face : that mouth, chiselled and compressed, has clearly been long exercised to constrain tumultuous Revolutionary passions from within : and the whole countenance — scarred, seamed, warted, gnarled—speaks of the great struggles of a great soul—a constant fighting of the flesh against the spirit, and of the spirit against the flesh—a Civil War within the man, in which the insurrectionary instincts of nature have ultimately been subdued only by the all-conquering Despotism of Duty.

And is not the first aspect of him spiritually, too, that of a Great Man? Stout-hearted, valiant, vigorous; fervent in spirit, cool in council, strong in the high places of the field:



a man throughout intrepid : of unswerving purpose, of untiring zeal : a man to whom difficulties were but as excitements, and duties never burdens : a grand Centre of Force : a Lord of circumstances : a Tamer of men. No man surely ever did more work, in the same time, than this man did—and work, too, of so hard a kind—of such hard kinds, for truly it was of many kinds—as a Soldier and a Statesman, as a Reformer and a Protector. From the first moment that we enter upon the public life of Cromwell, we feel as if we were in the very thick of life—in the most crushing crowd of thoughts and feelings and actions, with which history is at any one time conversant : and these not matters of temporary interest, or of local bye-play, in the world's great story, but the rather having to do with the innermost life of every man, and of mankind, always : thorough Realities : a life so earnest, so full of worth, as to be quite arousing and ennobling to the faithful spectator of it even two centuries afterwards. Really a period more full of hope and fear, of activity and swift vicissitude, than any other I know of : requiring a cool and strong head to judge of it—how much more—how most of all—to govern it ! And did not Cromwell govern it well and wisely too ? Was any man, placed in such difficult positions, ever more successful in conducting himself in them and out of them ? Did ever any man make fewer mistakes—either in judgment or in action ? Was he not always equal to the occasion, and in the forefront of every danger ? Was he not always a doer of what he professed to do, and unsparing of himself in all fighting and in all labour ? Did he not gather around him, by a kind of elective affinity, the ablest and most diversely gifted spirits of his age ?

And anywhere in our history, or in any history, can you name to me a man who ever has transacted civil affairs so much in a religious spirit—who has made the Unseen

Realities so influential on the Temporalities of Government—who has so brought Divine Law into constant comparison with Human, and attempted to make Human Law so conformable to Divine? The Hebrew People excepted (and perhaps in a certain sense the Mahommedan) I say you cannot.

Think well, too, what this man was born to, and what he achieved before he died—beginning his grand work after he was forty, and ending it before he was sixty—and say whether his life was an ignoble one? Surely it was not. Remember that the thoughts of this one brain—the courage of this one heart—changed the fortunes of a noble party from hopelessness to victory: that this obscure and inarticulate and hypochondriacal farmer of Huntingdon seated himself on the throne of the Stuarts and the Tudors, and ruled there with a strength and a wisdom greater than that of those of either name—giving an impulse to English Liberty, and securing a base for Protestant Toleration, such as has remained to this day an invaluable, irrevocable possession. Ah, think we ever gratefully of this—Liberty of Conscience—liberty for men to worship God as they think most pleasing to Him—this was first avowedly legalised in England under the Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell: and that for which the House of Brunswick afterwards obtained the throne of this realm, and now holds it, was the maintenance of that great principle which Cromwell was the first, if not to introduce, yet bravely to vindicate and fully to establish.

And not only did Cromwell procure for Englishmen this Liberty of Worship and of Speech, to an extent wholly unknown before him either in this or in any other country of Christendom, but he also enlarged the Representation of the people: he simplified the processes of law, and secured its more impartial administration: he lightened and regulated

**Taxation:** he encouraged Trade and Commerce: and he filled the offices of State with men of the highest integrity and piety. Indeed, his whole domestic government is at once simply and completely described by the title he assumed for himself—that of a Protectorate.

And his Foreign Policy and Administration is acknowledged on all hands to have been the most enlightened and successful which this country had ever known. He made England more respected and feared abroad than ever it had been before: and concluded wars with Sweden, and the Danes, and the Dutch, and made treaties with France and with Portugal, on the most honourable and beneficial terms. He humbled Spain both in the Old World and in the New, and secured Jamaica as an English colony, and fostered the rising settlements of North America. And Cromwell it was who first entertained large schemes for making England the Mistress of the Seas, and the Head of the Protestant Interest throughout all the world.

But the means Cromwell took to gain such of his ends as were good, were Unconstitutional, and rendered him guilty of political apostasy. As I have not undertaken to speak fully of the civil side of this great matter of Cromwell's cause, I shall only here say of the first part of this accusation, that I think it implies an inadequate conception of how unconstitutional a matter a Civil War necessarily must be, and then that Cromwell's arbitrariness was a necessity of Position, and not a result of Ambition. Such things as Revolutions on this scale of ours are emphatically what Cromwell calls them, 'Births of Providence,' and are to be dealt with quite otherwise than by the poor pedantry of Constitutional formalities: at such times the standard of our judgment should be that of Equity rather than of Law, and of a large Human Morality rather than of mere National Peculiarities. Not only during a Revolution, but for some time after it, there never has

been found anything possible but that the Strongest should rule with Justice but without Law. The immediate temporary issue of a civil war must be the absolute government of the victorious party : increased and equable Liberty is only the ulterior result. The most important question is, What did Cromwell do with his extraordinary power? Did he use it for good or for evil—for selfish ends or for public—to Protect the great body of the people, or otherwise? The facts are, that in the most arbitrary periods of his government he gave to his Council the most powerful control over his actions which was then known in the case of any Ruler in Europe, and that every class of persons, and every society of Christians—except those who had been in arms against him, and were wishing to be so again—enjoyed a greater degree of liberty than they possibly could have enjoyed had he not been their Protector.

And as to Cromwell's being an Apostate to his principles because he did not realise a Republic when he was made a Protector, I conceive that this is founded upon a total misconception of the fundamental aims of Cromwell's life. Cromwell was no Republican at all, and never professed to be. He often spoke, indeed, of a Commonwealth and not of a Kingdom : but it was not a Democracy that he wanted, but a Theocracy : and how different these are essentially, though they may be accidentally alike, it would be well for you very distinctly to understand. Indeed, the Theocratic and the Democratic principles are more opposed than allied. The very foundation of a Theocracy is Order and Obedience—a sacred inflexible Law—a constitution of degrees and necessary subordination—or at least a preservation of distinctions, and harmonious co-operation—are the very life of it, and under it perpetual appeal to a Higher Will, even the Highest, and abnegation of self-will, are the first of duties and of merits. But in a Democracy nothing is inflexible,

nothing sacred : nothing even certain but change : Law is the creature as well as the Ruler of its temporary subjects, and the reflection, not the guide, of the people's mind : something which they may alter when they can, and reverse even if they will : while impatience of restraint is the impulse which it fosters, and jealousy of control is a virtue which it approves. In the one case God is the People's Sovereign, and His Law His Vicegerent, and all hold all things under these : while in the other the People is its own Sovereign, and no one of them is anything but what his fellows make him, or has anything but what his fellows give him, and may take away. Now this kind of Constitution of a State—a Theocratic one and not a Democratic one—this it was that Cromwell, and all true Puritans—and others besides Puritans, too, in these days as well as in those—would have established : a Government on Biblical principles, and not on Classical, or on Philosophical. Indeed, Cromwell was no Scholar and no Speculator : he was by birth a plain English country gentleman : and England was to him the land of his fathers—the home of his affections—and it was not, and it never could become, a Utopia, or an Oceana, or any kind of theoretic abstraction. No ; Cromwell, as I have said, was thoroughly English, full of prejudices, full of patriotism—not a Philosopher, not even a Philanthropist—and therefore I must add, so much disliked and spoken against by those whose paper theories, or Universal Constitutions, he would neither profess to respect nor attempt to realise. And by education Cromwell was a Puritan—a man who took the Bible for his all in all—his whole Duty of Man—his Statesman's Manual as well as his Christian's Rule of Faith : and from this he learned no doctrine of Universal Equality or of the Sovereignty of the People, but only of Obedience to Inflexible Law as the one way to happiness for a nation or an individual. It is true enough that a King was not necessary to

his idea of a Commonwealth, nor was it repugnant to it: but then you must also remember that it was exactly thus with that Model of a Theocracy which we have in the Bible—a King formed no part of the original ground-plan of that, though it was afterwards incorporated into it. But while there was this independence of the necessity of an individual visible sovereignty, Cromwell never recognised, nor could do so—and actually he repeatedly resisted—all schemes of levelling. The nature of the man's mind and his Creed revolted against this: though the necessity of his position made him often appear outwardly as the opponent of Constituted, and therefore also of Constitutional, authorities. His primary and ultimate aims I believe were one—to get the social and political, as well as personal, relations of Englishmen based on Biblical principles, and to secure liberty of worship and of speech and of action for all equally, within what he conceived to be these principles. Simple, noble aims and efforts were these: and I know of no instance in which he was deliberately false to these: but the rather, instead of growing more and more careless of them as he grew more and more powerful, I think the facts are just the contrary: the more powerful he became, the more tolerant he became: and if he did somewhat roughly break through the formalities of Constitutional legislation, it was chiefly from an over-earnestness to realise its object and its spirit for those who either could not comprehend it, or could not realise it for themselves.

But Cromwell was a regicide—he put his King to death. Assuredly he was one of those who were most active at last in bringing about this result: but only, remember, after he had been one of the most active also for years in endeavouring to prevent this result, or any thing like it. Cromwell, for years, had been most energetic in the multiplied negotiations which were carried on by the Parliament and the Army

for the Restoration of the King under constitutional safeguards: he even strove for this with a degree of elaborate and earnest effort which brought him into disfavour with the Army, and spoke in the Commons in favour of a Restoration 'with a vehemence which excited suspicion.' A Constitutional Monarchy—a King reigning in conformity with Fundamental Laws, and in co-ordination with a Representative Parliament—this which is the distinguishing achievement of modern political wisdom—this was first broadly and emphatically advocated at this time by that party of which Cromwell was one—and within a few months of the time when Charles was beheaded, the realization of this was never despaired of—always hoped for.

This Execution of Charles, however, is an act which has exercised the judgments and divided the opinion of many able and honourable men: and the majority certainly regard it as one greatly to be blamed. And I concur with the majority. But the degree of blame to be attached to it, so far as Cromwell's character is concerned, I feel I am very incompetent to adjudge; for I am not able distinctly to separate the strong cool light of Modern History under which I judge it, from the fainter light, but greater heat, under which he judged it. It appears to me now that it was an unnecessary severity: that it would have been practicable to have devised several methods of securing the same end, which would have been as efficient and less objectionable. But one also cannot but be conscious that one is really very ignorant of large portions of the case (which must very much depend upon the state of feeling in these times), and that one is judging after the event, and therefore not judging the agent so impartially as we judge the act. But, however, as a general question I am not concerned with it now, but only so far as it affects our views of the character of Cromwell. And so far as he is concerned, I do not think it fatal to his

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character as a Great Man; it may be rather that which set the seal to his sincerity—which exhibited most of all the firmness of his faithfulness, and his genuine stoutheartedness. The act need not have been for him essentially immoral—one which the Bible—his exclusive, absolute law—would indisputably have forbidden: and for all others we should do well to remember that it never can be justly considered by us now as an example: it must ever be an act absolutely unique in our history: one which, as it was without precedent in the past, must also be without parallel in the future. An act it was, we may say of it finally, of immense significance, and requiring, if much iniquity, then also much magnanimity to commit: an act not of party vengeance nor of popular fury, but a solemn, judicial act, deliberate and resolved: an act the authors of which held themselves openly responsible for their deed before Heaven and their Country—an act if not approved by the Parliament yet not resisted by any large portion of the people—a Trial by a Grand Jury of a Great Criminal—a Jury which first affirmed in their Verdict the great principle that a King can commit High Treason against a People as well as a People against a King—a principle which has since been accepted and repeated by our whole Nation in that Deposition of a King and his Son which was effected by the Revolution of 1688.

But Cromwell was a Fanatic and a Hypocrite. Both at once? for these are contrary the one to the other. Perhaps not: but a Fanatic at first when obscure, and afterwards when successful, hypocritical. Now, disbelieving as I do a large amount of the Traditions concerning this matter, I cannot argue it here as one of evidence: I can merely ask you to examine it again, and see whether there is anything unquestionably authentic to be opposed to the coherent and consistent testimony of the many Letters and Despatches



which we have of his remaining, and of his whole active life. For surely so far as these are concerned, there never could be testimony more strong to a course more in one uniform direction—so straightforward from first to last, indeed, that I suppose it is the very continuous progressiveness of it that makes many suppose that there was some deep plot in it from the first, and that it was all a clever contrivance from his first leaving the Fens to his at last declining the Crown. But how a Fanatic then? And where is the transition from Fanaticism to Hypocrisy, or from Hypocrisy to Fanaticism? As I read his history, there never was any time when he was not fervent, and never any time when he was not sagacious: and it seems to me to be most emphatically untrue that he became less zealous about religion as he became more successful in politics, or that his character deteriorated in any way as he grew older. But as to this charge of Fanaticism, in its popular acceptance, I never can consent to argue about it, unless I first see what manner of man the accuser is. Fanaticism is popularly interpreted, I think, as too much excitement about Religion, and I must first see what the objector considers Religion enough in his own case, before I can admit his title to pronounce what it is for others to be Religious over-much. It appears to me that if Religion be something Transcendant—if Faith be indeed a communion with the Unseen and Eternal—if CHRIST's Gospel be really credible—no religious emotions can be reasonable but those which recognise these things as absolutely and universally Supreme, and only those Fanatical which disqualify for the performance of acknowledged Duty, or which lead men to transgress the fundamental precepts of Morality. Now, did Cromwell's Religion make him neglect such duties, or transgress such laws? So far from neglecting any duty of ordinary life, or leaving any social relation ill-discharged, he performed many of the more common offices

of humanity with a most considerate carefulness, and a quite exemplary diligence and delicacy. There never was anything lawless about Cromwell's religion : though he magnified the spirit so much, he always judged of the spirit by its fruits. There was nothing even fitful or capricious about his mind : nothing eccentric or unsound in any way : it was a mind as robustly healthy, as massive and as masculine, as any of his time or of ours : a most comprehensive mind, and one very versatile and prompt and elastic : in all military matters surely superior to every other of his time : and of very varied experience, both serving and commanding—in all manner of enterprises—of endurance as well as endeavour. Fanatical, think you, in his manœuvres—his discipline—his commissariat ? both in his coolness before battle, and his moderation after victory ? And in his policy ? and diplomacy ? No, but in his speech, and in his speeches. Clumsy and uncouth he was here most truly, over-fervent, confused, contorted : but only this : neither fanatical nor hypocritical : his manner was only just as much less polished than that of any other farming gentleman of his day, as his matter was more abundant and more weighty, and his earnestness about it all more intense. His speeches, as reported, are certainly not neat and bright, but with more heat in them than light : but they appear to me always fervent, and to bear upon them this very additional stamp of sincerity, that not one of them seems to have been premeditated, or prefigured even, before its utterance : no one of them was a work previously elaborated at leisure, and then exhibited ready-made, but every one was actually wrought out from first to last before the face of his foes, displaying at least the hot efforts of a Vulcan, if without his skill.

But Cromwell's Fanaticism lay in his making the success of his measures the test of the Divine approval of them. Truly here is the point at which Cromwell is vulnerable to

some extent, by those who stand above the Puritan level: but not by those who stand on it, or below it. This position of Cromwell's was not necessarily Fanatical, though it might very readily become so, even for him, and did become so for very many of his contemporaries. This taking victories as seals of Divine approval was of the very essence of the Hebrew Theocracy, and could not but form a portion of that modified kind of Theocracy which the Puritans believed it possible to establish. Puritanism staked all from the first on an appeal to the Lord of Hosts to shew in battle of arms who were His: and they could not therefore but interpret every victory as a fresh presumption of the possession of God's favour, and an unbroken series of victories as a proof of it almost conclusive. And really, if you will try and put yourselves in thought and feeling into this position of a Puritan on the eve of the battles of Preston or Dunbar—in the position of one who, after having poured out his soul before his Maker as to the Lord of Hosts, and in the spirit of a Hebrew prophet staked all on the faith that He would make the numerically insignificant prevail over the most powerful, and even the seeming Impossible come to pass—then has found that thousands fled before the face of hundreds, and whole hosts were the prey of handfuls—could you resist the belief that the LORD fought now as of old for His Chosen People? At Preston an army of Forty Thousand was scattered to the winds at a blow by Cromwell, and at Dunbar Three Thousand were slain and Ten Thousand taken prisoners, without the loss on Cromwell's part of two score men. At Drogheda and at Wexford, too, he slew Thousands, and lost only Tens. And this kind of success was vouchsafed to him over and over again: and from the very first day to the last, of those nine years of frequent fighting, Cromwell never lost a battle, and never received a wound.

And consider well his whole conduct of war—his whole

life with his army. Cromwell's fundamental principle in this matter was that his soldiers should make a conscience of their fighting : that when they fought, as much as when they worshipped, they should do all unto the glory of God. That war if not a duty is a sin, and that men in arms ought to be able to fall down upon their knees and pray that God would give them Victory as sincerely as they do that He would give them Bread—this, as I have said before, was Cromwell's way of thinking : a way truly not common, but not on that account alone to be condemned. Was it not Joshua's way, think you, and Samuel's ? Was it not while Moses prayed that Israel conquered ? and what are many of David's Psalms but Prayers before Battles, and Songs after Victory ? Truly I cannot too often repeat that this is not the highest way of thinking and feeling—for we have no types of these things under our New Dispensation : but I do say that it was a nobler way than any other warrior's way I know of out of the Old Testament. And certainly this may be said, that if War be consistent with Christianity—if to be a Soldier be compatible with being a Christian—as all ages hitherto have seemed to vote by immense majorities—this guiding principle of Cromwell's was the nearest approach we have seen as yet to the true spirit of the Christian Warrior.

And was there ever in Europe any army so good morally as Cromwell's, before his time or since ? None that I know of, save it may be in the two cases—but these only for a short period in each case—of the armies under Admiral de Coligny in the preceding century in France, and under Gustavus Adolphus his own contemporary. In these three armies we see perhaps the great body of the Church in each country really Militant—the Camp the truest Church in all. But Cromwell's seems to me of these far the best—sustaining from first to last a noble enthusiasm, and having their characters

rather improved than deteriorated by their service — men, as it seems to me, of a quite grand manhood for the most part, nourished to preternatural power by drawing strength out of the Unseen—and so sustained by sympathy with their Cause, and by communion with the Divine through the Scriptures and through prayer, as to have become invincible by any visible numerable force: men whose heroism of heart made every day's duty the means of discipline, and whose smallest triumph was to trample upon Death. Consider well, too, it was this Army that would not have their own Leader whom they loved to become their King. Was there ever such an Army before? And could this Army have been all hypocritical? all fanatical? or all half of each? A compliment this to Hypocrisy and Fanaticism, or to a compound of both, which I am not prepared to pay. Doubtless to many a Royalist of the time it was a mystery how such Hypocrites could be such Ironsides: to me it yet remains a greater mystery how such Ironsides should be such Hypocrites. And what the Army was, might not the Leader be? The General like the soldier? and yet more? Assume only the Religious Sincerity of the Army, and you do much to prove Cromwell's. It was his army who liked him most of all—the men whom he was most with, and who had witnessed the very deepest revelations of his soul. They do not seem to have deemed him an Impostor, and truly he was not sparing of his Religion with them; he ever prayed with them before a fight, and 'uplifted a Psalm' for them on a march. And that honest-minded, stout-hearted Englishmen—thousands of them—should have no discernment whether the man they lived with, and prayed with, and fought with, was an Impostor or not—I cannot believe this. That he should dupe for years together those Ironsides—a thousand horse soldiers, stalwart yeomen of England, whom no ten thousand others could ever conquer—and that he should

make them more and more daring and enduring through Falsehood, and infuse into them an overflowing fulness of enthusiasm out of his own emptiness—I cannot believe this. Those grim godly men—they had no tie to Cromwell but sympathy in a common Cause and recognition of Personal Superiority, and Cromwell had no external means of imposing upon them: he was ever among them more as a companion than a commander: and among them, too, at all hours of the day and night, drilling, and marching, and fighting—conversing and reading and praying—laying himself bare continually for the inspection of the meanest—and that he should be and do all this, and be a Hypocrite, and not be proved one—I cannot believe this.

And now, having assumed thus much, I will ask you to assume yet more; yes, to assume, that Cromwell was sincere from first to last—in the main, I mean, for I most readily allow ambiguous accidentals—and see whether it is not precisely such an assumption which renders his whole story most intelligible. Reflect well what a man—a Puritan man—must or would have felt and done under the circumstances in which Cromwell was placed, and then reconsider the matter in that light. I cannot go through with you again those circumstances, as I have already so much exceeded my limits: but I ask you to do so for yourselves carefully and conscientiously before you give any final judgment on this matter, and I think you will conclude with the conviction of Cromwell's substantial sincerity. There is no doubt that the fundamental fallacy of endeavouring to obtain Christian aims by Jewish instruments was a prolific source to him of subordinate errors and inconsistencies, and quite marred and stained the mere superficial beauty of his character—this I not only most readily admit, but also am interested in repeatedly reminding you of—but still I think you will see these errors and inconsistencies to have been but subordinate, and that with all

such deductions there remained an inner worth and nobleness in Cromwell which places him in the first ranks of Greatness.

But finally, though I thus speak of Cromwell and of the Puritans, I am no Puritan and no political partisan. I honour Cromwell politically chiefly as the Champion of Toleration—as the consistent and courageous advocate and exemplar of Liberty of Conscience : as to his special measures of State organization, or constitutional policy, while I may see less to blame than many do, yet I see not more to commend. My conviction is so deep that complete liberty is left men by God to frame such institutions—both political and ecclesiastical—as may seem to them best, and to change them as their changing needs may require, that I cannot be enthusiastic about any one abstract form of Government either of Church or State ; but my conviction also is so deep that only those constitutions which are equably developed historically, those which have grown with a people's growth, and if I may so say, have been earned by a people's efforts—have the united sanctions of reason and experience in their favour, that I consider any attempt to force conformity to some abstraction on any people, or uniformity on different peoples, to be always a folly and most frequently a sin. And thus thinking and thus feeling, I deem all convulsive Revolutions as essentially bad, and all gradual Reformations as wisest and most safe. Change, and it may be Progress, I look upon as a necessity in a nation, if it would continue to live—if it would not even rapidly decay : and most earnestly would I exhort all whom it may more specially concern, to take heed that there be constantly going on some improvement of the Present over the Past : but at the same time in our present stage of civilization in England it appears to me that the alterations and improvements which are most needed are not those which are of a strictly political, but rather of a social and spiritual kind—legislative and administrative in a

measure, indeed, but still far more corporately and individually practicable ; expansions and adaptations of existing elements of good, and not any structural organic changes, or any spasmodic struggles after untried and uncertain theories of Government, foreign to our country's genius, and irreverent to our country's history.

And as to Puritanism, I accept it indeed as in Cromwell's times better than that to which it was opposed, but not as that most fitted for our times, and by no means as that which is absolutely the best for all times. Far enough from this : Puritanism, I admit, embodies noble principles, and recognises great facts, which are of everlasting significance, and which were especially neglected and denied in the times in which it sprang up : and it has earned itself a History which no man may speak of with disrespect : but at the same time, in my opinion, it also neglects, and even denies, other principles and facts, which are also of everlasting significance, and which I believe it to be the duty of this age to add to those acknowledged and contended for by these noble men of old. Its recognition of God's Law as the Supreme Law of Man, as well nationally as individually—this is as good as can ever be : but its interpretation of God's written Law, that is not so good. Its aim at the establishment of a Theocracy on earth—and in one sense its notion of Dominion founded on Grace—this also is so good that it can only be objected to as being too good to be at present true—the product of a Faith so large that it strives too soon to remove mountains, and antedates (I fear by centuries) the History of the Future : but its means of realising this grand aim, these seem to me so inappropriate as to be actually inconsistent with its accomplishment. The fact is, Puritanism is one of the many Judaic forms of Christianity : it is a Gospel according to the Hebrews, which good though it be as a connecting link between the Old and New, cannot really be a final Gospel for



the full-grown Christian. Puritanism assumes, as I have before said, the equal and universal obligation of the letter of the whole Bible : and herein lies its weakness as well as its strength : being thus made up of more parts of the laws of Moses than of the precepts of CHRIST—the old garment of the Legalist being patched with the new cloth of the Spiritualist, and so the better rent to mend the worse. Truly this is not the best : no, there must be, and there is, a far better way of building up a kingdom of heaven upon earth than by this use of Old Testament materials, and Old Testament implements. Puritanism endeavoured to reproduce a Theocracy in the world chiefly by Jewish Rules : our aim should be to reproduce a Theocracy simply through Christian Principles. Our calling and our task, in fact, is to renounce the Letter of Judaism and to realise the Spirit of Christianity—always, every where : to establish a Theocracy indeed, but only by the indefinite influences of spiritual Conversion, not in any way by those of external Compulsion : and to recognise the Commandments of God in the events of History as well as in the Tables of Stone—the Providence of God teaching us through the Present as well as through the Past, and thus rendering no portion of man's life on earth barren of Celestial guidance—none common or profane. Vague task, you may say, if not vain calling : but I do not think so : on the contrary I believe that it is accomplishing almost visibly. But however this be, I do verily believe, and in this belief reverently thank God, that so much of this indefinite Evangelical spirit has already—by the efforts of two centuries since Cromwell's time—been realised in our country, and now so pervades our institutions civil and ecclesiastical—that the narrow, passionate, militant energy, and all those old Hebrew modes of thinking and feeling and working, which were characteristic of Puritan times, are irrecoverably past, and that a time may come, and come speedily,

when Christian men shall look back upon a Religious War with a half incredulous, half indignant, consciousness, as on the story of some Tragic Imposture or of some Troubled Dream. Yes, be sure, dear Christian Friends, as there is truth in the Bible of God—as there is virtue in the Gospel of CHRIST—the time shall some day come when God's Will shall be endeavoured to be done on earth as it is done in Heaven—in no other spirit than in that of Love—and when Glory to God in the highest shall be sought only by Peace on Earth and Good-will towards Men.

## GIROLAMO SAVONAROLA.

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ON resuming my Lectures on Great Men I commence with the Life of a Religious Reformer. And I do so not only because this is a character which it is most congenial with my own taste to speak of, but because I do deliberately judge it to be one of the very highest with which History is conversant, and one which it is especially profitable for us all very frequently to contemplate.

The Great Man, however, whose story I am going to lay before you this evening, is one who I can readily imagine may not be well known to many of you—whose very name even may not be familiar to you all—GIROLAMO SAVONAROLA. And truly he is a man whom, when you know, you may not wholly approve: for he is one of a very singular kind, and one concerning whom the suffrages of historic judges are divided. All I will now say is, that this evening I mean to lay before you the grounds on which I give him my voice, and that I do so in company with many most widely differing minds—for instances, with those of Machiavelli and of Luther. But before speaking in detail of his history, I wish to point him out to you as a specimen of a series of men whom I think we ought very especially to remember and

commemorate—the Reformers before the Reformation. The Reformation itself (the great Ecclesiastical Revolution of the sixteenth century), this I believe more and more every day I live to have been a work Divinely excited and approved: and if this be so, then surely whoever has martyred himself in that cause, or in the like, deserves to live as largely and as freshly as any in our memory and our love. And one such, and no mean one, was this Girolamo Savonarola. But he was but one of many. In almost all the countries of Christendom there had been some such from the first. By a careful eye there is assuredly to be traced from early times a continuous succession of spiritual men, all distinguished by their conception of Christianity as a Gospel rather than a Law; by a strong aversion to the claims of a Priesthood; and by a profound reverence for the Written Word. And the spirit of Reformation had of late burned brightly in many holy hearts—in Bohemia and in Languedoc, in the plains of Piedmont and among the mountains of the Pyrenees. The Waldenses and Albigenses are known to you; a few valleys full of Bible-reading, psalm-singing peasants—men of faith and men of prayer, and little more—these had now witnessed for centuries before the times of which we are to speak to-night. And so, too, Peter de Bruys and Arnold of Brescia—Huss and Jerome, both of Prague—these and others whose praise is in all the Protestant Churches had already borne witness singly against the sins of the age and Church in which they lived, and sealed their testimony with their blood. Dante's solemn voice, too, had scattered bitter words against the corruptions of the Popedom which had taken deep root in Italy: and in the former half of the century in which Savonarola was born, there had been three great Councils—those of Pisa, and of Constance, and of Basle—in which there had been earnest desire and deliberation for the Reformation of the Church. And, indeed, the

Roman Church had ever had some amongst its own members who had loudly and emphatically condemned its abuses. Its Saints had done so practically—as Bernard and Bona ventura ; and so had also its founders of Religious Orders—Benedict, Francis, and Dominic—men who strove to create a new model of a Church which might serve at once as a rebuke and a lesson to the old. But all these Reformers of the Roman Church who kept within it, failed in effecting any permanent Reformation of it. Bold men doubtless were they morally, and of a certain lofty devotion, but almost all were so deficient in their conception of the characteristic aims and doctrines of the Gospel, as to lack the only spirit which can regenerate a Church: their institutions were but better-built edifices of the same kind of material with the old traditional and decayed one, and they almost all rapidly degenerated into something worse even than that which they were constituted to reform.

The Reformation of Luther—the Protestant Reformation—this was the first truly fundamental one. This was no mere declamation against practical abuses—no mere modification of ecclesiastical institutions—the setting up of some one tradition against some other—the substitution of a purer discipline for a less pure. No, truly not only this: it was a Reformation of Doctrine, the denial of an old belief and the assertion of a new one: it was a cutting at the root of all abuses by the introduction of a new spirit: it was a rejection of the very central claims of the old Church, a rebellion against its authority, an eager questioning and ultimate denying of every one of its peculiar and exclusive prerogatives. Nay, it was the assertion of the rights of something which claimed supremacy over it, and of something also which it had no right to bring into subjection to itself—the Bible and the Individual Conscience. It was giving the individual man a fresh standing place in the universe—a new position

in this world as well as in the next : a bringing the individual soul face to face with God's Word now, as well as declaring that it will be so brought hereafter before the judgment-seat of CHRIST. The individual soul bound inextricably—in thought and feeling, in obedience and even in merit—with innumerable souls of all ages, and quite confused as to its own identity and responsibility by the multitudinous combination—such was the only constitution of the spiritual world known for centuries before Luther. But he—this Luther—asserts the Individual Responsibility of man—pronounces every human soul to have inalienable rights before God—maintains that the Church is less sacred and less mighty than the Bible of God and the Conscience of man—and then in his own self makes good the proof. Opposing his own will and belief against those of the great majority of other men of all ages, and of his own age, he shews them that no Pope nor Emperor, no Church nor Council, can conquer him ; and in this victorious revolt against the long Past, I believe laid the foundation of a new order of society, and a new world of thought, which was the commencement of a yet longer Future.

And now I must ask you to put yourselves back in imagination into Italy in the very middle of the Fifteenth century : and in forming your estimate of the Reformer of Florence to consider well what it was to live in those dim days, and to judge him by their light and not by your own. The great political event of that time was the taking of Constantinople by the Turks—just at the time Savonarola was born—and this was an event which, however unlikely it might seem, had a very great influence in producing the Reformation of Europe. It drove very many Greeks into Italy, and they brought with them a Literature which for the last thousand years had been neglected there—so neglected that many a Priest was practically ignorant of the very existence of it,

and even denied the preservation of the New Testament in its original tongue. But now that the Greeks come in large numbers into Italy, and bring with them numerous manuscripts of Greek authors, and also of the New Testament, the slumbering Latin mind is aroused, and when aroused almost intoxicated with its large draughts of the new wine of this Greek Literature. And the discovery of this New Learning, as it was then called, being combined with the invention of Printing, all Europe feels the effect of it : mental excitement, and inquiry, and criticism, arise rapidly, and spread too as they rise : until it would not have been difficult for a spiritual spectator to have prophesied that a Revolution which might be a Reformation was at hand, even at the door.

And perhaps also I ought to ask you to bear in mind that when we speak of Europe as being a Christendom in these ages, or even now, we are using an expression which, if interpreted at all strictly, will lead us into judgments of men at once incorrect and uncharitable. The individual soul, and many separate souls, may come comparatively quickly, and even almost suddenly, from out of Darkness to Light : but a nation can do so only slowly, and after generations : many nations can become a Christendom only after many centuries. And our Europe, you must remember, has been produced not only by the simultaneous junction of many nations, but also by the successive fusion of many races : and this made the work of Christianisation yet more difficult, and therefore also yet more incomplete. Nothing indeed can well be more important for you to remember than that Europe was not really Christianised when it became nominally so. There never has been such a thing in all History yet, as any nation being Christian as an individual is required to be in the New Testament. National conversion—a whole people being born again of the Spirit as well as of water—this, alas, is always a fiction, and often a fallacy

which needs much to be guarded against. Verily the Hea-thenism of the natural man—the Idolatries of Tradition—have never yet all been rooted out of any nation. Certainly, Italy after fifteen centuries of Grace had not so eradicated these as to have become even substantially Christian. The more souls in it even then, I fear, were natural rather than spiritual, and very many of the very best seem to have had the Christian element in them so crusted over with remnants of carnality and figments of false philosophy, that they could scarcely ever be said to have exhibited that fulness of form which is characteristic of perfect men in CHRIST JESUS. The old hereditary influences of Race had not yet disappeared; the barbaric confusion of long centuries had not yet been reduced to any clearness, and the whole scheme of society, both political and ecclesiastical, was most distressingly disorderly and most incongruously composite. And no individual's mind can get wholly free from the influence of its time: indeed I think you will find that all the Great Men of History, in proportion as you know them more, will become to you more visibly tinctured with these influences of race and age—a fact, however, not wholly to be regretted, for though it may detract from their worth as models of humanity, it may also give them a hold upon their times and a fitness for their work no otherwise to be obtained. And in that particular class of such men of which Savonarola is an illustrious specimen—the Preachers of Truth and Moral Reformers—this is so much the more visible, because they are of necessity made to bare to us so much more than others their intellectual structure. We have already seen this very notably even in the few Great Men we have had to do with—aye, even in our greatest man—in Luther. What strange infirmities, and obscurities, and falsities, even in his Theory of the Universe, in his Problem of Life! But in him such blemishes shew the less, his whole mental structure and



texture being so large and strong. In Savonarola these spots were larger and the luminary less: he being a feeblar man altogether than Luther: not gigantic at all, nor even robust; only with a very fervent soul in a somewhat ethereal frame. If indeed it were necessary to class them accurately in some nicely graduated scale of Great Men, I should place Savonarola far indeed below Luther, and below Wycliffe—but not far; only so far perhaps as the English mind naturally excels the Italian in dealing with Truth and Duty—which, however, is almost as much as the Italian mind excels the English in dealing with Art and Beauty.

But now to his story.

Girolamo Savonarola was born at Ferrara, in Northern Italy, in the year 1452—some generations, you see, after Wycliffe, Huss, and Jerome: but also, remember, one generation before Luther and Cranmer and Sir Thomas More: Henry the Sixth only being King of England: Charles the Seventh King of France: Nicholas the Fifth the Pope of Christendom. His education, however, was good for those times: for he was adopted by his grandfather, a then celebrated physician, and a man who being fond of literature himself, forced the mind of Savonarola by a culture which in ordinary cases would have been very injurious, and was perhaps somewhat so in the case of his grandson. He introduced him very early to the study of Greek and Roman literature, which (as I have already said) was just then beginning to revive in the Western world, after many centuries of oblivion: and procured him the very best masters—men who themselves had studied Grecian letters on Grecian soil. And these advantages Savonarola did not neglect, perhaps only with too much ardour pursued. For he grows speedily restless and speculative, and every way excited, under their influence. His acquaintance with these marvels, especially with Plato, seems to

have awakened in him high aspirations, and a consequent proportionate dissatisfaction with the systems of thought and living by which he was surrounded. He felt that the world in which he lived was antagonistic to the ideal of a noble life; and that no subtleties of Aristotle or Aquinas (to which he became also addicted) could relieve him from his intellectual and spiritual embarrassments. But he thought that he should find the relief he sought—a refuge from the low and carnal and selfish, and an aid to unworldly, and even to celestial, life—in the sacred service of the Church. Amid its many chambers, and especially amid its many cells, he surely thought that he should find companions of his spirit, or at least an asylum and a safeguard for his soul from the assaults of the evil spirits of the world. To be a Monk, this Savonarola thought (as you will remember Luther did) would be to renounce the world and to secure Heaven. But what kind of a monk? Why, best of all, having to choose, a Preaching monk; to be allowed to speak authoritatively to others of what he thought so much of himself, this would be best, this would be even the highest happiness on earth. There could be little doubt then, that if a monk he would be a Dominican: for St Dominic was the greatest of Preachers, and the especial patron of all like himself; learned, eloquent, active: with abounding zeal against heresy, of unlimited loyalty to the Church. So at twenty-three, Savonarola enters the convent of Dominicans at Bologna—on St George's Day, 1475—escaping secretly from home, and abandoning all hopes of worldly advancement from that profession for which he had been so carefully educated. In a letter which he writes to his father the day after his arrival at the monastery, he says: 'The reason which induces me to become a monk is this: the great wretchedness of the world and the iniquity of men—the violence, the adultery, the theft, the pride, the idolatry, the hateful blasphemy into which this

age has fallen, so that verily I believe one can no longer find a righteous man. I see virtue ruined and vice triumphant, and this is the greatest suffering I can have in this world. Therefore daily I entreated my Lord JESUS CHRIST that He would rescue me from this defilement: continually I made most devout prayer to God saying, Shew me thy truth, O Lord, for to Thee do I lift up my eyes. And I believe that God has been pleased in His infinite mercy to shew me this path, though I am so unworthy of such grace. Wherefore would it not have been most ungrateful, if, having asked God to shew me the strait way in which I should walk, when He deigned to point it out to me I had not taken it? O my Saviour, rather a thousand deaths than that I should be so ungrateful, or so oppose thy will. Thou, dearest father, oughtest to thank our LORD JESUS rather than to weep, yea thou oughtest to rejoice and exult. I beg thee then give me no more sadness and grief than I have: sadness and grief, however, not for what I have done—for if I could become greater than Cæsar Augustus I would not revoke that—but because sense resists spirit, and therefore I have a cruel conflict to maintain that Satan may not conquer.'

A specimen this, I think, of the spirit of the man all his life through: exhibiting a sense of moral evil in the whole order of things amid which he lived wholly insupportable by him: an inward irresistible impulse to seek for himself, and if it might be to manifest to others, a better Order: truly presenting himself to his brethren for a Sign—a Protest against the Present, and a Portent or a Prophecy of the Future.

So he enters the convent at Bologna, intending to be for a while but an ordinary lay brother; receiving simply sanctuary and protection in return for the performance of the domestic service of the institution. But the monks soon find him too good for this, and avail themselves of his more than

common attainments in classical literature and scholastic science, by appointing him to lecture on these subjects. He does so—for years he does so; but he does not find in such employment the satisfaction which he seeks in conventual life. He aspires to a higher and holier vocation, and nourishes his own soul with more heavenly food. He learns his Bible almost all through by heart, and reads Augustine, and prays much. These studies excite his whole man. And this excitement is increased by his increasing perception of the contradiction between the life of the monks and the standard of Scriptural requirement. He grows more and more taken up with the directly spiritual part of Religion: but he finds that his fellow-monks are not interested even in the ceremonial part of it; and thus sympathy between them rapidly grows less. This is a period of fearful mental struggle to him, in which he gains insight into many things, suspicions of more. For seven years, however, Savonarola continues in this long novitiate, with only the relief of travelling from convent to convent to lecture. He finds these other convents no better than his own, and so he grows daily more dissatisfied both with himself and the conventual life in general. The Bible and Augustine make him feel more and more deeply the necessity of a personal and a spiritual religion, and the religion of the cloisters he visits becomes continually more and more distasteful to him. He now abandons all books for the Scriptures, and endeavours to mould all his thoughts and his whole life on a Rule to be deduced from them alone. He attaches himself chiefly to the Old Testament, which was new to him; being neglected very generally in those times. In this he is like Luther; and like him, too, in now adopting the same fundamental principle—the real origin of his becoming a Reformer—the rejection of all authority as absolute but that of the Bible. After struggles of many kinds, he becomes a Priest, in order chiefly, it may be, that he may

become a preacher: though at first he is without stated cure, and goes about from convent to convent lecturing on philosophy as before. But not long; for while he lectures his heart burns to do more: he must Preach. He tries: his first effort is a great disappointment to all—a great mortification to himself. He had longed to be a Preacher above all things: but he has no gifts of utterance, he now finds. But he still feels that he has something to say which it would be better for men if they would hear; and so he must, he will Prophesy even if he stammers. So he goes into obscure places in Lombardy, and tries over and over again, expounding the Scriptures extempore; to young men and children, when he cannot to the more mature. He studies the Apocalypse, gives up his whole soul to its mystic symbols, and fills himself to overflowing with its glorious imagery. And thus imbuing himself with the language of a Prophet, he gradually fits himself for the office of Preacher.

Sixtus IV. had now become Pope. This position of Pope—for any one who believes in the prerogatives it claims—seems to me the very highest point of terrestrial elevation: a point from which a man might and ought to look down upon mankind as a Shepherd upon flocks of sheep and of goats, and treat them accordingly. His Holiness, what a Title! surely if a man could make good his right to this, he would make good also his right to much more. His Holiness would be His Majesty indeed—the very Vicegerent of God: and as such, king of all kings and lord of all lords on earth. But no Pope has ever yet authenticated himself as such: he has never produced credentials of his being Supreme Ruler of the kingdom of heaven upon earth, or even an Ambassador from heaven plenipotentiary. Sixtus IV. least of all (judging him by his fruits) save his immediate successors, Innocent VIII. and Alexander VI.—the basest of mankind. Under these Popes Savonarola lives. Shall he not take up his

Parable? utter his Prophecy? yea, lift up his voice to its highest height? He is a Preacher by vocation; what then can he better preach about than these iniquities in high places? If he be a true Prophet he must be to the mis-named Innocent as Elijah was to Ahab. And he is.

It was the year after the death of Sixtus IV. in the first year of the Pontificate of Innocent VIII. that Savonarola goes to preach at Brescia. Here he essays to expound the Apocalypse; the spirit, the words, of the book bear up Savonarola, and carry him on into a region of thought and speech which he has never been in before. His utterances seem scarcely his; and almost before he is aware, the words which were written of Babylon, he has spoken of Rome. O Prophet, thou hast not prophesied smooth things, and henceforth there is no Peace for thee. No Peace; for the words take effect both on the People and the Priests: the People admire, the Priests hate. What courage! what rashness! say they: how noble: how dangerous! It is not without effect on himself too. He is as much astonished at himself as others are. His tongue has become loosed and he no longer stammers: he is an articulate-speaking man: a Voice of Power. The enthusiasm of all grows: the denunciation of the Preacher is transformed into the judgment of the Prophet. Lo, a miracle of mercy he thinks. But Savonarola neglects no means of completing by sedulous efforts the conquest of the perverseness of his natural man; and labours as might the youngest in the School of the Prophets, that he may mentally be worthy of what he now feels to be an unfolding mission. It is not, however, until two years after his outburst at Brescia that he manifests himself at all in public, and then but slightly; and not until four years afterwards that he comes forth fully to the view. He gives himself up all this long while to Contemplation: he will confer as little as possible with flesh and blood. It is this period which is

rich to him in spiritual experiences. It is a pause of preparation. He has bared his soul to Divine illumination—sincerely, continually, fully ; and he believes he has not done so in vain. Truths of many kinds have revealed themselves to him : unaccountable emotions have arisen within him : intuitions, inspirations, visions.

These four years, then, he waits on Providence, listening for a call. In 1487 a call comes to him. A provincial chapter of the Dominicans of Lombardy is held at Reggio, at which Savonarola is present. Prince Pico della Mirandola is there too. He is exceedingly struck with Savonarola, and writes urgently to Lorenzo de' Medici to invite him to Florence. Lorenzo does so ; and Savonarola goes and becomes Prior of San Marco there. And now here at Florence may be said truly to begin the remarkable career which manifests him as one of the most notable men of his age. His position at Florence, however, makes his career of prophesying in some respects very difficult. The Convent of San Marco was one of the splendid erections of Cosmo the Father of his Country, and one who shared its peculiar treasures might well feel under obligations to the House of the Medici. And not only was he invited to it by a Medici, but the most distinguished of their friends introduce him to whatever is most distinguished in Florence ; they procure him the use of a Church for his Lectures, and attend these lectures themselves. But they are patronising a Prophet unawares. And truly something more than picturesque must have seemed to them the sight of Savonarola soon after his arrival, expounding the Apocalypse in the garden of the Cloister of San Marco. A man of middle stature, fair-haired and of a ruddy countenance, with a high and bold forehead, but that notably furrowed ; his eyes most bright and most blue, with long light red lashes : his nose prominent and aquiline ; his under lip full and quivering. A man

sufficiently well proportioned and well knit throughout, of upright carriage; seeming of no imposing presence ordinarily—simple, grave, and gentle: but one whose aspect so varies its expression that you cannot surely say what manner of man he is until you have seen him often, or until you have heard him once at least discourse; but then you see that whatever he is, he is by virtue of the spirit that is in him: that the outer man is but the merest covering of the inner: an earthen vessel only for the enkindling oil—a mere necessary screen for a soul to shine through. See him standing out in the open air, on a sultry August day, under the chequered shade of the roses in the garden there—the Book of the Revelations in one of his hands, while the other is stretched forth on high—almost transparent against the blue—a mixed throng around him of clergy and of people: the very monks climbing upon the walls to hear the wondrous speech which falls from his lips. And listen to those words of his: words are they not picked and flowery: not mellifluous: the doctrine, too, meat not milk: not seasoned with honey but with salt: or to change the figure abruptly, as he himself so often does, words that burned where they dropped—a fiery flood. ‘The Church is corrupt—aye, unto its very core; its central throne even is rotten. Italy, thou very Paradise of earth, thou hast become a spiritual wilderness—even worse—a land of idols and an abomination to the Lord. The Church of Italy must be punished in order to be Reformed. The Sword of the Lord will come upon the earth for vengeance—come soon and come suddenly.’ This is the sum at present of the Prophet’s burden. His hearers are divided; some say, He is bold and pious; other some, He is learned but dangerous; and the rest, He is visionary—an enthusiast—poor man!

Not until a year after he has been at Florence is he installed as Prior of San Marco. It had been customary for



the new Prior on his induction to make a formal visit of thanks to Lorenzo. Savonarola declines doing this : he will hold a spiritual office on other tenure than the favour of Lorenzo. Lorenzo is impressed with this as a novelty at least. If the Prior will not come to him, he will go to his convent ; to worship and walk in the garden, and see what comes of it. Nothing comes of it. Savonarola is and does as usual, and nothing more. Lorenzo sends through his Chancellor a large sum of gold and silver to the alms-box of the Church of San Marco. Savonarola in due course opens the box, keeps the silver for the use of the Convent, and sends the gold to the guardians of the poor of the parish. Such passages as this which he speaks the next day henceforth occur in his sermons : 'A good dog barks always to defend his master's house : and if a robber gives him a bone or the like, he pushes it aside and ceases not to bark as before.' Lorenzo sends two chief citizens to persuade Savonarola to alter this style of preaching. Savonarola replies, 'Tell Lorenzo in my name, he is a Florentine, and the first of the Florentines—I a foreigner and a poor brother ; yet it will happen that he must go hence and I remain here.'

Savonarola feels thus with regard to Lorenzo. He acknowledges many great intellectual gifts in him and great services in past times : but he has brought about in some respects an evil change, he thinks, in Florence : he has done away with the rude simplicity of the old republic, and has substituted for it only a sensuous civilization. Lorenzo he considers as undermining religion by his scepticism and overlaying it by his luxury, and smothering it by his Patronage. He does not think it good for his brethren to be so dependent in their spiritual interests upon Patronage ; and for himself he does not want any Patronage but that of Providence.

And as to Lorenzo's feelings towards Savonarola, we may

say that he treats the austerity of Savonarola with magnanimity. He does not despise him, and he does not persecute him; but he dislikes him and counteracts him. He is too tolerant to oppose him by force, but he is also too diplomatic not to oppose him by policy. So he sets up a rival preacher for the people: one Mariano, whom he had previously patronised, and brought to his other convent of San Gallo. But Mariano does not feel comfortable in his work: says his talents lie in another direction, and goes to Rome to plead there concerning Savonarola, quite otherwise and more effectively.

Savonarola has already introduced Reform into his convent, and, of course, in so doing, has made enemies. He is thought to be too strict. He himself sleeps but four hours out of the twenty-four: he eats only the coarsest food, and clothes himself with the coarsest cloth. And every way he is sternly moral; and thus the strokes of his censures fall with weight, and wound where they fall. For two years Savonarola goes on equably, only exchanging the last book of the Bible for the first, in his expositions. The people of Bologna now ask him to come to preach to them for a while—it was here you will recollect that he lived so much when young with the medical grandfather—and he goes. He preaches with apparent success: but to himself with no great satisfaction, for he feels he is leaving his main duty behind him; that he is out of his appointed place; that he has no call, no mission here, save what they or himself have given. So he will leave his apparent success for his clearer, though more painful, duty. He returns to his preaching at Florence, and preaches thus: ‘People of Florence, give yourselves to the study of the Sacred Scriptures. The first of all blessings is understanding the Scriptures. Let us publicly confess the truth—the Sacred Scriptures have of late been locked up—this light has been almost extinguished among us. Has it not been set aside? left in the dust? no

longer studied but made to give way to poetry and vanities? In the pulpit now nothing is quoted but Plato and Aristotle, and the like. But is not this Book most of all to our purpose? Does it not speak of our times and our persecutions? What sayest thou, brother? Florentines, go read: When the Hebrews did right and loved God they always prospered: when they committed iniquity God prepared a Scourge for them. Florence, what hast thou done? What sins hast thou committed? how dost thou stand before God? Shall I tell thee? Alas! thy measure is filling—yea, Florence, it is full, I say. Look, look, a Scourge is coming. Lord, Thou dost bear me witness that, with my brethren, I have striven to bear up against this burden, this destruction, by fervent prayer. We can do no more—I can say no more—my strength fails; there is nothing left for me but to weep, and to pray, and to pray yet again. O Lord, seest not Thou how bad men mock, how they scorn us, how they suffer not that any should help Thy servants? Every one derides us; we have become the reproach of the world. We have prayed; oh, how many tears too have we shed, how many sighs have we breathed! Where is Thy Providence? where Thy Laws? where Thy Faithfulness? O Lord, delay not; that the ambitious and the wicked may not say, Where is the God of these men who have so often repented, and prayed, and fasted, and all to no good? Thou seest the bad every day become worse—O stretch forth, stretch forth Thy hand, yea Thy mighty arm. I ask not that Thou shouldest hear us for our merits, but for Thy mercy—for the love of Thy Son. Look upon the face of Thine Anointed, and have compassion upon Thy sheep. Dost Thou see them all here—all afflicted, all persecuted? Dost Thou not love them, O my God? Didst Thou not become incarnate for them? Wast Thou not crucified for them? Oh, if I cannot prevail, if this work be too great for me—take me away, O Lord! release me from

life. I am guilty, O Lord, yet, yet have respect not to my sins, but to Thine own loving-kindness, and let us all feel Thy compassion.'

The manner in which an Italian—a Dominican—preaches, I cannot convey to you : so fervid, so forcible, so full of action and of passion ; often as if he would pour out his very soul with his speech, and if not attended to, would expire on the spot. But this is the kind of sermon with which Savonarola wrought upon the mind of the people of Florence, day after day : an outpouring of mixed doctrine and emotion, of exhortation and prayer ; speech full of force though not of grace : surging up, as it were, from hot springs in his heart, and flowing forth from his eyes, his hands, his features, as well as from his lips : rendering him unmindful of all but his subject, and his audience unmindful of all but himself.

' Lorenzo, as I have said, always respects Savonarola. He has now found out by experience of the world what Savonarola has found out long since and otherwise, that for the stability of States a strong Morality and some measure of Religion are needed : mere philosophy and material civilisation alone, these will not suffice. True, the æsthetic and the ascetic could not coalesce ; but still the former felt the need of the latter, felt his worth. Lorenzo had said before of Savonarola, ' This man is a true monk and the only one I have ever seen.' But now Lorenzo falls ill, and Death seems approaching. He has jewels melted into medicine, and makes pills and powders of Pearls. But, alas ! the Magnificent Man finds this amalgam of his to be no medicine at all, but only the quintessence of quackery. Savonarola's presence may answer better, he thinks : so he sends for him to his bedside, having dismissed Angelo Poliziano and Giovanni della Mirandola—at a banquet very elegant people, but at a death-bed utterly inane. Savonarola counsels and comforts him as a true Priest and Prophet might do ; he speaks much of the

necessity and virtue of Repentance and of Faith. Lorenzo assents with cordiality and begs absolution. Savonarola adds, that genuine faith always produces fruits meet for repentance; and of these Justice first. He therefore, before absolution, requires that Lorenzo give back to Florence what he had taken from it, or advise that it should be reclaimed—its ancient liberties, its republican constitution. Lorenzo demurs: Savonarola repeats the requirement. Lorenzo is silent. Savonarola is silent too, and departs.

The death of Lorenzo is on the 8th of April, 1492: and with his death seems dissolved the gorgeous spell which had bound Florence to the family of the Medici. Savonarola is now more vehemently prophetic than before. He sees visions and dreams dreams. Innocent VIII., too, dies three months after this. Now there may be an opening for improvement—a new Era—Savonarola thinks. His heart is full of hope. Alas! alas! Roderigo Borgia (Alexander VI.) ascends the throne of Christendom, the worst of popes and perhaps of men: and thus now is the Priest of Priests the Chief of Sinners—the Infallible Guide, stone-blind. Bitterly, bitterly, in the Duomo and in San Marco, in the Gardens and the Squares—does Savonarola inveigh against the corruptions of the times, and he takes now for his text the Vision of a Hand that he has seen, holding a Sword inscribed with the words, ‘The Sword of the LORD upon the earth—soon and suddenly.’ With earnest iteration of these words, and such as these, he moves the city.

And now, lo, Charles VIII., King of France, has come over the Alps with the largest army that for centuries has ever crossed them. Surely here then is the Sword of the LORD—the Scourge of Italy—the Divinely appointed Penance for the Church. All is excitement everywhere. An embassy is decreed from Florence. Savonarola is commissioned to conduct it. He does so, and speaks most fervently

for it to the King. Nothing more, however, seems to be done by it than to impress upon Charles VIII. a high respect for the Preaching Commissioner. The Florentines, however, meanwhile rise up against Pietro de' Medici, and he flies, with his two brothers, Giovanni and Giuliano, to Bologna : and a day before Savonarola returns to Florence from his mission, the Medicean Rule of sixty years is at an end.

On the 17th of November, 1494, Charles VIII. makes his solemn entry into Florence. He comes as a Conqueror, but he is received as a Guest : a fearful misunderstanding this : one speedily causing boundless confusion. And Pestilence, too, has manifested itself at this moment—a more fearful visitor than the most august of kings. All eyes wait upon Savonarola. And he is not wanting in the heart and head for a Leader. He first makes the people prepare food for the starving, asylums for the sick, and graves for the dead. He exhorts every man to stand to his post—none to flee for fear of themselves. He tells them that all Christendom ought to be one united Brotherhood ministering to each others' need. He then demands an audience of Charles VIII. It is refused. The demand is repeated : it is granted. The King, we saw just now, was impressed with Savonarola when he went to him as Commissioner : unusually so it would seem, for now in an impulse of respect he rises from his throne as Savonarola approaches it. Savonarola accepts the reverence with dignity, but saves the Monarch from humiliation by holding up to him the crucifix he always wore, and saying, 'This is the memento of Him who made Heaven and Earth : you honour not me but Him whose servant I am.' And then he continues thus (it is said) : 'And he is King of kings, and Lord of lords : He makes the universe tremble, and gives victory to princes, according to His Will and Justice : He punishes and overthrows wicked and unjust kings, and will ruin thee, O King, and all thy army, if thou desist

not from thy cruelty, and set not aside the project thou hast conceived against this city. For there are in it many servants of God, who night and day make supplication to the throne of God. Therefore this will happen to thee, and they will scatter and confound thy troops. Knowest thou not that the LORD can conquer by many or by few? Dost thou not remember what He did to that haughty Sennacherib of Assyria? Remember that when Moses prayed Joshua conquered. And we have prayed and will pray : and thus will He do to thee, if in thy presumption thou desirest what is not thine. Let it suffice thee to have the friendship of this people : and have done with thy wicked and cruel scheme against the innocent and faithful. Moreover, if thou persistest in spending thy time here in this unprofitable manner, thou must permit to thy adviser a sharper style of reproof than may be well pleasing to thee : in no other can he give thee counsel that is good. God has called thee to a great work—to the renewing of the Church in Italy—as I the servant of God have already emphatically declared to thee, and as four years before this your Majesty's arrival in Italy, I constantly and publicly prophesied. But by such means perhaps your Majesty thinks it unworthy of God to accomplish such a work. Be it so : God will then not be wanting in other instruments to bring it to a happy consummation.'

Two days after this, 28th of November, Charles VIII. left Florence : and so doing left Savonarola the greatest man in it. And his character rises with his position—which is one test of true greatness. He now in some singular respects reminds us of Cromwell : in this at least, that his ever constant aim is to establish a Theocracy ; to set up a Kingdom of heaven on earth—a polity in which all things should be ordered by Divine ordinances, and spiritual qualities should be honoured before all others. But Cromwell was a soldier

and Savonarola a monk. So while Cromwell begins by reforming his troops, Savonarola begins by reforming his clergy. He founds a new Convent, speedily well filled with real monks—men who voluntarily set themselves apart to fight with the world, the flesh and the devil, until death—men solemnly dedicating every energy of their souls to the holiest uses and the highest aims. And against all seeming probability he gets a papal brief for this new regiment of Ironside monks, 22d of May, 1493.

And Savonarola's weapons too, as well as his soldiers, are not carnal: at least the chief of all is not, for it is the Word of God, read and preached of: to what extent you may judge when I tell you that the shops of a large portion of Florence are not opened any morning now until after Savonarola's sermon. But Savonarola does more than preach; he collects all the people that the great Duomo will hold, and in the presence of all the magistrates of the city, assembles a Provisional Parliament, to consult that the city take no harm from the deposition of the Medici, and proposes to them that the Old Republican Constitution of Florence should be once again and for ever established.

Long discussions arise out of this; all the vehemence of Italian parties is educed; and though something be settled now, it proves but the beginning of commotions. But as far as I can judge, the part Savonarola now takes and the general substance of his speeches exhibit him as an able, reasonable, religious man; somewhat more of the Old Testament type than of the New; if visionary, clear-sighted also in many ways: and if impracticable, yet only so from the loftiness of his Ideal. Savonarola wanted, as I have said, what many noble minds want, and can never find satisfaction but when they are striving for—a Theocracy once again on earth—like, but better than, that which the Jews had once: a Polity in which there shall be no separation between Law



and Religion, between sacred and secular—in which all citizens shall be in one sense priests, and all Dominion in one sense founded upon Grace. Not at all a Republic such as Gentile and modern nations have shewn us, in which all comes of the People's Will, and no man is anything but what his fellows make him; no, not this, but rather a community organised on a Divine Law, in which every man shall be what God has fitted him to be—this was the aim of Savonarola. 'Thou knowest, thou knowest, O Florence,' he exclaims in one of his sermons, 'that I would have thee a spiritual state—a truly Christian state: I have always shewn thee clearly that a kingdom is only strong in proportion as it is spiritual, and can only become more spiritual by being more closely related to God.' Ah yes, Church and State both in one—the kingdom of God no Utopia, but visible here on earth—Christianity a Reality for the Living, and not merely an Inheritance for the Dead—this is an ideal which, having once been set up among men, can never be withdrawn, and which assuredly will be pursued by some as long as it shall not be realised. To build up on earth a City of God—to establish here below a living Law in which there may be recognised the same spirit as that which we believe sustains the saints above—to make earth all one with heaven in kind, and differing only in degree—this must ever be now the aim and the mission—the doctrine and the effort—of every true Prophet of God.

In a sermon before the Signory of Florence, Savonarola now states the various opinions of the greatest philosophers and theologians on the best Constitution of a State: and endeavours therefrom to develop one which would be best adapted to modify the historical constitution of Florence. But the great bulk of the people—and many even of their leaders—were not such as Savonarola: they were guided more by party traditions than by abstract principles: and

the prophetic legislator appeared to them by far too candid and too considerate. Every one knew the significance of the Piagnoni and the Palloni—the Bianchi and the Neri—and still more clearly of the Soderini and the Vespucci, and the like—and the general outline of the principles they respectively represented, the popular and the aristocratic. Savonarola, however, is desired by the Signory to draw up his views on Government in writing. He does so in a document manifesting much legislative faculty, and no fanaticism whatever. The last passage in that document is this: ‘As in everything so likewise in the State, spiritual force is the best and worthiest of ruling powers. Hence it is that even from the beginning a very imperfect state of Government will flourish in complete security, and with time will acquire perfection, if it be but universally acknowledged that the end of all Christian States is the improvement of the morals of the citizens by the suppression of all open wickedness, and that the truly Christian life subsists in the fear of God: if, moreover, the Law of the Gospel be esteemed as the Rule and Measure of Civil Life, and of all laws that are made: if, further, all citizens shew a true love of their country, and with uncorrupted self-love subject their own personal interest to the general good: and if, finally, a general peace shall have been concluded among the citizens, all past injustice of the former Government forgiven, and all older hatred be forgotten—such unity will make a state strong within, and secure and even feared without.’

On the whole, at this crisis of his history we may say that Savonarola is not wanting in any thing which we may justly have expected of him: and that he was an able and faithful leader of those who looked to him for guidance: a man sagacious and intrepid: with an honest heart and a single eye, and all occupied with public interests and not with private. A man not oppressed with his multiplied labours, nor cum-

bered with his much serving : rather rising with the occasion and above it : the more turbulent others, the more tranquil he : calm and clear indeed to a degree which is the admiration of many who were spectators of him at the time, and the wonder of himself when years afterwards he looks back upon himself at this period of his life. Truly much had he to do—as all must have in making new constitutions for a people. Much, however, is he helped at first by the patriotism of his fellow-citizens : for at his solicitation all the magistrates and officers who had been elected on one rough draft of a constitution, readily abdicated their offices, in order that they might be remodelled on a more popular basis. The legislative power is at length vested in a General Council consisting of a thousand citizens of not less than thirty years of age, and of a Select Council, of eighty members, of not less than forty years of age. And on the 23d of December, 1494, by Savonarola's special efforts, an amnesty for the Medici is proclaimed, and the Government of Florence apparently settled on a reasonable and a Christian foundation. In all these provisions you will observe that though Savonarola's influence is so great, it is never exerted to serve himself in any way. He never solicits either office or recompence of any kind—neither power nor wealth. All he asks for himself is unlimited Liberty of Prophesying. And when he has got this, thus it is that he prophesies : 'If we ask whence it comes that the Church has so much lost her original purity, the answer is, because the Holy Scripture, which demands and nourishes the Christian life, which ought to be read and given as the true nourishment of the soul to the faithful, has fallen into oblivion. For Logic, Philosophy, and Legal Science, there are teachers appointed : and all Arts have their masters. But now no one teaches the Holy Scripture, nor will any one learn it. Since this light has been extinguished it has been night. Instead of preaching CHRIST

they offer for money from the pulpit a mixture of Philosophy and Christianity ; or one hears nothing at all but of Aristotle and Plato, of Cicero and Demosthenes, and other heathens, whose words even they cite without spirit or Christian feeling. . . . Thus now the most sacred things are degraded in the pulpit : Theology to rhetoric, and Poetry to fable. They hold markets, too, in the churches. . . . And to disturb even the still devotion of individuals, the devil has begun to bring into operation music and the organ, which only please the ear and edify nothing. In the ancient Polity, it is true, there were many festivals with songs, trumpets, a tabernacle, and the like. But this for the most part had an end with Christ. . . . I also tell you that nowhere in the Gospel is it commanded to have golden or silver crosses, or other costly things in the Church. But the Gospel does say, 'I have thirsted and thou hast not given me to drink,' and the like. Therefore make a law that all these costly things may be sold. Look to it that those who gave them are contented with that law, that no bitterness may ensue, and then will I be the first who shall lay hands on the cups and crosses of my cloister to feed the poor from this superfluity.

'And consider the whole state of the Church : how few in this day do good and walk in the path of God. He who looks considerably must confess that Italy is now all but at the very height of wickedness. But when the measure is full, the Sword must clear the way for a better state of things. Yes, thy baseness, O Italy—Rome and Florence—thy godless life, thy usuriousness—they bring Ruin. Therefore have I already long ago warned thee and called continually—Do Penance, Florence : lead a Christian life. Repentance is the only means of safety in the time of trouble, and can even mitigate much of it. Florence, I warned thee before the rest : for from thee as the centre of Italy shall

the Reformation proceed—from thee shall all Italy be renewed.

‘But the false and lukewarm have perverted the people and prejudiced them against the truth—before all, the wicked Priests and servants of the Church are the guilty cause of this corruption, as also of the coming calamities. . . . O ye Priests and Heads of the Church, leave your pluralities and your pleasures, while yet there is time to repent, and keep your masses with devotion. O ye monks, leave your costly robes and silver decorations—your abbeys and your benefices—and give yourselves up to simplicity, and work with your hands as your reverend predecessors did. Ye merchants, too, leave off usury—give back what you have unjustly gained, and of your abundance give to the poor. O my brethren, if you leave not these things—your superfluities and your vanities—willingly now, you must soon do it by compulsion—for God will punish you if you change not your life and your manners.’

And much more than this did he say: like an old prophet it seems to me: a Baptist Preaching surely, most needed: only elementary indeed when true, and not always the best—but always as good as anything preached at that time, and often, often better.

Rome does not remain unstirred by such Preaching, so near it as this is at Florence; especially as the Medici are there, and that Mariano whom we have before seen retiring from a contest with Savonarola at Florence. Worked upon by these the Pope begins an attack upon Savonarola. He sends a brief to prevent his preaching as appointed during Lent this year, 1498: and sends him to Lucca. Savonarola prepares to obey, but in his farewell sermon there are some words of passionate but affectionate reproach to the Florentines for their conduct during his ministrations among them, and these words work on the people; and the Magistrates


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and Signory write to the Pope to beg him not to send Savonarola away from them, or to believe any representations against him, and to withdraw his brief. The Pope recalls his brief. Savonarola now expounds Job, and keeps in a good measure free from public excitements. But he has written to Charles VIII. and had an interview with him at Poggibonsi: and Charles, as you know, is the special enemy of the Pope, and Savonarola had considered him as the Deliverer of the Church, or at least as its Divinely appointed Scourge. A letter of Savonarola written in this spirit to Charles had come into the hands of the Pope. He invites rather than cites Savonarola to Rome, that he might speak to him, he says, concerning his gifts. But Savonarola has been wasting long: he has now grown very feeble: only strong enough to preach through the fitful false strength of fever: till at length he wholly breaks down, and Domenico da Pescia occupies his place in the pulpit of San Marco: and a note-worthy man is this.

But in October Savonarola re-enters his pulpit and speaks thus:—‘Having permitted the body to repose a little, I now purpose to begin anew to strive, and not to cease again from striving, until I die—but then to conquer. Doubt not even if I should die, that in this way also I shall be victorious. Yes, if I die, God will raise up others. But however this be, I have this morning appeared anew on the field of battle to see how the troops stand, and whether all things be ready to renew the war.’ He had before said, with great foresight, some time before this, ‘Do you ask me what will be the end of this conflict? I answer, Victory. But if you ask me in particular through what means, I answer, through Death. But then, brethren, remember Death is not Extinction—it is Resurrection. It rather serves to spread abroad the Light. And this Light is already spread wider than you believe. It is already in many hearts—so many that if you knew how

many, not only in this place but in many places, you would be astonished and change your lives. Write to Rome that this Light is in very many places more than they know of, and that they cannot put it out—that if they quench it in one place then it will break out in another stronger and higher—that this Light will be kindled soon in Rome itself, and in all Italy. Write, too, that I invite all the learned men of Florence and Rome—of Italy at large—to oppose this truth, and that I am ready to defend it in every way, and in any way.’

His Preaching had almost from the first produced some considerable outward moral Reformation. Men began to give themselves more and more to honest industry, and to leave off positively vicious amusements. To many things they learned now to say, It is Forbidden, and admirable laws had been passed by his influence. Latterly the Advent Services of the Church had been kept with more devotion than ever those of Lent had been before in the memory of man. And now the crowds that attend his Preaching are so great that even the Duomo has to be fitted up something like a theatre to accommodate his hearers, many of whom came from far, from Bologna even, and from Pisa. The number of the young, too, who enrolled themselves as his disciples is now so great that he organises them into a distinct Order, and places them under the direction of his most able coadjutor, Domenico da Pescia : and these again at Carnival time this year organise bands of still younger persons who go in procession through the streets, and beg from house to house—for the love of CHRIST and the good of souls—for whatever there may be in them of objects of vanity, of luxury, and of vice : and these they pile into great heaps, and burn on the Eve of Ash Wednesday in the presence of the magistracy of Florence, amid Psalms and Hymns and spiritual songs. And here began a strife between the æsthetic and the ascetic



principles—such as distinguished our own Puritan contest—which was but an exaggerated expression of what was true on either side. Savonarola's enemies are now loud against him, and he is regarded and represented by them as the Troubler of Italy. His reply from the pulpit is after the pattern of Elijah's—'It is not I who have troubled Italy, but you who have forgotten your God, who have despised His sacraments and trafficked with His ordinances; who instead of practising Justice, have oppressed the poor, being full of arrogance, fraud, envy, hate, and all turpitude: all which things you do so publicly that heaven and earth cry out for vengeance. It is not I who have troubled Italy: no, I have only announced, what I announce again, that Punishment shall shake the land, and will not delay.'

Many of his friends now accompany him, armed for his protection, when he goes to Fiesole and back, and even on his way from San Marco to the Duomo they do the like—they think that there are plots against his life. There is certainly one plot against him, of so different a kind that it is full of significance; displaying at once the consistency and integrity of Savonarola's character, and the importance attached to him by those who were well qualified to judge. A messenger arrives at Florence from Rome, and seeks the cell of Savonarola, by whom for three days he is courteously entertained. They converse incessantly, the blander of the two saying most. On the evening of the third day the mission of the Roman has not much prospered. Savonarola is as much a Prophet as he was at first: a most impracticable man. Wearied with the utterance of fair words, and relying on the infinite corruptibility of human nature, the Pope's commissioner—the clever man of the world, who deemed that he knew how to deal with men most diplomatically—produces a Papal proffer of a Cardinal's Red Hat. Savonarola with no lack of courtesy replies, 'Come to my sermon



to-morrow and I will give you my answer.' Thus invited, his guest goes to the unwelcome preaching. After listening to a torrent of speech against the corruptions of the high places, more lava-like than ever, he collects the answer to his mission from these words, 'Every other covering for my head will I refuse unto death, except it may be one which shall be dyed red with my blood.'

When Savonarola began his public preaching in 1489 he prophesied that it should continue eight years; and in this 1496 it is beginning to look probable that at least it may not continue more. The young men of Florence had long been irritated by his preaching, and this year the Great Council is opened to all of the age of twenty-four, and an adherent of the Medici is elected its President. The Emperor Maximilian, too, was attacking Livorno, and there were other troubles. Savonarola had been very much weakened also by illness, as I have said. But he is, as I have also before said, elevated not depressed by difficulties. His preaching waxes bolder and more bold: until he arrives at this saying—a saying laid down by Augustine and repeated by Wycliffe in these words—'No one in mortal sin hath in the sight of God a true dominion over any of His creatures,' a declaration prolific of consequences, and of this one among them, of being understood to mean that the existing Pope had by his sins forfeited the right to govern the church. This is reported at Rome, and he is cited there, being suspended from preaching the while. Savonarola sends a long and able vindication of himself to Rome. He does not go himself, but from Advent to Easter 1497 preaches as usual. And at the Carnival the scenes of last year are repeated on a large scale. A large pyramidal Structure is erected in the chief market-place, and on it are piled vast heaps of vanities: numerous pictures and statues offensive to a Puritan taste: precious tapestries and much-admired books: and this a

long Procession approaches and surrounds, and amidst a concert of bells, and trumpets and cymbals, with singing and the loud shouts of the Signory and the people, sprinkles with holy water and sets on fire. Then commence a series of dances, as well as songs, which are meant to be profitable substitutes for the customary profane ones, but which to the colder and soberer judgment of an English puritanism would seem fantastical or fanatical. But let no one who has not seen a Carnival in Italy judge of this until he has.

The enemies of Savonarola are active. He fully understands his position, and determines to make his present controversy with the Pope a matter of life or death, not only for himself, but for the Church of his times. He writes letters to the Kings of France, Spain, Hungary, and England, and to the Emperor of Germany, exhorting them to call a General Council. A copy of these letters is laid before the Pope. From this moment the war does become one of life and death. The Pope writes to the Signory of Florence to proceed against Savonarola, whom he calls in his letter 'the Son of blasphemy.' Savonarola hearing that this brief had come, having of late yielded his pulpit very much to the Prior of Fiesole, instantly resumes it, and exclaims, 'I believe it to be the will of God that I shall not submit to the decision of such a corrupt tribunal as that which would now judge me, and verily I shall be condemned by God if ever I am weak enough to ask absolution for so righteous a Resistance.' The Signory defend him, write to the Pope, write to their Ambassador at Rome. Savonarola preaches at the Duomo on Ascension-day. He speaks with great boldness, but is interrupted by his enemies, and the whole service broken up. He publishes directions to his followers which exhort them to 'Remain quiet, be prudent, be pure, and be doing good; continue instant in prayer : defend the truth without hatred and bitterness, while you expose the folly of the godless ; for

he who persecutes is ignoble, and happy he who suffers persecution.' But things grow no easier for Savonarola. On the 12th of May, 1497, he is excommunicated by the Pope. He forgoes the pulpit, but publishes an address to his followers—an address, as it appears to me, precisely such as a mature Christian would write: as calm and courageous as any world's hero would have written: as gentle and as faithful as that of any Church's martyr. On the 22d of May, Savonarola writes again to the Pope, and on the 8th of July, the Signory do the same in his favour: and the Brothers of San Marco transmit to the Pope a Paper in defence of him which was subscribed by 200 brothers. The Pope offers to withdraw the Excommunication if Savonarola will appear in Rome to justify himself. Savonarola will not do this: and he now so far disregards the Excommunication as to celebrate the mass on Christmas-day, and give the communion to the Brethren and several hundred others. And on the 1st of February, 1498, the Signory grant him leave to resume his Lent Preachings. And so there he is again, with all the raised seats and steps replaced—and the crowd too to hear him, as of old. No change is there either in the Preacher, save that his denunciation of the sins of the Clergy, and his assertions of the Fallibility of the Pope, are yet more vehement than of old. The Pope threatens Florence with an interdict if proceedings are not taken against Savonarola instantly, and there be sent prisoner to Rome 'that Son of Perdition.' Many days pass, and Savonarola is not so sent. Another letter comes from the Pope. The Signory (which has been several times changed since Savonarola was Excommunicated) now sends a command to him to preach no more. On the 18th of March therefore he ascends his pulpit for the last time, and after as vehement a denunciation of the Pope and of the ungodly men among the Priests as ever he delivered, he closes his sermon with declaring that the Power of the Pope

has become in the hands of its present possessor, a Power not of God but of Satan, and that it is a power which he must resist to the last. 'Let the Lord only act: He has been the Teacher of all Prophets and Holy Men. This is the Master who handles the hammer, and when He has accomplished the work, lays it aside. So He did to Jeremiah, whom He permitted to be stoned at the end of his preaching, and so will He do with this hammer when He has used it after His own way. Well, let us be content. The Lord do what pleases Him.' Thus Savonarola excommunicates the Pope—at the risk, at the cost, it may be, of his own life. No mere Rhetoric this; we shall see.


On the 7th of April, 1498, is enacted the scene of the Ordeal, in which Domenico da Pescia on the side of Savonarola, and Giuliano Rondinelli on the part of his opponents, undertake to pass through the flames, each trusting to the truth of his cause to secure him immunity from injury. Elaborate preparations are made for this, and at the hour and place appointed, crowds assemble, full of terror and of wonder. Each champion too is at his place, and both seem prepared to carry through their undertaking. Savonarola delivers the host into the hands of his disciple. The Franciscans upon this protest against what is so sacred being subjected to the flames. Domenico refuses to enter the fire without a protection which he believes to be Divine, and on which he had counted from the first. The argument spreads among the crowd, and confusion spreads with it, until the assembly is dissolved and the ordeal abandoned. What it was right for Savonarola to do in this detail of a matter of which so much was wrong, I cannot say: but the effect was that many of his friends were disappointed, and many of his adversaries encouraged by this event: and the next day a crowd attacks one of the Churches in which a follower of his is preaching, and disperses the congregation. They proceed

also to San Marco where Savonarola is, and throw stones among his congregation. Confusion and violence ensue, and one of the followers of Savonarola is slain, at the foot of the altar. The Church is filled with smoke and with fighting men—with wounded and with killed. The tumult continues until midnight, when the Signory demand that Savonarola place himself under their safe-conduct. Addressing his brethren, and exhorting them to constancy and courage and calmness, he goes forth—under a roof of protecting lances—a prisoner, however, practically, rather than a guest. Two of his brethren also go with him, resolved to share whatever may happen to him. This proceeding pleases the Pope, who immediately appoints commissioners of Inquisition into his case. These examine him by torture, desiring him to confess that he is a false prophet, and one who deceived the people. Savonarola while sensible is firm, calm, unchanged: but as he is fainting with anguish they torture his words as well as his body, to make him seem to Recant. When Savonarola recovers himself, and the words they have written down as his are read over to him, he refuses to confirm them. They torture him again till he faints, and again he refuses to sanction their representations of his half-expiring speeches. This is done over and over again, with a sickening barbarity. And there is also woven a thick web of machinations against him, to condemn him with some shew of justice, and to make him openly to Recant. But Savonarola is firm, is tranquil—even employing the time of his imprisonment in commenting on the thirty-first and fifty-first Psalms. Singular man: he had commented and preached on many other Psalms in the course of his public ministry, but he always said when he came to these in course, that he would pass over these, and save them for that period of suffering which he believed would come upon him some day, and then they would be a fresh and especial source to him of strength and of comfort,

and his own experience of their truth, fulness, and beauty would qualify him better to expound them to others. And so now he meditates on these, and comments: and these outpourings of his heart were published immediately; and were republished, too, by Luther at the beginning of his career, with hearty appreciation and high commendation; and they are extant now. Such as I have seen of them exhibit the heart and mind of Savonarola as we all should wish to see them—full of humility and self-surrender—of Faith, Hope, and Charity. The end, however, of his case is, that he is pronounced by the Papal commissioners to be a Heretic—a Disturber of the Church—a Perverter of the people—one not worthy to live. There is another and a final hearing, however, of Savonarola, and in this he declares most emphatically that all he had ever said or preached was substantially Truth, and that all that had been said concerning his recanting was either false on the part of others, or on his part the mere effect of pain, and the disabilities of torture: and that were he subjected to the same unnatural temptations he probably might so flinch again, but that if he did they might be quite sure that he would reassert again and again, as often as they should release him, the very same doctrines that he had preached all his life through. Finally, therefore, he and two of his brothers—Domenico and Maraffi—are condemned to be hanged and burned at Florence, on the day of the Vigil of the Ascension. And on that flowery spring day—in that brightest of all bright cities—and almost under the Shade of the Duomo of Santa Maria de' Fiori—they heap up a funeral pyre—on the very spot where a few months before had been burnt in joyous carnival the symbols of the vices of Florence, and only a few weeks before had stood that pile which was meant for another fiery ordeal. The same crowd is there, and the same chief actors in the scene—the same fluctuations of emotions swaying to and fro

the mingled multitude, and the same, or rather greater, heroism of heart in the Champions and Confessors of the Right. Arrived at the place of execution, Savonarola is asked whether he has anything yet to say before his last journey. He replies, 'No, nothing but this: Pray for me, and tell my friends that they take no offence at my death, but continue in my doctrine and in peace.' He ascends the fatal pile—pronounces the Apostles' Creed—and dies.


A few words more on his character and I have done. His was, then, a quite compound character mentally, though one noble and simple morally. He was a man of clear aims and very healthy spiritual instincts: but these were sadly hindered and stifled by the bad culture they had, and by the inevitable evil influences by which they were from first to last surrounded. His whole soul was hungering and thirsting after Righteousness, but his mind was full of strange superstitions—a tangled mass of traditions—confusing and confounding but too often his elements of Truth. So it is to this day, as it seems to me, with the best of the Roman minds that I know of: and how much the Reformation, by bringing the mind of man back to the Written Scripture as the only Obligatory Law, has, if I may so say, cleansed the Modern Mind, I would have you take this occasion very gratefully to ponder on. Remember, too, that Savonarola had dwelt from infancy within the very central circle of Papal corruption, and that therefore the atmosphere which he had breathed from birth was drugged with impurity. No spiritual constitution could have grown up herein without being fearfully, if not fatally, diseased. Merely so to resist as to survive such infection was in itself a Victory. And it is this strong struggle between the natural and the spiritual—the Scriptural and the Traditional—in Savonarola's nature, that makes intelligible to us many of the extravagances of his doctrine—many of the piercingly wild tumults of his preaching. To



a mind growing clearer and clearer in its perception of Evangelical truth, try and imagine how great must have been the increasing tendency to cry aloud and spare not—to denounce Judgments with a ‘Thus saith the Lord’—when three such Popes succeeded each other as Sixtus IV., Innocent VIII., and Alexander VI. What would you have done? Kept silence, or spoken? If spoken, then whisperingly or loudly? There was nothing, however, personally bitter, or selfish, or revengeful, in his denunciations—nothing unchristian in the general spirit of the man. Truly he was one of the least fierce of all Reformers: a most mild, kindly, genial man, one would say, by nature—perchance even too much so for his work: very like our Cranmer in some things. They were both men of a delicate organisation; too sensitive, too sympathetic, for the rough work of Reformation: not hardy men, with nerves dulled and skin thickened in early life by actual struggle and collision with men in the world—with daily labours out of doors. They were both men too much of the Cloister—Preachers chiefly: scholar-like, not soldier-like. Like Cranmer, too, Savonarola winced under torture, but still to a much less degree than he: and in all ordinary, and even extraordinary, difficulties, his whole life through, there had been a superior courage: no flinching from Duty, no trembling in Danger: no fear of the face of man: no trafficking of Truth for anything: no selling for messes of pottage his spiritual birthright or inheritance: no bartering of his Prophet’s mantle and rough garments for the soft clothing to be found in Papal courts. No, from first to last a faithful man, labouring in a most crooked and perverse generation, and preaching the most singularly sad tidings always. That the sins of Italy were so great that a Scourge worse than the old Jewish Captivities must be its Penance—that only by Suffering the most intense could expiation be made for its iniquities—yea, even it may be, that it must




die before it could rise again to glory—such was his Burden: one lifelong Prophesying of Lamentations: the very sorrowfullest Preaching a modern nation has heard. He sees everywhere and always but this one Truth—Misery the inseparable consequence of Sin, and Regeneration, for a nation as well as for an individual, only through a New Birth, which is as a Resurrection after Death. This seems to him written in all History, Sacred and Profane—yea, even in Nature itself—and thus, wherever he turns he reads but a scroll written within and without with Lamentations, and Mourning and Woe. All other things would be to him tolerated if he might but rouse men to a conviction of their true state, and to an earnest self-surrendering effort to meet it with Penitence and with Penance. The sword and the flames would be to him but playthings then: no deadly thing could harm him: he would count loss gain, shame glory, and Death as Victory. And so he struggles on, with brave efforts in public, with great prayers in private—a grand and loving enthusiasm for his brethren's welfare at times enkindling his whole heart, but a wild wail, as if that heart were broken, perpetually saddening the music of his speech. Truly no modern man of whom we have record ever had in him more of that characteristic spirit of the Ancient Prophet—a profound sadness at the sight of sin—than Savonarola had. I always consider Jeremiah as perhaps the best type of the Ancient Prophet; the most exemplary union of impassioned yet enduring courage—of a boldness and a tenderness equally boundless. He had no new truths to teach, or few: it was the contrast of the actual condition with the Divine Model of the Jewish State, that penetrated his soul till it pierced it: the contradiction to fundamental principles—the transgression of acknowledged precepts. And in this respect it was the same with Savonarola: he takes his stand as a Prophet upon the First



Principles of the Oracles of God, and having faith in these, and clear reading of them, he holds up the Divine Law to the Church and to the State: he beseeches men to look at this picture and at that: the difference between the two to himself is shocking—he hopes it may be to others at least arousing. From the first he cannot but weep as he works: but the more he works the more he weeps. For he sees that those for whom he labours are not sensitive to their state—that they have got so familiar with their corruption that they care not to be freed from it, and even are incapable of sudden freedom: he cannot then lead them into Canaan—that generation at least must die in the wilderness. Most sad indeed: but, alas, it has been so from Moses downwards. And I think you will find that every true Reformer—every spiritual one—and indeed every man who has any clear vision of Good and Evil—has a large leaven of Grief always fermenting in his soul. Such men are always sad men. The meeting of Actual Humanity with its Ideal, this is indeed melancholy to behold—nothing more melancholy for an earnestly religious, supersensitive soul; and it is this spirit so conspicuous in Savonarola, and so characteristic of him, that makes me so honour him as a Reformer, though I see so clearly his infirmities as a Teacher.

Most useful, however, is it to dwell upon these infirmities of Savonarola, as they afford us the solution of much of that want of permanent success which compels us to place him in a rank so much less noble than that of our more northern Reformers. Savonarola's Protests were chiefly against practical abuse—against violations of the fundamental principles of all Religious life: against corruptions of the times which were vices and crimes no less than sins. His spirit was stirred within him when he saw his native city wholly given to vanity and to vice—his native country dying daily through slavery and luxury combined—and the very Head and Heart

of the Church of CHRIST possessed by spirits more wicked than any who dwelt elsewhere. He found Satan enthroned and worshipped in the highest seat there was or could be on earth: the Appointed Leaders of men both blind and base—neither going into the kingdom of heaven themselves, nor suffering those that would, except for money—and above all the People loving to have it so. And so his soul was stung into Remonstrance against this: his Christian instincts revolted against such spiritual wickedness in such high places, and opposition to these—fierce daily conflict with these—consumed the whole man. And in so far as this he was great and good indeed. For this passionate hatred of Sin and irrepressible yearning after Salvation from it—this truly lies at the very root of every true Reformation, and may be taken as a test of the reality, and a measure of the hopefulness, of any Protest which is made against error. In all great and beneficial Revolutions hitherto, the commencement has been made by a revolt against what was morally wrong rather than against what was intellectually false. It was so in Luther's case, it being only by degrees that he came to some degree of mental clearness with regard to the articles of his Creed. And no man had this shrinking from the immoralities of daily life, and the iniquities of religious profession, more deeply than Savonarola: and therefore I think that he may well be honoured highly as one of the greatest of the Reformers before the Reformation. But there was wanting in Savonarola the grand Creative element which was so characteristic of Luther's Reformation, and which must ever enter largely into any Revolution which strives to be permanent among mankind. Luther's own inward experience of what the real needs of the human soul are, and of what the supplies of the Gospel for these needs are—this was much deeper than that of Savonarola. And it was this which gave him his superior



power, and which enabled him to wield such dominion over the minds of men. So long as men took the merely negative ground of inveighing against the abuses of the Church while they recognised its fundamental assumptions, it stood firm against all their reiterated attacks, and would have done so, if there had been none other, to this day. It was the Testimony which Luther gave out of his own heart and out of the Bible that CHRIST was the true and only Source of Salvation—of Light and Life to the soul of the sinner—the necessary and sufficient Deliverer of man's spirit from every bondage—it was this that made him Invincible, and it was the absence of this which made Savonarola the Victim and not the Victor of Rome.

But finally; it is said that Savonarola was so much of a Pretender to Prophecy—so much a seer of visions and a dreamer of dreams—that he was in truth no Great Man at all, but on this account alone a scarcely sane enthusiast. I conclude with replying: Verily this matter of Modern Inspiration—how much it is a gift, how much it is a grace, and what else it is—is not one hastily to be pronounced upon. We find some of the most noble Christians of whom the Church bears record believing in their own most intimate communion with heaven. We find Wycliffe and Knox—the clearest, hardest-headed men—doing precisely as Savonarola did—predicting the End of the World and the Reformation of the Church from the signs of their times, and deeming the while that they had a special call from heaven to do so. And truly, if ever any times did give signs of something supernatural being at hand—did ever with reason stimulate Faith into Foresight, and Instinct into Inspiration—those times might well be the times of Savonarola: and if ever Prophet seemed justified in his predictions by their fulfilment, Savonarola seemed so in his, by one of the most remarkable and most unexpected events in all modern his-

tory—the invasion of Italy by Charles the Eighth. But the fact of most importance to be considered in judging of Savonarola's extraordinary spiritual pretensions is this, that they were no way different in kind or degree, only in direction, from those which were characteristic of the very Saints of the Church to which he belonged. The Roman Church believes in its own Perpetual Inspiration : and whoever has read the Lives of its Saints will know that every one of them has his vision, or his dream, or his miracle. These are things which the Church of Rome professes to be ordinary gifts of her grace—continuous accompaniments of her communion. And herein, as it seems to me, this Church is a witness for a great truth—obscurely and confusedly, as almost always, but yet substantially—a truth which many Protestant Churches have too often overlooked or denied—the truth, I mean, that now as ever, man lives, and moves, and has his being in God—that the Word of God is very nigh to man—even in his Heart. And assuredly the New Testament does place the Christian Church under a Dispensation of Spiritual Influence not common to those without it, and does also make the individual's participation of such influences proportionate to the measure of his faith, and love, and obedience. The belief, therefore, of individual inspiration may in any case be but the intellectual misinterpretation of a most blessed fact—but an overstrained inference from an indisputable Truth—the fellowship of the HOLY GHOST. And assuredly there can be no logical line drawn between the special and general communications of Divine Influence : it is impossible to say abstractedly, if any supernatural influence be ever exerted on the human spirit, what influence that is for good may not be exercised on any spirit by the Father of all spirits : and it would be unbelieving to deny that the Christian promises include a range of blessing that must ever appear supernatural to the natural man. It is

true enough, indeed, that men may easily pervert this indefiniteness of the Spirit's operations to their own delusion, and that of others; or they may grow to be so morbidly conscious of their own spiritual anatomy and circulation as to border so closely on the boundary line which divides between the sane and the insane—that their testimony concerning their experiences can add but little to our knowledge of the laws which govern the great realm of Responsible Spirit. But by their fruits you may know them, within the region of the thoroughly sound. And I believe that there are doctrines concerning spiritual gifts—profound and subtle relations of the inward and the outward man—true mysteries of the kingdom of God—which we might learn if we were studious, and which we might be much wiser and richer if we knew. Certainly I think that the autobiographies of the best men and of the wisest do testify that in a very special sense the Inspiration of the Almighty has given them understanding: that there is a power in Prayer to open the eyes of the mind as well as to expand the affections of the heart: and that many things seeming impossible to the natural man are possible to him who is in communion with God through CHRIST. Indeed I believe that almost any soul—a very ordinary soul—if only it would inspect itself earnestly awhile, would come to feel that it was so fearfully and wonderfully made that it might at any time readily become a mystery, and even a terror, to itself. But a soul of more than ordinary depth, communing constantly not only with the mysteries of its own being but also with those yet greater ones of the Christian Revelation—if such should come to think itself peculiarly privileged—specially illumined—indeed it need not be necessarily false, not even necessarily mistaken. The possibilities of spirit in any case no man knows—the least manifestation of it is a mystery, the greatest need not be a miracle: and the experience of a Christianised soul—of a

soul bared to all the influences of God's special Revelations—who shall limit and who shall define? Let such a soul retire awhile into itself—leaving outward sights and sounds and other men's voices and thoughts—and commune with itself and with its Almighty Parent—pondering well its positive sinfulness and its possible Restoration—then truly as it travels into the Past and the Future—the everywhere Infinite—it may well seem soon that the world has dropt from under it, and that it has no standing place in Space or Time; yea, let it once feel but true communion with Him who is Pure Spirit—worshipping Him even but for a moment in spirit and in truth—and then assuredly such an one, on returning to his ordinary estate, will testify that he has been the subject of emotions which transcend expression, and that whether the while he has been in the body or out of the body, he cannot tell. And thus I conceive it may have been sometimes with Savonarola; and if so, who are we that we should judge him? To his Master and to ours in this matter especially he stands or falls: yea, and before that Master I believe he has stood and will stand, pardoned if not approved. May we be only as faithful with our many things as he was with his few, and then I doubt not that one day we shall have addressed to us that 'Well-done' which it will be heaven to hear, and shall enter with him into the Joy of our Lord.

## GONZALES XIMENES.

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THIS evening I propose to you to consider the story of a man living in the same period of European history with him whom we last contemplated, but remarkable for qualities very different from his: of a man who was, indeed, in a certain sense, a Great Reformer, but rather of a Kingdom than of a Church; no Discoverer of Truth, no Preacher of Duty—a man emphatically of Action rather than of anything else: characteristically a Grand Administrator of Polity, a Great Governor of Men. Not at all, then, as a model of Universal Greatness, or of Christian Maturity—nor even as one large-minded or large-hearted in all ways beyond his contemporaries, but specially as a specimen of strong Moral Manhood—of a man great by virtue of the rectitude of his Will rather than by the versatility of his Intellect—doing a giant's work during a long hot day of life, and doing it willingly and without weariness—loving Justice passionately and supremely from youth to old age, and resolutely enduring and daring all things to discharge faithfully many high trusts committed to him; as a Man of Fidelity, of Sagacity, of Energy, and of Fortitude, beyond most men—of inflexible Integrity, and unconquerable Courage—I uphold to you



GONZALES XIMENES. And though he is a man, I at once acknowledge, and indeed would very emphatically beg you to bear in mind, far below that standard of Greatness and of Goodness with which I should wish you to be most familiar, and deficient in some graces quite distinctive of the thoroughly Christian character, yet, nevertheless, I believe him to be one whose life we may very profitably study: for he assuredly possesses, in a very superior degree, some qualities of mind and heart in which the majority of us in this age seem to me lamentably deficient. For thankful as I am for the many privileges with which this age is favoured, and for many of the dispositions to which it has attained, I am also very deeply impressed with the conviction that our mental and moral texture is much less vigorous than of old—that the ancient spirit of Righteousness—all that may be characterised as Moral Courage and Religious Sincerity combined—is not strong within us; that though we are powerful beyond all precedent in Association, we are feeble also beyond all precedent in individual character—in those qualities which antique story loves so much to dwell on—in Fortitude and Rectitude, and that Virtue which is characterised by Valour.

But I dwell not on this: and shall now only ask you to try and put yourselves back in thought, and as much as possible in feeling, three centuries and more, and to transplant yourselves, as last month into Italy, so now into Spain, in the Fifteenth Century. Spain was then, as indeed it is in some measure now, the most singular country every way in Europe, and its people were the most strongly and the most strangely marked. The very land itself half Oriental in its aspect—those wild mountain passes, rocky and for the most part barren, but spotted here and there with a rich vegetation—those vast Syrian wastes not of sand merely but of stones and of heath—the deep valleys full of fruits—the rich plains half

pasture and half corn, and the Lebanon-like hills all snow—those grand cities, with their great gardens all within and the sheer desert immediately without—those scattered palm-trees and wells—those figs and pomegranates—those oliveyards and vineyards—all speak of a land having close connexion with the East. And the people, too, so singularly compounded—of such European self-command, and such Asiatic passion: so independent and so turbulent: feeling no reverence for Authority, and yet no degradation under Despotism: each superlatively proud, and yet all practically equal. And so from of old: for now Spain has been seven centuries and more in the hands of a Mohammedan people; a people of many gifts and of much culture—admirable agriculturists—marvellous manufacturers—with an architecture grotesquely gorgeous, and a luxury prodigally profuse; a people eminent for letters, and for many substantial virtues and many chivalrous graces, but in relation to Spain, aliens in blood, in language and in religion. Thus there were now, and had been for long, two distinct people dwelling in this half European, half Asiatic land, but strengthening the antipathies, rather than blending the sympathies, of the two races. For you must remember that the Arabs were Intruders and Masters, and the Spaniards natives and subjects: and you may therefore readily conceive what fearful struggles—what accumulating hatreds—were continually going on: and how two such opposite elements, always commingling but never coalescing, must have caused all social life to fluctuate and ferment more in that Peninsular portion of Europe than in any other. And in the time of Ximenes the enmity of eight hundred years had come to its height, and imparted a strength which even Mohammedan valour found it impossible to resist. Gradually indeed and for long had Islamism been obliged to retreat. It was driven back first from Toledo to Cordova, then from Cordova to Seville, then from Seville to Granada—where

you know that great Conquest took place which rid the Spaniards of the shame and the pain of seeing the Crescent rule over the Cross : a shame and a pain which had so deeply entered into their souls, that though they thus had got rid of the great body of the people, they yet for long years to come hunted the scattered remnants from out of the rugged regions of the Sierra Nevada, and capturing the last, with a mighty indignation cast them into the sea.


This was one element of peculiar and excessive excitement which belonged to the period of which we have to speak this evening, and one to which I think you can hardly attach too much importance in forming your judgment of some portions of the character of him with whom we have more especially to do. But there are also others. While these events were yet transacting, and only growing towards an accomplishment, another critical event had taken place, which greatly affected the history of Spain and of Europe. Ferdinand King of Aragon had married Isabella Queen of Castile (1469), and thus two neighbouring kingdoms were united into one, and by their combined powers were enabled to consolidate a government for each and for both, beyond all that otherwise would have been possible. For before this time there existed a state of things which it is difficult for us here in England even to conceive. All Europe, indeed, was disorderly and unsettled, and in a state of change : but Spain was most of all anomalous and anarchical, in consequence of that possession of it by a Foreign Race which I have already reminded you of, and of its being broken up originally into so many differently governed States. Though the Visigoths (as they are commonly called) who overran the Peninsula in the Fifth Century, established the same Teutonic principles and institutions in Spain as in the other states of Europe (of which an elective crown and a national council were characteristics), and through these gave a

certain coherence to the greater part of it, yet they left much of it without any fixed constitution. And the eruptions of the Saracens in the Eighth Century broke up even the best constituted portions into numerous independent, and even hostile, States. And then you will readily understand how throughout the long period of seven centuries there must have been continual conflicts between the Spanish and the Moorish races, and how the small independent States I have mentioned gathered round their own nobility as leaders, in endeavouring to recover continually fresh portions of their lands and their liberties; and how thus, in proportion to their efforts and success, each of such States cherished its own hard-won acquisitions, and formed for itself as it were an almost distinctive history—thus rendering union continually more difficult the longer they remained disunited. It is true that Aragon and Castile were always pre-eminent among these powers (indeed the only ones which could be called kingdoms), and progressively comprehended more and more the subordinate states or proprietaries. But even these two were very different from each other, and nothing perhaps but the constant pressure on both of them of a most alien and powerful people, and the happy opportunity of uniting the crowns in the joint hands of a Husband and a Wife—and these two among the very ablest persons of their times—could have made them coalesce and consolidate as soon as they did into one strong Rule.

But thus under Ferdinand and Isabella did commence a new era in the history of Spain—a new era of enterprise against the Foreign Intruders on European soil, and of internal order and constitutional government. And I might say also that under them commenced a new era of European history, and of the world's history. For these sovereigns were among the first to engage largely in Foreign Policy—to make alliances of offence and defence—with other inde-

pendent states, and to make all Europe feel their existence and their power. And then, too, I am sure you will not have forgotten, it was under Ferdinand and Isabella that Columbus added a new world to the old, and that under them all those remarkable acquisitions in this new world which rapidly raised Spain to the primacy among the nations of Europe, had their origin and early development. Truly these Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries which we have had to deal with so often already were times of general though gradual Revolution throughout all the kingdoms of Europe : a quite new epoch in Modern History—new forces developing themselves in many places simultaneously, and old ones seeming as simultaneously exhausted. Not only was there everywhere the rapid decay of the old feudal and chivalrous institutions, and the sudden revival of the still older Grecian and Roman Literatures—not only the Diffusion of Truth by Printing and Preaching which was so conspicuously instrumental in causing that Revolution which we call the Reformation—but also there were other kinds of Revolutions going on, without sudden convulsions, but not however without manifold struggles—revolutions tending to destroy arbitrary power of all kinds, and to establish constitutional governments—to recognise more distinctly the interests of the governed and the responsibility of the governor—to give Law an ascendancy over Force and Diplomacy over War—and to found such a system of international communication and dependence as to render Europe a great connected whole.

Now these things, and such as these, I must not dwell on longer, but I may and must beg you to bear them in mind attentively, because without some distinct consideration of them you will not be able to form a just judgment of the characteristic Greatness of him whose story I now proceed to lay before you.



Into the midst of the Fifteenth Century Ximenes was born : at Tordelaguna, in the kingdom of Castile, in the year 1436. He was of an ancient but decayed family of De Cisneros, in Leon : his father holding the office of a collector of the royal dues in his native town. But from earliest youth both his parents and himself seem to have been anxious about his education ; for when we first read of him we find him at the age of fourteen at the University of Salamanca, having already passed through the grammar school of Alcala ; and at the end of six years more receiving from that University—then and for long the most celebrated in Spain—a Degree both in Civil and in Canon law, which was an unusual honour. And this union of the secular and ecclesiastic which we see so early in him, singularly enough runs through all his life, so that it is often most difficult to declare which is most characteristic of him, the Statesman or the Churchman. Under these combined influences, at the age of twenty-three, he leaves home and goes to Rome, which was and is of all places on earth that in which these two provinces are most completely blended. And here, too, he does not give himself up wholly to either, but to both : for he first practises with zeal and success in the ecclesiastical law-courts, and then gets sacred orders, though without secular cure. So prosperously does he fare here, being much employed in Spanish causes, that when he is recalled to his home at the age of twenty-nine (in consequence of the death of his father and subsequent family embarrassments) he gets given to him by the Pope an Expectative—a Brief entitling him to the first vacant benefice under a certain value which should become vacant in his native province. It may seem, indeed, somewhat strange that the Pope should have this power ; and so indeed it was. But this power he had possessed now for some long time : and, indeed, until his pretensions were resisted by Ferdinand and Isabella,

he claimed and exercised the right of presenting also to most of the Bishoprics of Spain. A concordat with Pope Sixtus IV., however, reclaimed for Spain the nomination to the higher benefices, but all others remained his. It will not, however, be expected, I think, that Ximenes should now be the person to resist, or even to question, this right of the Papal see: and he does not do so: but after waiting seven years, which he spends in unobtrusive study, and manifold self-culture, a benefice corresponding to the definitions of his Brief falls vacant—that of Uzeda, in the diocese of Toledo. Ximenes forthwith, on the authority of his Brief, proceeds to take possession of it. But the Archbishop (Carrillo, a remarkably arbitrary and determined old man) resists the title of the Pope to give away the benefice, and claims the presentation for himself. Ximenes tells the Archbishop that he shall stand upon the title of the Pope, come what will. The Archbishop threatens Ximenes with imprisonment if he proceeds to take possession: Ximenes does proceed to take possession. The Archbishop is as good as his word and imprisons Ximenes. Ximenes, too, is as good as his word, and goes to prison: and from time to time when he is inquired of as to the matter, he only intimates that he intends to do as he said at first—to stand on his title—to allow no prerogative of the Pope to suffer through his unwillingness to suffer. The Archbishop removes him to a more rigorous place of confinement, and from time to time, from year to year—for so long does the determination of both parties hold out—inquires into his state. Ximenes expresses neither hope nor fear: he acknowledges the power of the Archbishop, but is content to oppose to it what he believes to be his own right. And so for six years Ximenes thus passively endures, and by endurance at length conquers. For the Archbishop, all wilful as he was, is now quite awed by this man's inflexibility; he had found in him, what before he did

not believe to exist, a will stronger than his own, and continuing to struggle, he as the weaker is consequently subdued. And so he installs Ximenes in his benefice with all its dues. Ximenes displays no trace of triumph : but when he has occupied it sufficiently long to vindicate his full right to all connected with it, with great amenity, begs permission to exchange it for the chaplaincy of Siguenza, which is offered him in the diocese of the great Cardinal Mendoza. Here he gives himself up to further prosecution of the study of Hebrew and Chaldee which he had begun in his imprisonment. But Mendoza was a man of too keen sight not to perceive that Ximenes was fitted to be something more than a scholar, and of too practical a nature not to avail himself of such superior gifts ; so he makes him the Grand Vicar of his diocese.


But at this time of his life Ximenes has hardly become assured of his calling or of his powers. He is in a certain sense in a state of Doubt : not at all, however, in that kind of doubt which we have seen several other of our Great Men to have been in at some period of their lives, before they entered upon their characteristic career—a period of tumultuous heart-ache in which the mysteries of their own being, and of man's life altogether, became so disquieting to them as to make them desire to flee this world, and betake themselves to the austerities of Thought and Life until they could get something of them solved. Nothing of the kind with Ximenes was it. Perhaps there never was a man of his mark who was less troubled with a sense of Mystery, or with any of the doubts of speculation. He was altogether a practical man, a man taken up with doing his own duty, not at all with thinking about what Man's duty in general might be. You must bear this in mind throughout ; for it is altogether distinctive of him, and also of a considerable class of minds who have taken a large share in the world's history. It



is most true that Ximenes was a most conscientious man—herein lies his strength—but his conscience was to him as an instinct, it never was much cultivated or enlightened by his intellect or by his affections. Ximenes was, too, a devout man: but he was not a contemplative one. His highest notion of Religion was Worship by Obedience, not Communion through Knowledge and through Love. Ximenes was indeed often—always—engaged in spiritual struggles: but they were all with the merely immoral portions of his nature: the victories he strove for were, as far as I can judge, chiefly over his passions. The subjection of his lower faculties to his higher—the subjugation of his own Will to what he believed to be the Will of God—this is what he continually laboured for. And for this were appropriate acts of Devotion and of Duty, not of Meditation and of Study. Discipline, in fact, and not Doctrine, was to him the need of life and the means of grace. And for this he begins to find his new office a hindrance. He sees plainly enough that he is now getting more and more drawn into all kinds of minute businesses in this new situation of his, with little spiritual profit to any one, and a good deal of spiritual loss to himself: and that of worldly profit to himself, there is more than he wants, and more than is good for him: and so he will at once throw it up and become a Monk, as did Luther, you know, and Savonarola. He will become a real monk too, not a mere pretence of one; he will enrol himself among the Observantines of the Order of St Francis, the most rigid of all the monastic societies then existing. So he resigns his preferments, which amounted to two thousand ducats a year (perhaps three thousand pounds of our money) and enters as brother Francis into the convent of St John of Toledo, just founded by Ferdinand and Isabella. Here he at first lives secluded enough, but his previous reputation and his personal gifts after a while attract so many

to his confessional, and involve him in so much of his old kind of business, that he requests of his superior to be allowed to retire to a forest hermitage in the neighbourhood: and being allowed to do so, he here spends three years in study and self-discipline. His superior, however, allows him no more than this, but then sends him to the convent of Salfeda, and of this he is soon made Guardian. He now lives again some years quietly, improving the Society in discipline as well as himself: and while so living and doing (in 1492) receives a summons from his old friend Cardinal Mendoza to repair to Valladolid. The reason of this is, that the office of the Queen's Confessor having become vacant, the Queen has applied to the Cardinal to recommend a successor: and the Cardinal cannot forget Ximenes—cannot but recommend him. And so Ximenes goes to the capital, not knowing, however, what is to befall him there. He is ushered unawares into the Queen's presence, and exhibits such complete self-possession and thorough dignity, that the Queen recognises in him precisely the person she wants, and he is at once invited to fill the office. Ximenes for some time earnestly declines the appointment, and finally accepts it only on condition that he should be allowed to live as a Monk when he was not wanted as a Confessor. And on his first appearance in his official capacity the Court generally seems agreed that they had never had such a man among them before: a man, as it seemed to them, too coarsely clad, and too often preaching Repentance like a Prophet rather than prophesying smooth things like a courtier. And truly one who saw him at the annual festival of the Corpus Christi at Medina del Campo soon after his appointment, walking in the procession there, does present us with such a picture of extreme contrast between him, the bare-footed friar, and his friend the magnificent Cardinal, that we can well understand how Ximenes should be to those dainty courtiers for a Sign and a Wonder.

And now for two years he is occupied pretty equally between Court and Convent, when he is appointed Provincial of his order in Castile. This additional duty gives him the opportunity of retiring more from Court, and obliges him to inspect the Convents of his province. And to this he now gives himself up more particularly, travelling on foot and living on alms which he begs by the way. The state that he finds these Convents in is wholly unsatisfactory to him, and so he reports ill of them to the Queen, and she gets a Bull for the Reformation of them from the Pope, which Ximenes executes untiringly. While thus actively employed his friend the Cardinal Archbishop dies (1495), and thus there becomes vacant the most considerable ecclesiastical dignity in Christendom, after that of the Papal Throne. It had great political influence connected with it, and its revenue amounted to as much perhaps as in our money would be a Hundred Thousand Pounds a-year. It was absolutely in the gift of the Queen of Castile, and she who was now that Queen was most scrupulously conscientious in all her appointments, especially in those which were ecclesiastical: indeed, the use which both Ferdinand and Isabella made of their Patronage, and the manner in which they opened the very highest offices of their kingdoms to men of worth and ability, is one of the most notable and noble characteristics of their sovereignty. In this instance Isabella goes to the bed-side of the dying Archbishop and earnestly begs his advice as to his successor. He recommends Ximenes. The Queen, knowing the kind of person she has to do with in her Confessor, makes no mention to him of her intentions until she has procured a Brief from the Pope confirming her appointment. The moment this arrives, she put it herself into the hands of her Confessor. Ximenes reading the superscription, which instantly reveals to him his position, refuses to open it, says, 'There



is some mistake here,' drops the packet on the ground, and abruptly leaves the presence of the Queen. And also the city: for when the messengers of the Queen go to recall him to her presence, they find him not before he is far on his way to a distant convent. He is persuaded to return to the Queen, but no arguments or entreaties can persuade him to accept the Archbishopric. For six whole months Ximenes holds out—at the end of which time a Rescript comes to him from the Pope, making it a matter of ecclesiastical obedience for him to comply with the united wishes of his spiritual and temporal sovereigns. So at sixty Ximenes finds himself Archbishop of Toledo—against his will as it would seem sincerely—assuredly without his seeking. Not indeed that Power was ever displeasing to Ximenes—far enough from this—but he considered it so much a Trust—so entirely, I may say, as a solemn responsibility—that he could never count it as an indulgence, but only meet it as a duty.

And now let us look for a moment at what kind of figure that is which has stepped up upon this lofty pedestal, and stands thus observed henceforth of all observers of European History. A very tall and wholly erect figure, in a friar's frock and barefoot: stern and sombre: thoroughly monastic. His complexion sallow, his whole countenance thin and sharp; with a high and long head—shorn, all save a narrow circle of it: with small, black, vivid eyes; with overhanging brows, and a most ample and unwrinkled but retiring forehead: his nose prominent and very aquiline, and his upper lip projecting over his lower; with a voice harsh and grating, but of most effective speech, as of fire mingled with hail—not always blessing, but always leaving some traces of itself for long. Clearly a most penetrating, sagacious, determined man: rigidly calm, sternly-disciplined: every way imposing, in no way attractive; a Priest and not a Prophet, and more an Archbishop than an Apostle.

Such appears, from the Portraits we have of him, to be the kind of man who finds himself, without his seeking it, the Archbishop of Toledo in 1495. I have said, I think he sincerely tried to avoid the elevation. That this was the real state of the case I think you will see throughout his whole life; and the very first instance of his use of his great power illustrates it. It was this: Cardinal Mendoza's younger brother held a most valuable governorship of a town under the late Archbishop of Toledo: and now his friends come flocking round the new one to get the appointment renewed, reminding him of how many obligations he owed to the Cardinal—how even he owed his very archbishopric to him—and confirming many other similar arguments by laying before him a written recommendation from the Court. Ximenes replies: 'The Sovereigns may send me back again to the Cloister if they please, but no personal considerations shall ever influence me in distributing the Patronage of my See.' When all is quiet again, and no one either begging or complaining, he gives the place, with even a graceful cheerfulness, to him to whom he had denied it before. And not only is there this same severity of principle maintained, but also the same simplicity of living. He will have no more servants than he had before, will wear his Franciscan habit, and will journey always as heretofore on foot, and barefoot.


These things, and the like, however, are represented to the Pope, and draw from him an admonition to greater compliance with the dignities of his station. Ximenes so far obeys that he henceforth appears always officially as the Archbishops had done before him, but he lives privately precisely as he ever had done. He has luxuries at his table for others, friar's fare only for himself. He wears outwardly purple and fine linen, inwardly he is clothed in cloth of hair: with abounding attendants he yet mends his own clothes, and sleeps in magnificent chambers upon a wooden couch.

He endeavours now to reform his clergy as he had done his monastic brethren: and he begins at home—with his own brother. To this brother (Bernardin) he had given much of what he gave up when he became a monk, and had afterwards taken him to live with him. He was, however, an irreligious man, and a lover of pleasure more than of duty: and so Ximenes rebukes him, and threatens him with his further public notice. On this Bernardin joins with some others whom Ximenes had similarly treated, and had drawn up a Complaint against him to the Queen. Ximenes imprisons him for two years in the Convent of Guadalfara.

He now reforms his own Convent of Toledo—Augustines. They send a messenger to complain to the Pope: the messenger finds himself arrested by Ximenes' order the moment he sets his foot in Rome, and nothing comes of their opposition. He confiscates the property of the brethren of his own Order (Franciscans) for public uses—as their vows rendered it inconsistent for them to hold any. A thousand of them emigrate, and carry complaints of Ximenes far and wide. The General of the Order comes from Rome—full to overflowing with indignation—to counteract the proceedings of his Provincial, in 1496. He demands, rather than requests, an audience of the Queen, and after much fervent speech against Ximenes, admonishes her, as she values the interests of her soul, to remove Ximenes from his office. This the Queen does not do. The General returns to Italy, and there obtains from the Pope a Commission of Conventuals to be associated with Ximenes in all his proceedings respecting the Order. The Commissioners arrive in due form, but Ximenes takes but little notice of them. They complain to the Pope, and he, with the advice of the Cardinals, issues a brief prohibiting the Sovereigns from proceeding any further, until the whole matter has been thoroughly examined into by them. The Queen, on receiving this communication, instantly

sends it to Ximenes. He exhorts her to take the least possible notice of it: but to be firm, and not give up the good work which they had begun. Fresh negotiations go on with Rome—Ximenes going on the while exactly as before. These negotiations, after multiplied difficulties and delays, terminate, not as it was supposed they would do, in removing Ximenes, but in procuring for him powers by which he thoroughly effects the reforms which he from the first contemplated, and is enabled to extend them to other Orders besides his own, and even to the morals of the secular clergy. And thus he effected in Spain a Reformation of Discipline which, had it been general throughout the Roman Church, might have indefinitely postponed that Reformation of Doctrine which in the next century made half Europe Protestant.

In 1499 Ximenes is summoned to attend Ferdinand and Isabella in their visit to their new conquest of Granada: and here the question of the possible conversion of the Moors naturally arises. Ximenes takes counsel concerning it with the good Archbishop of the city. This man was one of the best bishops whom we meet with in all Spanish history: and he for some years had been trying to evangelise the Mussulman inhabitants of his diocese, by translating into Arabic portions of the Gospels and of the Liturgy: and old as he was, had even learned Arabic himself, and ordered his clergy to do so, in order to hold conversations with the Moors and to preach to them. But this kind of missionary work was too slow in its effects for Ximenes: and so he now calls together the whole body of Mussulman doctors to a Conference, and tries by a mixture of methods,—all however of the persuasive kind, at first—to represent to them the advantage of conversion to the Christian Faith. And a great outward effect certainly seems produced: but not much of spiritual worth is accomplished, as I should judge.



Ximenes, however, is so encouraged with his success that he now tries to hasten on unduly the completion of his work, and proceeds to try other than persuasive methods. Among the rest he burns all the Arabic books and manuscripts that he can seize upon (except medical ones) publicly in one of the great squares of the city—thus making the bigotry of the Christian Archbishop rival that of the Mohammedan General eight centuries gone by. But the Moors consider, and justly too, that these proceedings of Ximenes are contrary not only to Justice but also to express treaties which had been made with them: and so they rise against him, and surround his palace: and the whole city is in arms and tumult—which is only quelled by the good Archbishop of Granada going into the very thick of the Moors, unarmed, and speaking to them in their own tongue, as a friend and a father. And the noble Tendilla the governor (whose exploits are in all the history of this time) leaves his wife and children in their care, to shew the confidence he will put in their honour and goodwill. And thus all calms down again: and Ximenes goes to give an account of himself to the Sovereigns. Ferdinand, who never liked Ximenes (especially because he had wished to have made his own illegitimate son Archbishop of Toledo in his stead) finds it hard to listen to his account of himself—while Ximenes with his usual courage extenuates no jot nor tittle of his conduct, and takes the whole responsibility unreservedly on himself. And, alas, so little is he either discouraged by his ill success, or enlightened by it, that he does not cease to urge the further use of measures similar to those which he had already employed. And after a time he does so work on the Sovereigns that measures of the severest kind, enforcing either expulsion or conversion, are taken in consequence of this Insurrection: which, however, do end (as Ximenes meant that they should do) in extirpating Mohammedanism throughout Spain, or at least by abolishing



the broad line of demarcation hitherto existing between the Spanish and Arab population. How little, however, these severe measures were repugnant to the ordinary feelings of the most cultivated and the most benevolent men of the time, we have abundant evidence: and you may judge perhaps sufficiently from the fact that the good Archbishop Talavera—whose reasonable and truly Christian plans were superseded by those of Ximenes, and who loved the Moors, too, as we may guess from that saying of his, 'Moorish works and Spanish faith are all that are wanting to make a good Christian'—this man declared that Ximenes had done best of all: that he had achieved greater triumphs over the Moors than even Ferdinand and Isabella, inasmuch as they had conquered only the soil, while he had conquered the souls of Granada.

But now Ximenes gives himself up to better work than this. For some years past he has been revolving it well in his mind that the clergy of Spain ought to be better educated, and that he may enable them to become so: and that there are two things which would greatly conduce to the object: the first is, the foundation of an extensive University which should be provided with Professors from all countries—the most able that can be met with anywhere: and the other, an edition of the Bible prepared from manuscripts in several languages. And in this year 1500 he lays the first stone of this projected University, at that town where he had spent his boyhood at School—Alcala de Henares: and you may judge the largeness of this man's schemes when I tell you that when Francis I. visited Alcala a few years after the death of Ximenes, he said, 'Gonzales Ximenes has executed more than I should have dared to conceive: he has done with his single hand what in France it would have cost a line of Kings to have accomplished.' And in truth it would have been a work worthy of an ordinary man's lifetime to establish such

a foundation as this. I cannot indeed lay before you the detail, or even the outline, of the whole, but you may judge of the scale of it when I tell you that when it was first opened it consisted of Ten Colleges for the residence of students, and an Hospital; with a library, a chapel and a refectory to each college, all furnished not only with a sufficiency for present need, but with a becoming splendour: and everything to the minutest detail was mentally the work of Ximenes. He founded forty Professorships: 12 of which were dedicated to Theology and Canon Law: 14 to Grammar, Rhetoric, and the ancient Classics: 4 to Medicine: 8 to Logic, Physics, and Metaphysics: 1 to Ethics: 1 to Mathematics. The Professors were chosen from all nations, and in order to stimulate their energies were appointed only for four years, though capable of reappointment: and their respective incomes were regulated by the number of their pupils. Ximenes endowed it from first to last with property to the amount of 15,000 ducats a-year: and on the visit of the French King, which I mentioned just now, it contained seven thousand students.

And while his University is growing into efficiency, he engages in his other great work—the formation of a Polyglott Bible. This was a work of great difficulty, and equal usefulness: and could perhaps have been done by no other man so well as by Ximenes, because both his character and his position secured him the command of all the literary resources of Christendom. The Vatican treasures were opened to him, and the aid of all the learned men of Italy, through his close connexion with the Pope; and his station in Spain enabled him to collect and to collate immense numbers of precious manuscripts of the Hebrew Scriptures which were in the possession of the numerous Jews then settled in Spain; while the peculiar relation which existed between Arabia and Spain gave him great facilities with regard to

Eastern languages. As to the liberal way in which he carried it on you may judge from the facts, that he imported printers from Germany, and had types cast in foundries which he erected for the purpose at Alcala : that he engaged men of many nations for the task—the Greek and the Latin, the Arab and the Jew ; and that before it was completed it cost him fifteen years of anxiety, and 80,000 golden crowns.

Such are the works of this man's leisure. But leisure he was not much longer to have. For Queen Isabella dies in 1504, and Ximenes, wholly unexpectedly, finds himself appointed her executor. This was an office full of most complex cares. For on her death Ferdinand was no longer Sovereign of Castile, but only of Aragon—not even Regent of Castile, though Ximenes would fain have him be so. The crown descended to Joanna, the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, who married Philip the Archduke of Austria and Sovereign of the Low Countries, son of the Emperor Maximilian. You will remember that the only remaining child of Ferdinand and Isabella, Dona Catalina, was married to two sons of our Henry VII., and has a melancholy name in our history as Catherine of Aragon. Now Joanna had become of late mentally incompetent : and her husband claimed to act for her. The conflicting claims of Philip and Ferdinand cause much trouble, especially as Philip comes over to Spain personally to enforce his claims. Ferdinand, however, marries again (the niece of Louis XII.) and resigns the regency to Philip, and goes to Naples. Philip fills all offices of State with Flemings, and reigns wastefully and badly. Ximenes acts with great firmness in opposition to him, but also with such ability that he often controls by convincing : as you may judge by one instance of his conduct, when on one occasion Philip had made a royal decree which he deemed highly mischievous, Ximenes tore it in pieces : and so remonstrated with Philip as that he gave up the

measure, and all similar ones henceforth. But Philip does not long enjoy his regency—he dies in the September of the year 1506.

And now for a time there seems thorough anarchy everywhere but just around Ximenes, where all is orderly activity. The difficulty is this, that no Cortes can be legally assembled, because Joanna, who now has lucid intervals, will not sign any state paper whatsoever, and will not consequently give the required legal form to their assembling: Ferdinand is at Naples, and Maximilian claims the regency as grandfather of Joanna's son—that son who is known in all European History as Charles V. There is a nominal regency, however, of Seven: but the practical regency soon centres all in Ximenes. Ximenes has now a task which really seems as if it might be too hard for him; he is determined enough and courageous enough—with abounding promptitude and vigour—but his position is anomalous, and his legal powers insufficient. However, on one thing he is resolved—that there shall be no detriment to the right of Ferdinand if he chooses to come and claim his regency, and until it is determined whether he will do so or not, there shall be a clear space kept for him round the Throne. The nobles are refractory: Ximenes raises a kind of Prætorian Cohort for the protection of public order: several of the grandees do the like for their own protection, they say: and all seems about to resolve itself into chaos and civil war. But Ferdinand now comes from Naples (June 1507), and this affords a point of reconciliation for all parties which is eagerly caught at, and for a time serves as a successful reunion of distracted interests. Ferdinand, indeed, for a while rules over Spain with less restraint than when he was the husband of its Queen. Ximenes, too, for a while is nearly released from his political cares. Ferdinand has brought him a Cardinal's Hat (from Pope Julius II.), and a Papal Brief for the office

of Grand Inquisitor of Spain, and he now retires to Alcala to prepare his University for its opening: and is for some time taken up with peopling it with the best Professors, and arranging the course of its studies, the order of its administration, and the details of its ceremonies. And what he does in this matter would have been the employment of the life of many, who in doing this alone would have been considered worthy of high honour and renown.

But not even his country—much less a college—nothing less than Christendom—can suffice for the large energies of Ximenes. So in this leisure of his at Alcala he reverts to an old plan he had long been working at, and finishes the design of it—which was to rescue Africa from the hands of the Mohammedans—to clear all this part of the world altogether of Eastern Intruders. Like Columbus, Ximenes had early formed extensive plans for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre, and had endeavoured to interest the Kings of Portugal and of England in a new Crusade. For this purpose he had been for some time procuring careful surveys of the coast, and had drawn out plans of military operations. Indeed you should note here, and elsewhere, how much of a General Ximenes was: as he himself said, enjoying military manœuvres always much more than ecclesiastical ceremonies. But now, however, he can get up no Crusade on a large scale. But he does on a small one: for he himself fits out an expedition against the Moors on the Barbary coast, and is successful in it: and then he submits a plan to Ferdinand for a more formidable expedition against Oran. Ferdinand hesitates much, and at last refuses on the ground of the expense of it. Ximenes instantly offers to lend him the money requisite for the purpose, and volunteers to command it himself. The King consents, and wishes him well. So Ximenes raises troops, and organises the whole expedition. The soldiers indeed mutiny and quarrel among themselves,

and the officers are perverse and treacherous; and there are indescribable harassments and embarrassments. But at length the expedition sets out: 80 vessels, 4000 horse, and 10,000 foot: with Ximenes at their head, in the same military fashion as two Popes, his contemporaries, had been in when they were Cardinals. Strange service you may well think this for an ecclesiastic: I will only say that it was not strange to men then. For Cardinal Legates fought on opposite sides in the battle of Ravenna, so late as 1512—one of whom was afterwards Pope Leo X. And in forming your judgment about this you must at least remember that the Archbishops of Toledo had for centuries before led armies against the Moors, and that after the time of Ximenes they did so still: that they were immense proprietors of lands and of cities, and as such owed the same kind of feudal service to the State that other nobles did: and that the whole system of the Roman Polity is such as sanctions the blending of the ecclesiastical with the secular to a greater degree than we Protestants are at all accustomed to. Indeed it was Protestantism that first rent them asunder. But, however, we are concerned now only to say that they disembark on the African shore in perfect order, and take Oran by storm.

And now Ximenes endeavours to order his conquest, as he had done his march, solemnly and ecclesiastically. With him the war was a specially Religious one; engaged in by him with no selfish view whatsoever, at his great personal trouble and expense. He deemed himself as Joshua and the Moors as Canaanites—save only that they had the alternative of conversion if they preferred it to migration. He pays his army liberally and regularly, and tries to impress them with the sacredness of their cause; but his army had few in it such as he: they would almost to a man have preferred unlimited plunder to the most liberal pay, and the licence of the time to any improvement on it. And so he can do no

good with them, he finds, in any Religious war: they are not Ironsides. And Ferdinand too, he discovers, is secretly acting to his prejudice in correspondence with his General, Navarro. So he returns to Spain. All possible honours of a triumph are offered him as he returns to Valladolid. But Ximenes has no particle of vanity in him—has no wish to be distinguished from others but by doing more work than they, and when that work has been done, no wish to live on the reputation of it; and so he declines all show of this kind, save, indeed, that on his entrance to Alcala (whither he now retires) he allows a half-academic, half-ecclesiastical ceremony, to celebrate his entrance into that University which was so wholly his, and which he had selected for his Home. And so now he is preceded on his entrance here by captive Moors, camels bearing gold and silver, Arabic volumes on Astrology and Physic, the keys of Oran, the candlesticks of the Mosques, and red Moorish standards with their azure crescents.

And here at Alcala—in academic halls—for some years he lives, endeavouring to make some Christian use of his conquest—to colonise Oran with Spaniards, and to garrison it with a military and religious Order similar to that which held Rhodes—the Order of St John of Jerusalem. But on this point, and on others connected with the expedition, serious differences arise between him and Ferdinand, who you will remember never liked his Cardinal Archbishop. Much continues for long to be said on both sides, little to be done; and Ximenes' chief interest and exercise now for years is the improvement of his University, and the completion of that Polyglott of his which is still of high renown in Christendom, and is called the Complutensian—because Complutum was the old Roman name for Alcala. He still, however, all the while takes an ordinary share in the ordinary politics of the time, but this is not full employment for

such as he. And one thing we read of his doing now, which is worth the noticing, which is this : When Leo X. sends forth those Bulls of Indulgence which we meet with so conspicuously in the history of Luther, and which were sent to be sold in other countries as well as in Germany, Ximenes will not allow one of them to be bought in Spain.

But in January 1516, when Ximenes is eighty, Ferdinand is sick unto death ; and dying he says, both by words and in writing, ' I leave my government in the hands of the Archbishop of Toledo : I know well indeed the austere humour of the man—his stubborn will—his incapacity for yielding : but he is a faithful man—with right intentions always—incapable of doing or tolerating injustice—the public good his only aim. During the absence of my grandson Charles, I leave Ximenes Vicegerent of Spain.' So Ferdinand dying, Ximenes finds himself—without seeking it, but I do not say without liking it—the Regent of Spain. This was to him the opening of a great field for action, and though worn as he is already with work and fourscore years, he seems only to imbibe fresh vigour with fresh duty.

And in the very outset of his Regency he has to settle his title to it. It is contended that Ferdinand being but Regent himself had no right to appoint a Regent as successor to himself. But then again neither has Prince Charles, who being only sixteen years old is not yet king. Charles, however, does appoint as such Adrian, his Tutor, Dean of Louvain now, but afterwards Pope Adrian VI. The country, however, having had already so much disquiet, Ximenes is unwilling that it should suffer more from disputed authority, and so he arranges with Adrian that they are both to govern with joint and equal authority. They do so nominally : but it turns out that Ximenes has practically the larger share. And his first act is to proclaim Charles King in the streets of Madrid, and to constitute this the capital city of all Spain—



thus changing many things in accordance with his proposed change of policy. He now instantly begins with measures of Reform upon the largest scale, each one of them great events in the history of those times, but which I can only speak of very briefly. And first I must tell you that these measures of Ximenes, though approved by Charles, are most determinately opposed by the nobles, and are the cause of most formidable conspiracies by them against him. These nobles whom I have mentioned so often, were most considerable persons for opponents, as you may judge by the fact that the Duke of Medina Sidonia could raise an army out of his own vassals of twenty thousand men : and the Duke of Infantado could do even more. The Marquis of Villena and the Duke of Medina Celi had each estates extending for at least a hundred miles : and many more had incomes of from fifty to a hundred thousand Pounds a year. The chief of these nobles now wait upon Ximenes, and demand the Credentials on the strength of which he thus ventures to rule them. Ximenes makes answer sufficient for the time, and then instantly forms and executes a plan for resisting their power which is perhaps the most important act of his statesmanship. This plan is to establish what now is called a National Guard—or Militia—a citizen military force—thus calling on the Middle Class of the people to take a position in the powers of the state such as they had never held before, and which would be a considerable counteraction to the irregular powers of the nobles. He had once laid the scheme before Ferdinand, but he would not listen to it : he now proposes it by letter to Charles : but with his usual promptitude and determination, he sets about the execution of it before he receives an answer. He issues a Proclamation to several cities, offering many privileges and exemptions to all their citizens of a certain class who before a certain date shall arm themselves, and enrol themselves in a National Guard

—a body of men whom the Government, he says, will delight to honour, and who will have it for their duty to defend their country from all foreign and domestic enemies. The offer is accepted with so much readiness that in a few months 30,000 citizens are enrolled, equipped and in training. Almost all the nobles, however, and some of the cities (especially in Old Castile—Valladolid and Burgos—from which cities you will remember Ximenes had transferred the centre of government to Madrid) hate the scheme, and its author. And so, after much petty opposition, they combine to raise an army against the Regent, as they say, not against the King. They, however, declare that if the whole matter is fairly referred to Charles, they will abide by an unequivocal declaration of his will, but that they will not submit to the will of Ximenes without this. So they send to Charles : Charles sanctions the plan of Ximenes, and the refractory submit. Ximenes does not inflict any testimony of his displeasure on his opponents, but in order further to counteract the inordinate and irregular power of the nobles, he appoints four popular magistrates who should be a kind of Tribunes of the people—watching over their interests, and reporting the proceedings of the nobles to the king.

Ximenes all this while has been also attending to his country's sea-service, and to the affairs of the New World. He establishes arsenals on the southern coast, and equips a fleet against the Barbary pirates. Barbarossa, too, had roused up the African Mohammedans, in the name of Religion and their Prophet, to throw off the rule of the Christians : and had made himself master of Algiers and deposed the King of Tunis ; who sends to Ximenes for help. Ximenes sends some troops : but these were hastily levied, and by no means of a good quality : and are utterly defeated by Barbarossa before the gates of Algiers. Ximenes bears the reverse with equanimity. And Jean D'Albert (whose wife

you will recollect was Queen of Navarre, Catherine) now attempts, with some favour from the people, to recover Navarre, which Ferdinand had conquered from him. Ximenes defends it successfully, and demolishes all its fortresses. Malaga, too, having revolted, and the Admiral of Castile, whose duty it was to control it, being unable to do so, applies to Ximenes for help. Ximenes supports him—though his political adversary—promptly and vigorously: and reduces it, not with the regular forces, but with his militia—which is a great triumph in many ways for Ximenes.

And as I have said, he is engaged with the New World too. Don Diego Columbus, the son of Christopher Columbus whom we know of, has been for some time laying his case of recall from the Government of Hispaniola before the authorities. Ximenes takes the matter into his own hands, and sends out a Commission to examine into the facts on the spot; and what I mention this for chiefly is, to beg you to observe that he conjoined with this special object of inquiry, the outlines of an extensive investigation into the condition of the natives, and the means which ought to be adopted for their improvement, and herein declares himself forcibly and emphatically against all systems of Slavery. But unfortunately Charles (who was in Flanders you must remember, and acted in this as in everything without concert with Ximenes) had already given permission to the planters of the sugar-cane there (who complained to him that the island natives were too weak for the labour) to transport to the Islands African slaves—as the Portuguese had been for some time in the habit of doing. And this was the origin of that awful Trade which has been going on from that time to this—as a curse on Christendom and a libel on Humanity. Ximenes foresaw something of the evil that would come of it—no prophet could have foreseen half—and entered an

earnest protest against the weak beginnings of it. All honour be to him for this.

But all these undertakings—especially his militia establishment—bring with them other pressing business to take heed to—that of Finance. And not only is there his militia, but he has already substituted a standing army, dependent on the government, for the old practice of the government being dependent on the feudal service of the nobles. And to meet the public wants he now adopts the boldest measure perhaps ever adopted by any ruler not professedly or confessedly despotic. He reclaims all the lands given to the Military noble Orders, overruling all the grants—whether by papal bull or royal gift—wheresoever their funds were not being employed, or had not for long been employed, as the conditions of their original grants required. I should tell you with regard to these Military Orders, that there were several of them: the most prominent of them being that of St Jago (or St James) of Compostella—the Patron Saint of Spain. These were originally incorporated in order to maintain perpetual war upon the Mussulman—they observed the Rule of St Augustin. And perhaps the next to these were the Knights of Calatrava, who took up a particular service which had been deserted by the Templars—they observed the Rule of St Benedict. To these Orders had been given immense possessions, indeed almost all that they had conquered from the Moors. And at length these possessions became quite royal—and super-royal—while, when the Moors were driven out of Spain, their duties dwindled actually into nothing.

How great a disturbance this measure would cause among the nobles you may easily imagine from considering the fact, that all pretence of keeping up the forms even of compliance with these conditions had been long since laid aside, and the


Orders had distributed their estates in pensions and sinecures among a large number of their nobles. And such hardy innovation does stir up the spirit of the grandees. They send vehement remonstrances into Flanders—which, however, sound more faint when they have travelled over so long a space. Ximenes, loving Justice and hating Covetousness, willingly offers to Charles and his council the presentation to many lucrative appointments in his own right, if his new regime be confirmed; and at the same time most earnestly begs Charles to come over to Spain to judge for himself how he has discharged his stewardship. Charles resolves to do so, and sends back word to Ximenes that he will. And now begins a series of intrigues against Ximenes, by the Flemish courtiers of Charles and by the nobles of Spain, most harassing to Ximenes and most difficult for me to explain to you. They first send over a kind of co-regent for Ximenes and the cypher Adrian, who you may perhaps have forgotten has been all this time officially the colleague and co-equal of Ximenes. On his arrival Ximenes receives him with all necessary formal courtesy, but proceeds with his government precisely as before. Remonstrances are made to Charles, and a third colleague is sent for Ximenes—a Dutchman, with whose name, however, I need not trouble you, as he is reduced immediately to the position of his predecessors. The Flemish Councillors are trebly indignant: but it would seem that Charles rather admired than resented the indomitable superiority of his Regent. The Flemings, however, now counsel Charles to send over his brother Ferdinand, to whom they think Ximenes must submit; but while they are thus counselling, a communication comes from Ximenes requesting still ampler powers than he has, and adding, that should these not be granted he must beg permission to retire to his diocese, and leave the government of the state in other hands. All are alarmed at this, for only now they become

aware of the greatness of the man with whom they had to do—how much stronger his aged hands are than all younger ones together, and what a blank would be left in the wide dominions of Charles if that one old man should be withdrawn. They reply that Charles will journey into Spain, and they ask Ximenes to remit large sums for the preparations necessary for the undertaking. So many remittances of the like kind had been already sent and wasted, that it is now a difficult matter to raise others: but Ximenes is so entirely the man to overcome difficulties and to make sacrifices in any cause that he deems important, that as large sums as were asked for are sent. But word soon comes that these have not been at all applied to the purposes for which they were asked and sent. The citizens of the principal towns—who had made great sacrifices and efforts to raise the money—get tidings of this: they break out into audible indignation—into incipient insurrection. They demand a meeting of the Cortes. Ximenes, too, is stung into anger: but he is as calm as he is just, as politic as he is grieved. He thinks it right that the Cortes should meet in such case, so he assents to their demands, but at the same time fixes the date of their assembling sufficiently distant to allow of Charles's coming before their meeting, if he will. The people are pacified, and Ximenes writes this letter to Charles:—

‘Ximenes, Regent, and the Royal Senate, to King Charles,  
Health:

For the ancient and loyal fidelity in which towards your ancestors and now towards you we have been bound, it behoves us as trusty ministers and good citizens, to counsel and admonish what may be best for your service and that of the Republic. Great and exalted princes deserve power from God and reverence from man, as long as they govern in justice and wisdom the people committed to them. In order to

do this, and support such a weight, they must choose worthy and respectable counsellors and ministers: no one head sufficing to perform the weighty tasks of Government. For those hundred-handed and fabulous worthies were nothing other than considerate and wise kings, who chose egregious and honest ministers to execute their great behests. Henry III., your ancestor, who, on account of the continued maladies of his youth, was sick and powerless of body, was still not unequal to the royal office, from the excellent counsellors whom he knew how to select: men eminent in learning, in morals, and in religion. He left behind him the character of a great monarch and an empire pacific and strong. On the contrary, Henry IV., your great-uncle, encountered nothing but misfortune and disgrace, from the imbecile and impious advisers whom he persisted in keeping about him. But why go so far back for examples? Are not the Catholic Sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella, sufficient? It was their especial care to choose egregious men for their service. Moreover, it was their habit, passing over all those of their court, however known and familiar to them, to select such as their own merits or public opinion had celebrated, for great and arduous offices. No one in their day was accused of intrigue, or of the sale of places so frequent in the present time. Then men rose by degrees from an humble to a respectable station, from a respectable to an illustrious one, tried and matured as they advanced, reward keeping pace with their merits. By this conduct and counsel, having received a state weakened and distracted by the inexperience and the guilt of predecessors, your grandfather was enabled to transmit it freed from all these ills. To your Majesty the great God has given talents, judgment, and prudence, even in your juvenile years, wherewith to weigh and consider these things. Examine, and you must perceive, the imminent distraction of the State if these warnings be disregarded, its happiness if they be at-



tended to. All things depend upon their commencement, and evils are then with the greatest facility remedied. Wherefore Spain, suppliant at your feet, demands your coming, that you may repress the avidity of the corrupt, and restore to it tranquillity and content. This you can with ease effect, if this noble and extensive land, ever most devoted to its princes, be ruled according to its paternal laws, and the established customs of our ancestors. Farewell.'

While waiting for the coming of Charles, the nobles are turbulent, but Ximenes undismayed. For on one occasion three of the first nobles of Spain (the Duke of Alva, the Duke of Infantado, and the Count of Urena) treat some officers of Ximenes with contumely, and resist the execution of his orders, and shut themselves up in the little town of Villafrata, which they prepare to fortify and hold out against them. Ximenes sends to them some of his National Guard, with orders, if the town is not immediately given up, to burn it to the ground. The nobles continue to hold out: the town is burnt to ashes over their heads. There is no loss of life, however, and the refractory nobles are so struck with consternation at what they have done, and what he has done, that they sue for pardon—which is granted. Such is the vigour of this man's eightieth year.

But now that vigour begins rapidly to fail—for he falls ill this autumn (September 17, 1517): and on a frame strong indeed beyond common strength by nature but worn by the toil of Eighty years, disease does quick injury. He hears, however, that Charles has landed in Spain—that he is among the mountains of Asturias—at Villaviciosa: and he gathers strength to write to him. Charles sends him gracious messages. But the Flemish courtiers, hearing that Ximenes is so ill, have hopes that he and Charles may never meet to talk over and reform their vicious practices. So they contrive to delay Charles's advance towards Madrid by various



devices, and finding that Ximenes bears up under his malady longer than they had expected, they persuade Charles to pass over into Arragon before he visits Castile. Ximenes hearing of this, protested against it with great fervency : and when he finds that he does not seem to change their plans, resolves that if Charles would not move towards him, he will move towards Charles. So he orders himself, all ill as he is, to be removed from Aranda, on the Douro, where he was seized with his fever, towards Toledo. But Charles goes now to visit his poor insane mother—who still survives—at Valladolid—and orders the Cortes to meet there. Ximenes points out to him various reasons why an arrangement respecting the Cortes different from this would be better. But the Flemings have now so worked upon Charles—and those disaffected in Spain so crowd about him and them—that the recommendations of Ximenes are not attended to. Indeed the enemies of Ximenes get so completely the ear of the King, that he is at length brought to write a letter to Ximenes, which said that he had resolved to go to Tordesillas for the present, and begged him to meet him on the way, and give his advice about public and family affairs : but that after this interview he proposed to give his Minister repose from his labours—which indeed had been so great and praiseworthy, that God alone could reward them, and that he would ever be mindful of his services, and honour his memory as that of a Parent. Whether Ximenes ever received this letter—a letter which virtually dismissed him from his office—is uncertain. His illness had so gained upon him that his thoughts were all now taken up with the interests of another kingdom—a kingdom in which the least are greater than the greatest in any kingdom of this world. He does indeed once try to write a farewell letter to Charles, but his hand refuses to execute his will, and so he gives himself up entirely to Devotion. And herein he is said to have manifested such

contrition for his sins, and such humble confidence in the Divine Mercy, as deeply affected all around him. With no emotion visible, however, but quite calmly—now as ever—does he await his dismissal: he lies still, and as his last hour draws on, with clear consciousness of the fact closes his eyes for ever upon the shadows of earth: only uttering with his last breath those words of the Psalmist—which were also the last words, you will remember, of Francis Xavier—‘In Thee, O LORD, have I trusted.’

Such is the story of Ximenes—Gonzales and de Cisneros, as he is known in the world—brother Francis, Cardinal and Archbishop, as he is known in the Church: the story as it seems to me of a great man, but not of one of the greatest—of a great Ruler only, and even not one of the greatest of such. A man, I would say, largely endowed with great gifts, but as largely deficient in great graces. To rule Spain in the Fifteenth Century, when it was the most magnificent kingdom on earth—the most exalted of all the powers of the Old World, and the very Parent of a New one—and to rule it wisely and justly and firmly—this was no mean doing. But only to govern, and not at all to educate, a nation—this is not a quite kingly work. It is for this I think him less than the Greatest. His was a Rule merely of Will and of Power: governing indeed without defeat, but mechanically not vitally: making every instrument of government grate against every other, with a constant and all but intolerable friction: and far inferior is this, I think, to the rule of one who can convert other men’s wills to his own by sympathetic adjustment—by a nobler example—by educating their latent good: benignly solving difficulties, not rudely crushing them, and while making other men his ministers, ennobling them consciously by their service. But this kind of elective affinity which educes and enlarges the spirits of other men while it moulds them into sympathy with itself, is characteristic only

of the largest souls—and such assuredly was not that of Ximenes. But though not this, surely even in the little that we have been able to see of him, we cannot have failed to recognise in him a man of great strength and loftiness of character—a man whole-hearted and sound, and sincere in every part of him: of quite uncommon moral earnestness and constancy of purpose: and these both stimulated and sustained by Religious Principle. A lover of Justice with a life-long passion—a passion so strong as to make him an unsparing untiring enemy of extortion and oppression: if arbitrary, then only to repress arrogance: if severe, then only towards the powerful who were the oppressors of the weak of whom he was the Defender: and in all ways and at all times insensible to all that the world could give or take away from him, so only that he might realise his own impulses of Duty, or at least some considerable approximation to them. These characteristics, certainly, we see in him uniformly: on no one occasion can we discern any kind of ambiguity about the man, any indecisiveness, any timidity. The spirit that in his early days made him voluntarily endure for six long years a rigorous imprisonment rather than yield to what he believed to be an act of injustice was but a faithful specimen—genuine first-fruits—of what afterwards grew to so great maturity that he could threaten Popes and resist an Emperor; and the zeal which made him a Monk, and when a Monk an Observantine, was but a consistent prelude to that sustained enthusiasm which made him afterwards, though a Regent, a Reformer. He was rapidly elevated to the highest worldly positions—but never once by his own seeking, or with the least perceptible diminution of honesty or of dignity. He was always equal to every office he undertook; even superior to it, for he always did more in it than was expected of him. And though he was a Churchman as well as a Statesman—a monk as well as a minister—each cha-

racter was only confirmed and elevated by the other : for from first to last he sought secular ends by secular means, but in a religious spirit ; and not as too many have done, sought those ends by religious means but in a secular spirit. A man born to command, I should say : for not Ambition commonly so called—much less vanity, nor enthusiasm, nor self-will, nor mere irrepressible desire for activity—justly describes, as it seems to me, the dominant spirit of Ximenes. True, he seemed to desire power, and to enjoy it, more than he desired or enjoyed anything else : but power not for its own sake—or for his own sake—but for the accomplishment of aims previously and deliberately pronounced by his whole man as just and good. And I think it is quite characteristic of all gifted men, to feel thus as Ximenes : to feel, I mean, cramped and thwarted in their spiritual natures when they are not permitted to exercise some alterative influence on what is wrong around them : and to attain to only a due development of that nature, when they use other men as their instruments for effecting aims which these men themselves have not the power steadily to contemplate, but have the power, under competent direction, efficiently to execute. And truly such men ought to be at the head, and it is no culpable ambition in them to wish to be so : it is the only position which is or can ever seem to them natural : and their being used as the instruments of one course of action when they feel they have the capacity for being the authors of a better, must be to them as unnatural and unbecoming as for a body to walk with its feet upwards, or for the blind to guide the seeing.

But it was by no means for his Intellect that I think Ximenes wonderful, or even admirable. His intellect was not his especial might : It was his Character, his Will that was this. True, though bred in the Cloister, he distinguished himself in the Camp and the Cabinet, and therefore may be

considered more than commonly able : but his general political views had little in them to elevate them above those of his age. His aims were not beyond those of an able and a just man at all times. His superiority as a statesman lay in his administrative faculties—in his power of adapting his means to his ends : in his exceeding promptness and readiness of resource : in his comprehension of detail, and power of continuous and diversified attention. Sagacious, clear, assured, was he above most men : but not large-minded, nor prophetic. But he had more power than his intellect would have given him in consequence of his unclouded consciousness of his own integrity, and the complete conviction of this in those whom he governed. All that he did was, though most politic, yet direct and avowed : nothing that I know of for private aggrandisement at the expense of public interest. It is, indeed, because I can discover no self-seeking in the man, that he seems to me justly to come into my catalogue of Great Men. He shed no blood unnecessarily on any measure of State, and never revenged a private injury. His magnificent revenues he spent magnificently : in carrying on Crusades, in redeeming slaves, in supporting hospitals, in founding an university, in editing, as never before had been done, the Bible of God. He was a Defender of the Poor and a Father of the Orphan. He was the originator of an Institution for the Education of the daughters of indigent nobles ; and he built, and endowed, a magnificent Chapel in his Cathedral at Toledo for the celebration of Muzarabic services, which have been continued uninterruptedly even to this day. He was a man, however, doubtless of austere virtue : just above all things, and not unmerciful, but not benign or attractive, or sympathetic : standing alone among his people, by standing above them : not loved but yet not hated—at once a rock of offence and a tower of strength : feared equally and revered while living, by prince and by people ;

and when dead honoured by his enemies, and canonized by his countrymen.

But what of his Religion? Why, that it was of the Old Testament rather than of the New : that he was as Saul rather than as Paul—touching the righteousness which was of the Law, blameless, but touching the righteousness which is of the Gospel, deficient. He had a zeal for God, but not according to knowledge : he was a persecutor and injurious, thinking he did God service. And certainly had Ximenes lived in our days, or even only some while after the Reformation, and done anything at all like what he did more than three centuries ago, nothing could have induced me to have mentioned his name to you with respect — so entirely is it my conviction that to persecute for CHRIST's sake is to become an Antichrist, and that to propagate the Gospel by force is practically to abjure it. Had Ximenes, I say, been an Inquisitor now, he would have sinned against light to an extent which would have made him exceedingly sinful : but he did what he did comparatively ignorantly. He was bred up from earliest youth, and all his life through, in principles which necessarily involve the legitimacy of Persecution, and even make it in some sense a work of Charity. For you must remember that the fundamental assumption and assertion of the Church of Rome is, that Salvation from Eternal Misery is only possible through communion with itself—wheresoever that communion is practicable. If, therefore, by any amount of pains and penalties it can secure communion for a new member, or still more prevent apostasy for an old one, it argues on its own principles reasonably enough, that the salvation of the soul will immeasurably repay hereafter any conceivable present miseries of the body. And indeed, for any one who holds the notion that the Church of CHRIST is verily and indeed as a Fold within whose visible walls lies the only possibility of salvation—that Priests are as Shep-

herds and all other men as sheep — there must ever be a feeling that to drive men into it, and to keep them in it, by any means, is an act of mercy rather than of cruelty. The end here may not unintelligibly be considered not only as justifying, but also as sanctifying the means; for what shall not a man ultimately gain by losing his life on earth if he really save his soul for ever? Persecution in such case can only be unreasonable when it is ineffectual: and such, verily, was not that of Ximenes.

But again, we must remember that Ximenes was a Spanish Catholic, as well as a Roman one. Roman Catholicism is but a kind of Judaic Christianity, and this is bad enough: but Spanish Catholicism is a kind of Mohammedan Christianity, and this is yet worse. Whatever assumes Judaism as its base cannot be tolerant. Judaism was built emphatically upon principles of Intolerance: it established itself at first not by converting others but by exterminating them: and when established, none but Jews were allowed to live within the shelter of its communion — all who ceased to be Jews were cut off and cast out from it. Judaism knew nothing of what we moderns call Liberty of Conscience, and paid no respect to any right of Private Judgment. All duty with it was comprised in obedience to Law and observance of Rites, and it contained no provision for legitimatising varieties either of opinion or of practice. But at the same time it was not proselytising, and gave therefore no sanction to oppressive conversions, nor afforded any precedent for Spanish Crusades. But then, here it was precisely that Mohammedanism came in to supply it with a new principle of Intolerance. Mohammedanism is of all Religions the most aggressive. Proselytism is indeed the very soul of Islamism. And eight hundred years of contact and of conflict with Mohammedanism had penetrated the whole frame of Spanish life with an Arab spirit. True, during all those centuries no

word of Alliance, but only of Extermination, had ever been spoken, or even thought of—but yet a spirit of sympathy had passed from one to the other, necessarily and involuntarily : and long after the Saracen was banished from Spain, an infection of his genius lingered, whose fever, indeed, runs through the veins of the Spaniard even to this day. The speech of the Spaniard to this day bewrayeth him, and witnesses of his old subjection to the Moor. And so, too, does his Religion speak of Mecca as well as of Rome : the Mosque and the Minaret are side by side with the Cathedral and the Tower in the temples of his Worship. And it is in this way only that you can explain that most fearful of all perversions of Christianity, the Invention of the Inquisition. Pervert the Religion of the Gospel alone to the utmost, and by no possibility could you ever produce such a horrible compound of cruelty and hypocrisy : and Judaize Christianity as you can, and yet you will not : but add to all these accumulated perversions the Mohammedan leaven, and with difficulty you may.

In estimating, then, the special influences of evil at work upon this portion of the character of Ximenes, you must allow largely for this very peculiar one of Mohammedanism ; and also, I think, very distinctly bear in mind that Spanish life for eight centuries had been one long-continued Crusade—Spain itself for a large portion of that period one protracted battle-field. Nobly enough while in the presence of the Moor did every Spaniard consider himself a chosen Champion of the Cross—a divinely commissioned Soldier of the Church—emphatically a Defender of the Faith. And thus, after long generations, they all came to consider their Church at least as characteristically Militant, themselves as a great Military Order, and their Religion not as a living spirit in which and by which their own souls were to live now and for ever, but rather chiefly as a Sacred Deposit,



which it was at once their highest honour and their sure salvation, merely to preserve unimpaired, and faithfully to defend unto the death.

And, again, perhaps we should not forget with regard to these Persecutions of Ximenes, that they were not directed against fellow-Christians and fellow-countrymen—against those who exercised Christian Liberty and were seeking to promulgate Christian Truth—as so many other Roman Catholic persecutions have been; but against a foreign faith and a foreign race: an Eastern people dwelling amidst a Christian land: and not against these to an extreme extent, unless they strove to gain civil privileges by false pretences. Against those who were conscientiously and resolutely Jews and Moors, his measures were for the most part only these—he compelled them to quit the country, and to take away with them all they could remove by converting into money. The severities of his Inquisition were directed almost exclusively against those who had professed themselves Christians, and had been baptised as such, and yet practised secretly their Jewish and Moorish rites—men, surely, who demand less of our sympathy than they who in other lands have died under Roman hands for the possession and promulgation of superior Light. But no word more in extenuation of the Persecutor, be he who or what he may. All Persecution is to me an abhorrence and an abomination: and that of Ximenes, after all that can be said concerning it, must ever remain one of the many fearful specimens of the logic of the Cloister, and quite an amazing instance of how even a righteous man, dwelling apart from human sympathies, and nourishing his soul exclusively on dogmas and on rites, may be led to do deeds from principle which even bad men have forborne to do from passion, and may even ultimately obliterate in his nature the primary principles of Religion, and the very axioms of the Moral Law.

But instead of accusing or excusing Ximenes, I would rather take occasion finally to beg you to see in him how corrupting a thing is Religious Bigotry—and how fearful a thing it is to put any Theory of a Church or any Articles of a Creed before Faith in JESUS CHRIST Himself, and Love of God and our Brethren in Him. How often shall I be called upon to say it—and when will men learn the importance as well as the truth of the saying—that to be a Christian is to be like CHRIST—in harmony with His mind and inspired with His Spirit—and whatever mode of thought or feeling we cannot conceive of as possible to have been exhibited by Him, is not Christian, whatever else it may be. Let us, then, try and learn this great lesson each one for ourselves: and then, looking at the infirmities and iniquities of such a Great Man as he was whom we have been contemplating this evening, let us call to mind from out of what Darkness and into what Liberty we have been called by that Glorious Reformation which Luther began almost on the very day that Ximenes died, and be thankful—evermore praising God and saying, ‘Not unto us, not unto us, O Lord, but unto Thy Name, be all the Glory.’

## GASPARD DE COLIGNY.

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THE subject of my Lecture is one of the principal personages in the history of the Protestant Reformation in France: but so intimately in this case is individual character mixed up with general history, and so crowded and complicated are the events which we shall have to contemplate, that I must leave it in a very great measure to yourselves to detach the biographical from the historical, and hasten at once to my narrative, without doing more than first reminding you of a very few circumstances relating to the peculiarities of the kingdom and Church of France, which may enable you better to understand how the French Reformation was distinguished from those which we have already had to consider while contemplating the characters of Luther and of Cranmer.

You must remember, then, that the kingdom of France originally contained within it at least two quite distinct races—the Gallic and the Frank—and that only through the collisions and commixtures of many centuries did it settle down into any kind of coherent nationality. But it early became one of the most powerful elements of new Europe. The Eighth century, indeed, is one of the very greatest im-

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portance in the history of the French nation, and also of the French Church, as in this century occurred those three great events—that defeat of the Moors by Charles Martel (one of the last kings of the Merovingian period), which prevented their further progress in Europe and preserved France from becoming as Spain; the invasion of Italy by Pepin (le Bref) the founder of the Carlovingian race of kings, and his constituting the Popedom a temporal sovereignty, by his bestowing upon Stephen III. and his successors the Exarchate of Ravenna and other territories: and the constitution of a new Empire of the West by the coronation of Charlemagne, the son of this Pepin, by the Pope (Leo III.) at Rome on the last Christmas Eve of this eighth century. Of this new Empire, that which for centuries afterwards was called France was but a small portion: and when that Empire (which comprehended all modern Germany and a great portion of Italy, and extended far beyond the boundaries of both) fell to pieces, as it did soon after the death of Charlemagne, even that which we have latterly called France was not all governed by the same Sovereign; Lorraine, Franche Compté, Provence and the Lyonnois, belonging to a titular Emperor, even almost to the end of the Carlovingian period. And the House of Capet (which commenced the third race of Kings in 987) was the first to add to it their own Picardy and Champagne: and it was only in the fifteenth century, you know, that Burgundy was added to France, as an inheritance of Louis XI., and Provence as a bequest to him by the Count de la Marche. Brittany came to France only by the marriages of Charles VIII. and Louis XII., and the Bourbonnois only by the revolt of the Great Constable of Bourbon, during those quarrels between Francis I. and Charles V., amid the remnants of which our story to-night begins. From these things only you may readily understand how the various Provinces of France had not, even in the

times of which we have to speak, quite got consolidated into one uniformly constituted kingdom. Indeed, they had each their own local laws and customs until a much later period: and, as a general division, we may say that all that portion of France south of the Loire was governed by the old written Roman law, and all north by the complicated unwritten Frankish law. And many of the larger Provinces had their own 'States,' or Senates, and their own 'Parliaments,' or Law Courts. And, generally speaking too, each Province had its own Governor—whose nomination was in the power of the King, but whose office had become so much hereditary in the great families of the kingdom that it was considered a reproach to them whenever it was not allowed to descend from father to son. The diversity, then, and complexity of interests and institutions which there were at this time in France, you must endeavour to bear in mind, in listening to the entanglement of history of which I have to speak, and how France had come into its existing state only through the successive accretion, rather than the complete fusion, of a number of varieties of European races.

And with regard to its Church, you should remember that it did not owe its foundation to Papal Rome, as those of Germany and England did. While Germany owed its Christianisation largely and primarily to Boniface, and England to Augustine, the French Church seems to have been, if I may so say, almost self-sown. For among the very earliest records of the Christian Church we read of the Martyrs of Gaul: and for centuries it spread and strengthened by its own native efforts: and though France was the first of all the Germanic nations to acknowledge the spiritual powers of the Roman See, it was the last to receive its temporal pretensions. Indeed, as we have already seen, it was France that first constituted the Roman See a Temporal Power, and therefore it was in a condition more advantageous

than that of any other nation for vindicating its independence in this respect. And thus, though virtually an assimilated element of Christendom, it still always had national peculiarities and prerogatives of its own of which it was jealous, and had always kept itself free from that great degradation which was so frequent in other countries, as in Spain you will remember, and in our own, of having Italians intruded into its benefices. The rough way in which its independence in this respect had been asserted by its monarchs had often been a scandal in Christendom, and you will remember that under Philip the Fourth (and the Fair) the kingdom of France was subjected to a Papal interdict (as our England was under John) in consequence of his opposition to Papal prerogatives. Philip had subjected the clergy of France to bear their share of the public taxes, and prohibited any contribution being levied by the Pope in France. Boniface VIII. transferred his kingdom to the Emperor Albert, and Philip imprisoned the Pope very nearly until his death—which for the time ended this dispute. But long before this—in the thirteenth century, under the Royal Saint Louis—was established that Treaty which is called the Pragmatic Sanction, and which may be regarded as the Magna Charta of the Gallican Church—at least in the letter, for really there was scarcely anything in this Charter which had not from time to time before been conceded or allowed by the Popes. Its main provisions were, the securing to the French Church the free election of its own bishops, and the prevention of the long train of abuses incident to Foreign Patronage. And this Treaty was always very jealously guarded: for when Francis I. was endeavouring to procure certain political objects from the Pope (Leo X.) at the price of surrendering this Sanction, and had already agreed to the Concordat of Bologna, in which an article to this effect was introduced, and all had even been settled by the Council of the Lateran

in 1515, the Parliament of Paris resolutely refused to register it among the Laws of France, and met even the proposition of so doing with an indignant and bitter Remonstrance. But still, in all this opposition to the Papacy there was more of national pride than of evangelical principle: and I think we may certainly say that no real Reformation of error, whatever there might have been of abuse, would ever have come from France, had there not been new leaven introduced into it from without. True, the French Church had already given birth to culture of a high quality: and it had its Saints and its Doctors, and even its Reformers: but here, as always elsewhere hitherto, they had been only specimens of Piety or prodigies of Learning, rather than Champions of Freedom or Preachers of Truth—Reformers at the best but of Discipline, and not essentially at all of Doctrine. And when the Reformation of Doctrine did come into France, you must note that it did not come all at once, and through the uprising of any powerful leading mind like that of Luther, or descend from the high places of the State and Church, as it did in our own country: but it sprang from almost invisible beginnings and rose by almost insensible degrees—gradually strengthening itself in the very humblest ranks of society, and without any of that aid of organization which is given by the public recognition of conspicuous Leaders. Doubtless there were eminent men among the Protestant Reformers of France—such men as Calvin and Beza—but these were not the true centres round which the movement turned. Calvin did not publish those Institutes of his which first established his superiority until many years after persecution had begun against what were called the New Doctrines. Indeed we may say that from the accession of Francis the First, who began his reign by being a great patron of Literature and Art, a spirit of inquiry began to spread, and with it, almost as a necessary conse-

quence, a spirit of Protestantism. His desire to make his University of Paris illustrious made him collect together into it a number of Foreign books and Foreign men: and among these were Protestant books and Protestant men. And very soon a freer spirit becomes discernible in the Lectures delivered at this University: and students from all quarters begin to crowd to it: and the Printing Press—yet a novelty—is used profusely by the Professors in all matters of theological controversy. And then those educated at Paris return into the provinces, and meet there with others who have become like-minded by humbler and independent instruments: surprise is excited and inquiry spreads afresh; and converts become visible in almost every class of society, up to the highest even at last—for the Queen's sister, Margaret of Navarre, comes early to favour the new Doctrines. For a long while the King seems indifferent—considers it perhaps a form of Literary Life—a part of what he had undertaken graciously to patronise. But indeed, he had so many other matters to attend to that he might well not care to engage in any new one which he could in any way avoid: and so for the first ten years of his reign it has time to grow almost as it will. But when Francis comes back from his foreign imprisonment his whole mind seems altered, and he begins most fiercely to persecute; in consequence, it may be, of his having been persuaded by the foreign clergy that his troubles, and those of his kingdom, were the merited effects of his tolerance of Heresy. And so now he persecutes with a rigour which shall make up for all his deficiencies in time past. And such scenes of suffering follow as even call forth foreign Protests: but with no great effect: for in the thirtieth year of his reign—in 1545—we find that by order of Francis—though at the solicitation of the high dignitaries of Church and State—the Vaudois of Mirandol and Cabrières are massacred—men, women and children—twenty-two vil-



lages of them, containing between three and four thousand unresisting persons—with a savagery which it sickens one even now to think of. And on the death of Francis and the accession of Henry II.—in 1547—these fearful persecutions are continued and even increased; for now all other punishments for Heresy are prohibited but that of Death with Torture. And at the accession of Francis II. in 1559 there arise new grievances for the Protestants—of a different kind. For now in consequence of the weakness of the new King, almost all the power of the State becomes virtually vested in his mother, Catharine de Medicis (a direct descendant of that great family at Florence with whom we are familiar), and she calls to the government of the State the half-foreign family of the Guises, who are bitterly opposed to Protestantism, and excludes from all power the natural associates of the Sovereign. This is not unreasonably the cause of great discontent: for it had for very long been the custom of France that in the case of a minority—and in this case the circumstances were virtually though not actually the same, in consequence of the King being declared of age at 13, and his being particularly feeble—the nearest Princes of the Blood should have considerable share in the administration of the State. And these Princes (who are now the King of Navarre and the Prince de Condé, both of them of the Reformed party) meet together, with some of the leading Protestants, to consult at Vendôme, as to whether they should submit to the usurpation of the Guises. The Prince de Condé and others advise to resort to arms, but counsels of Patience and Remonstrance for a while prevail. The Protestant Churches, however—which have been multiplying and strengthening notwithstanding their persecutions—now (May 1550) send deputies to Paris, and an assembly is held there at which a Confession of Faith is drawn up and published, which gives to them a recognised symbol by which

they may be known, and round which they themselves may rally. This is followed, however, (in September) by another fearful official edict, prohibiting private assemblies for religious purposes on pain of Death, and all imaginable, or rather unimaginable, cruelties follow.

The great body of the Protestants suffer with great patience, displaying indeed all the noble qualities which one might expect from the sincerity and purity of Christian faith. It is almost impossible to conceive a more just case for Resistance than they had, since they were not only massacred now simply for worshipping their God according to the only way which could be for them in spirit and in truth, but also this was done by those who had no lawful authority to rule over them. The Guises, be it always remembered, were usurpers—men who seized unfairly and exercised unjustly the functions of Government: and there was no reason, human or divine, for submitting to be exterminated by them. But, as I have said, the great body of the Protestants do submit, as for nearly forty years now they have submitted, to incredible persecutions. I wish you to bear this in mind, for I think you cannot overrate the early patience of the Protestants. But the natural chiefs of the kingdom and of the Protestant party will submit no longer. They have laid their case before the most celebrated lawyers and divines of Germany and France, and receive their approbation. They rise and attempt to rescue the King from the hands of the Guises at Amboise—but fail.

And here for the present we will leave public matters and betake ourselves to those private memoirs which are the special subject of this evening's occupation, though speedily we shall be obliged to return to them, for the Life of him of whom I am to speak was so bound up with the history of the Cause of Protestantism in France that it would be wholly unintelligible apart from it.

In the year that Ximenes died, was born GASPARD DE COLIGNY. He was of a noble house—one which had for generations exercised a species of sovereignty, and had been mixed up with the chief movements in France for nearly 500 years. His father had married, too, Louise Montmorency—a member of one of the noblest families in France—and was himself a Field-Marshal. He died in 1522, leaving three sons, the second of whom was Gaspard. The eldest, Odet, was made a Cardinal by Pope Clement VII. at the age of sixteen, and as he was further provided for by ecclesiastical benefices, Gaspard naturally took the position of representative of the family, and resided on its estate as Seigneur of Chatillon. Here he was bred up with more than the common culture of a gentleman of those days, in letters as well as in arms, being remarkable for speaking Latin fluently, and much given to study. We first meet with him with the Dauphin of France at the siege of Bains (1543), where he acted with great intrepidity, and was wounded in the neck. In the same year, too, he was at the important battle of Cerisolles (in Lombardy, fought and won by Francis I. you will recollect): and in consequence of his conduct here, he was made by Henry II. Colonel-General of the Infantry of the whole of the French armies. In this office he introduced such admirable regulations into the French military service that we have the testimony concerning them of a contemporary Catholic historian, that ‘they were the best that have ever been made in France, and have already preserved the lives of at least a million of persons.’ We next find him at the siege of Boulogne, which was at that time, you will remember, in the possession of the English, and the French King was himself before it endeavouring to reduce it. But he does not succeed; so he leaves it, and sends Coligny in his stead: who eventually recovered it out of our hands. After this he returned to Court, and on the vacancy

of the office of Admiral of France he was promoted to it—an office at once of the greatest dignity and importance, giving him rank among the very highest personages in the kingdom, and entrusting to his command the entire sea-coast and Military Marine of the country. He was invested likewise with the military government of Picardy and of the Isle of France, and was made a member of both the Council of State and the Privy Council. In the following year when the Emperor Charles V. and Maria Queen of Hungary combined their forces against the King of France, Coligny (who is henceforth generally called The Admiral from his highest official title, though he served principally as a General) was appointed to the sole command in opposing this formidable conspiracy. So unequal, however, were the forces that were brought into action on this occasion that the ruin of the French seemed inevitable: but the Admiral effected a treaty which saved his country's interest on the most honourable terms without hazarding a battle. But to the Admiral's extreme mortification—a feeling which he freely expressed—he was ordered by his King to act in violation of this treaty only two months after it was made, by raising forces in aid of the schemes of the Princes of the House of Guise (of Lorraine), who had persuaded the King of France to join them in endeavouring to gain possession of the kingdoms of Naples and of Sicily. He had himself been most intimate with the Duc de Guise and with the Duc d'Aumale (his brother) when they were all boys together—constant play-fellows as children, and intimate companions as young men. And to this event—which to him seemed a dishonourable course on their part, but to which he was obliged to minister as the loyal servant of his King—may be traced, perhaps, the first opening of that breach between the families which afterwards widened to a great gulf, and of whose widening the Admiral's story is a constant history. Now, however, he

must submit, and be prompt to act too, for the Spanish forces—hearing of the schemes of the Guises—have already entered Picardy, from the Netherlands frontier, and are moving towards St Quentin—with the design of besieging it. The Admiral is there before them—but finds the place in a miserable condition—almost everybody has fled from it—soldiers and all. But the Admiral we shall find to be a man whose exertions, and one might say whose courage and skill, always rise with difficulties: seldom indeed his success, but that surely only makes the noble spirit of the man—which never under any defeats or disappointments, however reiterated, failed or fell—the more admirable. So now he can get very few to work at the fortifications: he has not hands enough: well, what then? Why, he adds his own: and this makes all others have double strength. And D'Andelot (his younger brother) has come—with all the enthusiasm of youth, and all a brother's enterprise of affection—and has most unexpectedly found his way through the enemy into the town. And his uncle the Constable (Anne de Montmorency) he hears has been sent by the King with aid: but the Spaniards intercept him and he never comes. Hearing of this, and finding that he has no more to hope for, he calls together soldiers and burgesses, and makes them swear, himself setting the example, that the man who first shall speak of surrendering shall be put to death—and then dismisses each man to his post. And for twenty days continuously the Spaniards bombard the town: the Admiral is firm to his purpose and prompt exceedingly in maintaining it—but unsuccessful: the place is carried by assault, and himself taken prisoner. This was in 1557. And now for a while he is in the hands of enemies, and is ill of fever—as we say dangerously ill. But happily so, we may also say. For it seems to be during this imprisonment and this illness that his mind and heart become deeply impressed with the vanity and

vexation of spirit which earthly things are—the importance which the things that are not seen are of, and the Peace of Heart which they may give. And so, when soon after, he is ransomed (as he is by the payment of 50,000 crowns—such is the price they put upon him,) he goes not to court as usual but to his home, and at once resigns his Colonel-Generaley of the French Infantry to his brother D'Andelot, and his Governorship of the Isle of France to his cousin, Maréchal Montmorency—the eldest son of the Constable Anne. And very shortly afterwards he begged permission to resign his command of Picardy, but this the King would not allow him to do, saying that he could not understand a man's resigning so many honourable offices, and that it would certainly give others the impression that he had changed his Religion for that new one which was now everywhere so much talked of. So this office he keeps for a while, and Henry soon after dying and being succeeded by Francis II. (who you will remember married Mary Queen of Scots—a niece of the Guises) he renews his request, and obtains it.

And now being rid of the distractions of public life — at the age of forty-three — he takes up his residence permanently at Chatillon, and there gives himself up to the culture of his own soul, and to acts of beneficence towards his dependents. And in this he is nobly aided by his wife — a person of illustrious descent and virtue—Charlotte de la Val —already a Protestant in heart, and soon a Protestant altogether. For a while they count the cost together of an open religious profession: most carefully and deliberately, and with repeated prayer to God to lead them further and further in the knowledge of His Truth, and to enable them to profess faithfully and at all hazards—in defiance of the Edicts of Persecution which they see every day put in force around them — whatever truths He shall be pleased from time to time to communicate to them through the reading of the

Holy Scriptures. At length, with full foresight of suffering and sacrifice, and with all determination to persevere, they pledge themselves to each other to open their minds unreservedly to the New Light, and to do God's will as speedily as they shall learn it. And so they now read together daily the Bible of God and the books of the Reformers : and as they learn they teach : assembling around them any friends and neighbours that will come, and their own large household : and so great is the interest they feel and inspire, that Odet the Cardinal and Francis the soldier daily sit down with them to search and see whether the things be so in the Bible as the New Teachers say. Such study was indeed quite new to the Cardinal, but seeking for the truth so sincerely as he does, he is not long in finding it. D'Andelot, however, had already learned much while a prisoner in the Spanish wars, and had spoken out very plainly what conclusion he had arrived at ; for when some Protestant books were found in the baggage which he lost at the battle of St Quentin, and the King was told of this, and sent for him and commanded him to declare what he thought of the Mass, he had replied, ' I think it a detestable profanation, Sire.'

Assuredly a nobler group than sat at that council table, it seems to me, was not to be seen at that time in France. And these three brothers are henceforth, as hitherto they have been, undivided and unanimous : a noble brotherhood : and so like each other even naturally, as well as spiritually, that one portrait, with only difference of costume, might suffice for all. Take Coligny's. Of middle stature, well proportioned, of light colouring, with full-orbed eyes, dark and mild and liquid, kindling only in devotion and in war : commonly of calm countenance and still calmer speech ; with voice low and soft, but singularly clear : of a grave demeanour, but abundantly prompt and decisive : soldier-like in carriage, courtier-like in manner : a man of uniformly unembarrassed presence:

a gentleman and a nobleman. Such was Coligny—such also the Cardinal Chatillon—such also D'Andelot.

Let us now for a moment recollect where we are in European history. Charles V., whom we left but seventeen years old at the death of Ximenes, has lately died, aged 56 : and his great Empire has been divided principally between his brother Ferdinand and his son Philip—Ferdinand having the Empire with the Austrian dominions, and Philip having Spain, Naples, Milan, and the Low Countries. England is now under Elizabeth : Denmark under Christian III., and Sweden under the heroic Gustavus Vasa. And the Turks are in Hungary.

And now in France, in 1560, occurs what is called the Conspiracy of Amboise, of which I spoke just now. The Queen Mother sends for Coligny to come and give her counsel as to the way of remedying the discontents of the people. He instantly waits upon her, and boldly declares that it wholly arises from Persecution on account of Religion, and ought to be allayed, as it alone can be, by an Edict granting Liberty of Worship, and calling a General Council. He adds, also, that it would be well to call together an Assembly of Nobles to consult concerning the welfare of the kingdom. Upon this an Edict of Toleration is instantly framed, but with a treacherous reserve which greatly neutralises it : and a Council of Nobles is summoned to be held under the presidency of the King at Fontainebleau. Meanwhile the Queen commissions the Admiral to go into Normandy and other provinces, and to inquire into the cause of the alarming discontents there. This he does, and writes to the Queen, that unquestionably the discontents and disturbances are owing, as he had before said they were, to Persecutions for Religion's sake : and also to a hatred of the injustice and arbitrariness with which the Government is administered by the House of Guise. And then Coligny comes to the Council



at Fontainebleau, and at the second sitting he approaches the King, and with combined dignity and reverence, amidst the hushed breathing of all around, says, 'Having been sent into Normandy by your Majesty's order to inquire into the causes of the troubles there, I beg permission to report, that I have found the first and chief reason of them to be, Persecution on account of Religion.' He then begs to be permitted to present two papers to the King, and to have them read aloud. The King consents—and of what was then read these following sentences are a part:—

'Sire: We, your very humble and most obedient subjects, scattered in very great numbers throughout this kingdom, desiring to live according to the rule of the Holy Gospel, protest before God and you, that the doctrine we follow is no other than that contained in the Old and New Testaments: and that the faith which we hold is that very faith which is comprehended in the Apostolical Symbol, as appears by our Confession, which has been before presented. And that our greatest desire, after the service of God, is to hold ourselves always in obedience to your Majesty, and to the Magistrates appointed by you: rendering to you that subjection and those duties which faithful subjects owe to their Prince.

'Therefore, we first supplicate your Majesty to be pleased to do us this grace and favour, not to lend ear to those who most wrongfully accuse us of seditions, mutinies, and rebellions against your state; seeing that the Gospel of which we make profession teaches us the exact contrary . . . . . for we confess that we never so well understood our duty towards your Majesty as since we have learned it by means of the holy doctrine preached unto us. . . . . We humbly, therefore, entreat your Majesty that you would be pleased to allow us temples of our own, according to the number of the faithful in every city and town: in which temples we may assemble during the daylight, in all modesty and gentleness,

to hear the Holy Word of God, offer prayers for the prosperity of your state, and receive the Holy Sacraments as ordained by our Lord JESUS CHRIST, without being disturbed or molested by those who know not the Truth of God. And because we are taxed with sedition and with making nocturnal and illicit assemblies, if after having obtained such place we are found to congregate elsewhere, or to do anything in any manner contrary to the public peace, we are content to be punished as both seditious and rebellious. . . . . Moreover, desiring as we do only to live in peace and tranquillity under the protection of your sacred care, rendering unto you joyfully such things as are due from subjects to their Sovereign Lord, we will, if it be desired, consent to pay larger tributes than the rest of your Majesty's subjects, in order to shew how wrongfully we are accused of a wish to exempt ourselves from those it is your pleasure to impose.'

The King asks the advice of his Council. The Bishop of Valence says much: part of which is this—'The Doctrine, Sire, which at present so much occupies the thoughts of your subjects, has been sown and sowing this thirty years now, and not only for a few days. It has been brought hither and maintained by three or four hundred diligent ministers—men well versed in letters, distinguished by great modesty, seriousness, and seeming holiness; professing a detestation of all vices, and especially of avarice: wholly fearless of losing their lives as a testimony to the truth of what they preach; having ever in their mouths the name of JESUS CHRIST—a Name the sweetness of which is such as easily to open ears the most closed and to penetrate hearts the most hardened. . . . . There are many who have received this doctrine and retain it with such fear of God and respect for you, Sire, that for worlds they would not offend you. Both their life and death instruct us that they are

moved by a fervent zeal and ardent desire to seek the true road to salvation, and having as they think found it, they will not depart from it, counting as nothing, for the sake of it, the loss of worldly goods and all the torments that can be endured, and even death itself. And I confess, when I think upon those who have died with such constancy, I am altogether horrified: and I deplore our own misery, who seem touched neither by zeal for God nor for Religion.' Coligny again rises and supports the Petition, saying that though not signed it is the expression of 150,000 Protestant hearts, and ought to be granted. And hereupon arose such violent dispute between him and the Duc de Guise, that the long friendship and intimacy between them was here and now severed for ever. They leave the Council each on their several ways—the one contrary to the other: the Duc de Guise determined henceforth to extirpate Protestantism from France: the Admiral Coligny resolved to lay down, if need be, his life for its defence.

The States General, however, are summoned to meet at Orleans: and the Admiral conceives that something may be done by pacific means, so he determines to go, though dangers seem to threaten all Protestants who do so. The King of Navarre and the Prince de Condé also go, under express promise of honourable treatment, enticed thither by the Queen Mother, at the instigation of the Guises. But no sooner does Condé arrive than he is seized and imprisoned, and condemned to death. None stand by him—not even his own brother—save the Admiral and the Cardinal de Chatillon. But no effort of theirs, it would seem, could avail to save him, an early day being fixed for his execution. He is saved, however, most unexpectedly by the death of the King, which takes place in the interval (December 1560); and all interests are changed.

De Coligny has now interest enough with the Chancellor

De L'Hôpital to get edicts passed for the pardon of all political prisoners, and for some small measures of Toleration. Several things, too, concur to favour this. The new King is a minor : therefore the Princes of the Blood Royal have a right to the administration of the Government, and to constitute the Regency. The weak King of Navarre, however, has some time ago promised to make over his right to the Queen Mother for certain political considerations. The Prince de Condé is now rescued from the scaffold, but not called to the Council board. The Reformed doctrines now become a kind of court fashion, and are secretly countenanced by the Queen Mother. The influence of the Guises declines correspondingly. But in consequence of financial measures which would weigh heavily upon the Constable Montmorency as well as upon the Guises, the Constable joins with the Guises to resist them, forming an alliance which remains unbroken during the remainder of their lives. They attend Mass together at Easter 1561, and with the Maréchal St André (a man who has been already active and influential on the Catholic side) form that which is called in French history the Triumvirate. But at present this is not made public, and for a while, as I have said, Protestantism seems to be rising into favour, though a Council preliminary to the Assembly of Pontoise passes a somewhat intolerant Edict in July. The Assembly itself, however, shews great disposition to Reform : even passing this remarkable Resolution : 'The possessions of the Church have no other origin than the liberality of kings and ancient barons : and those who enjoy them are properly but administrators : it therefore lies always in the King and order of nobility who have Founder's rights, to determine their application and uses.' And the Queen Mother even goes so far as to give a pledge to this Assembly, through the Admiral, that her son (Charles) shall be educated as a Protestant.

And there is now (September 9, 1561), held a most remarkable meeting at Poissy, near Paris—called a Colloquy—at which it is agreed to discuss publicly the respective merits of the Catholic and the Reformed Doctrine. The letter which the Queen Mother writes, or causes to be written, to the Pope (Pius IV.) in explanation of the holding of this meeting, is very illustrative of the state of parties at this period. It states that the Reformed have become so numerous and powerful that they cannot either be put down by arms or cut off from the Church: that the morality and essential faith of the Reformed is good: and that there are certainly scandals in the Unreformed which it would be well to do away with—instancing as necessary, or at least advisable, reforms, the abolition of images in churches—of the use of Latin in public services—of the celebration of solitary masses—and the restoration of communion in both kinds. The Pope, influenced it may be by the tenour of that remarkable resolution which I have mentioned as passed by the States of Pontoise, and also by the opportunity it would afford him for accomplishing the long wished-for scheme of getting a Roman Legate recognised in France, replies most blandly, and leaves all to his faithful Cardinal of Lorraine. Safe-conducts are granted to all Calvinist ministers who may be deputed to attend—among whom are Theodore Beza and Peter Martyr. After all due preparations and ceremonies the Colloquy commences. Theodore Beza asks permission to open it with prayer, and obtains it. So he falls upon his knees and offers up a prayer such as the majority there had never heard before. And this he follows up by an admirable speech, bold and temperate, thoroughly Christian. The Cardinal of Lorraine replies in a speech most able, most plausible, thoroughly politic. And other minor Colloquies ensue—but no practical advance is made towards the ostensible object of the meeting. But the persons of greatest power

now in the State may be considered to be the Prince de Condé, Admiral Coligny, and the Chancellor L'Hôpital. Under these aspects in the beginning of next year (January 1562) there is called together at St Germain an Assembly of Notables, principally with the purpose of considering the Religious affairs of the kingdom. The Chancellor opens the Session with a very noteworthy speech: in which he gives a summary of what had been hitherto done in Religious matters by penal enactments, and how entirely unsuccessful they had been, the Protestants being now more numerous and more powerful than ever: so much so that any further persecutions would inevitably bring on all the horrors of a civil war: and concluding by saying, 'Gentlemen, the questions which you really have to decide are these, Ought the new Religion to be tolerated according to the demands of the Nobles and Tiers Etat at Pontoise? or must it be regarded as a thing impossible that men of different religious opinions should live in peace in one society—in other words, that none but a Catholic is capable of fulfilling the duties of a citizen?' For ten days there is vehement debate—speech as for life and death—loud and hot, passionate, even to defiance—as the wrestling of men's very souls with each other—ending, however, in the production of an Edict which seemed as if it might be the Magna Charta of Protestantism in France. Alas! it was not: but here it is, and for a while let us rejoice in it.

It first sets forth the evils which have arisen from diversity of opinion in religious matters—the means which have been taken for the removal of those evils, and the inefficacy of them—and the desire and intention of now trying measures of gentleness and reconciliation: and then makes, among many others, these following provisions:—

1. That the Protestants should restore to the Roman clergy all property of every kind of which they had deprived

them, and abstain, under pain of death, from any future forcible interference with their rights or worship.

2. That the Protestants should not exercise their own worship within the towns: but should have full liberty of holding religious meetings without the towns—if they attended unarmed, and permitted the civil magistrate to be present when he wished. That under similar conditions Synods also might be held.

3. That the Protestants should make no levies—either of men or money—under religious pretexts: that marriage should not be celebrated by them within the degrees of consanguinity prohibited by the Catholic Church: and that ministers should preach no doctrine contrary to the Council of Nice, or the Canonical books of the Old and New Testaments, and should use no offensive expressions against the Catholic Church.

4. That every Protestant minister should present himself before a certain day, before the nearest judge, to swear to the observance of these articles.

These are the principal articles of that Edict—an Edict which speaks well surely for the Hugonots, and also for the Administrators of Government, at this time.

The Admiral now retires with his brother D'Andelot to his estate of Chatillon, where we will follow him, and look at this picture, by a contemporary, of his domestic life there. As soon as the Admiral rose—which was very early—he knelt down, as did his attendants, and made a prayer after the fashion of the French Hugonot Churches: after which, while he was waiting for the Sermon (which was preached every other day, accompanied with the Singing of Psalms), he gave audience to the deputies of the churches that were sent to him, and employed himself in public. Occasionally he did business after the sermon until dinner-time. When dinner was ready, his household servants, except those who

were immediately employed in the necessary duties of the table, all waited in the great hall. When the table was set, the Admiral, with his wife by his side, stood at the head of it. If there had been no Sermon that morning a Psalm was sung, and then the usual benediction followed : which ceremony numbers of Germans—colonels and captains, as well as French officers who were asked to dine with him—can witness he observed without even intermitting a single day—not only in his own house in days of quiet, but even whilst he was with the army. The cloth being taken away, he rose, as well as his wife and all his attendants, and either returned thanks himself, or caused his chaplain to do so. And having observed that some of his household could not regularly attend the Prayer at a late hour in the evening on account of their occupations, and of the time which could not be regularly fixed, he ordered that every one of them should present themselves in the great hall immediately after supper, and then, after singing a Psalm, a Prayer was said.’

‘On the approach of the time for the celebration of the Supper of the Lord, calling together all the members of his household he told them that he had to render an account to God, not of his own life only, but also of theirs : and then he reconciled such of them as might have differences. If any of them seemed not sufficiently prepared for the right comprehension and due veneration of that Mystery, he saw to their being better instructed : and if he found any obstinate, he told them frankly that it was better for him to live alone than to support wicked followers. Moreover, he thought the institution of colleges for youth, and of schools for the instruction of children, a singular benefit from God, and called them a seminary of the Church, and an apprenticeship of Piety—holding that ignorance of letters had introduced both into the Church and into the Commonwealth that thick darkness in which the tyranny of the Pope had its birth and in-



crease—a tyranny which domineered over the blind and the erring, just as, according to the poets, the God of Riches and of Hell ruled over Night and Darkness. This conviction led him to lay out a large sum in building a college at Chatillon, and there he maintained three very learned Professors of Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, and many students.'

A beautiful life surely is this of the Admiral's, especially when we consider what society in his rank was generally at this time in France : but it cannot last ; for the Edict of January has given great offence to the Catholics, and they have now for some months been negotiating with Philip of Spain to secure his aid : and through him they are enabled to offer to the King of Navarre several considerable bribes if he will form a Coalition with the Guises to persecute Protestantism. These Anthony accepts. And so the Catholics think themselves powerful enough to endeavour to regain their former superiority. There are various outrages in the provinces, and the Duc de Guise, who has been absent of late on his estates, is summoned to Paris by his new ally the King of Navarre, as Lieutenant-General of the kingdom, and is returning in a most menacing attitude. The Queen-Mother is alarmed, and writes several letters to the Prince de Condé to come to her protection and that of her son. And as the Duc de Guise, on his journey to Paris from his estate at Joinville, passes through Vassy, where his mother Antoinette de Bourbon lived, an affray begins between his attendants and the Hugonots who are at worship in a barn just without the town. This deepens into a fearful confusion and conflict, and then into a massacre ; for the Duke's train being all armed and the Hugonots all unarmed, and being a mingled multitude of women and children as well as men, it could not be called a fight. Sixty at least are left dead on the ground, and more than two hundred are wounded. This was an open infraction of the Edict of January, and being at the

time encouraged by the Duc de Guise, produced by its example the most disastrous effects. It served as the exciting cause for many similar outrages in nearly thirty other towns, and at least 3000 Protestants were now sacrificed under circumstances of especial barbarity—Beza, in his complaint to the King, says, ‘stabbed, stoned, beheaded, strangled, burned, buried alive, starved, drowned, suffocated.’ The Queen-Mother sends for the Duc de Guise to give an account of this, and commands that he come to her at Monceaux, with only twelve attendants. He enters Paris, however, with twelve hundred, a wholly royal retinue, and at the Royal gate too of St Denis.

The Prince de Condé and other Protestant chiefs hurry to Coligny. He advises Patience, considering the means at their command wholly inadequate at present to any successful enterprise. The chiefs disperse to prepare. The Admiral remains at home to counsel. But his wife—the always noble Charlotte de la Val—urges him to the field, passionately, repeatedly, for their Brethren's sake. He expresses entire willingness to hazard all as far as himself is concerned, even with forces which his deliberate judgment pronounces utterly inefficient: but it must be a work not of impulse, but of most deliberate resolution; for if he begin, he will never give up until the work, or his ability to work at it, be all over. She thinks courage in a good cause may make up all deficiencies: he thinks it may some—many—but not all. However, if she will for a week deliberately count the cost for herself and prepare herself for the very worst, considering well what a Civil War implies and involves—he will go instantly and go cheerfully. At the end of that time—a time of tearful prayers—she says to him, ‘Sir, the week is over: I believe that Duty calls you to the field—go. The Lord will never give the victory to the enemies of His Truth. In the name of God therefore, I call upon you to delay no

longer, but go save our Brethren, or die in the attempt.' The next day the Admiral is on the road to Meaux, to meet the Prince de Condé. Here they take counsel; but while they do so, the Duc de Guise and the King of Navarre go to Fontainebleau and take possession of the King's person, and bring him to Paris. This is a step of great importance, because it gives the opposite party the appearance of fighting against the King—of being Rebels as well as Protestants; whereas really the King is a mere Prisoner in the hands of Usurpers.

The Prince and the Admiral seize upon Orleans as their head-quarters, and there draw up a solemn Act of Union for the Defence of Religion until the majority of the King, and all solemnly sign it. Coligny now sets about doing what Cromwell did—making Ironsides, and it answered abundantly, for his Casaques Blanches proved men fearing God and none besides. Let us hear a Hugonot officer who has left us his Memoirs: he says, 'When this war began, the zeal of religion was strong in the army, so that without constraint each one was held by himself in subjection; more especially the nobility, who shewed themselves worthy of the name they bore—for, marching through the country they neither pillaged nor ill-treated their brethren, contenting themselves with little, and they who had the means, paying honestly. If a crime was committed in any troop, the guilty person was banished or delivered into the hands of Justice: his very companions would not intercede for him, so great was their detestation of wickedness and love of virtue. I remarked four notable things in the Hugonot Army—1st, Throughout this great multitude, the name of God never blasphemed: 2d, Not a pair of dice nor a pack of cards in the Camp: 3d, No woman accompanying: 4th, No pillaging or foraging, each being content with his allowance of provisions. Also, evening and morning, when guard was

changed, public prayers were made, and the singing of Psalms resounded through the camp. In all which matters we cannot but remark a spirit of Piety unusual in those accustomed to war.' The Admiral, however, doubted this continuing if the war was protracted; and it appears, by the same authority, that he was right in his anticipations, for not long afterwards we find instances of a somewhat rapid decline of discipline both moral and military—'though M. L'Amiral spared no pains to remedy it: indeed, he was unpitying, and none could expect, by frivolous excuses, to escape, if guilty.'

Instantly, on the seizure of Orleans, the Council of Government at Paris declares itself a Council of War—and excludes the Chancellor L'Hôpital, who was for Accommodation. They order all Protestants to quit Paris in twenty-four hours. The Prince of Condé publishes a spirited manifesto—setting forth that his only views are to obtain security for Toleration, and offering to retire into private life if the Guises will do so too. An answer to this is published by the Parliament of Paris. The Prince publishes a second manifesto, and there are several replies and rejoinders—all able, but ineffective for Peace. The Admiral writes a letter to the Constable, in which, amid much else, he says—'God will finally judge our several intentions, and I protest before Him that not one of the company here assembled (at Orleans) has taken up arms against the King and his authority, or against the members of the Roman Church: but solely to maintain the monarchy, and to defend those of our Religion from violence committed in defiance of the wish and intention of the King, and Queen, and of the States General of this Kingdom, expressed in the Edict of January 1562.' All attempts, however, at negotiation fail: and the armies take the field. But once more an attempt at accommodation is made. The Queen proposes a conference between the chiefs.

It takes place at Thoury, in La Beauce: the Queen-Mother and the King of Navarre on the one side, are met by the Prince de Condé and the Admiral Coligny on the other. While they debate, most affecting is the scene between their attendants—brother taking leave of brother, friend of friend, with passionate embraces—but parting to meet again only in the thickest of the fight. All is ineffectual: and so now the Civil and Religious War begins, and all its peculiar horrors.

I should have said, that already thirty-five cities have declared for the Protestants, but that terrific massacres have taken place in others, and that there are conflicts of all kinds and degrees of horror everywhere throughout France: the murders of Marshal Montluc in Guyenne standing out in awful prominence, and having a singular significance for us because receiving cordial approbation given under the Ring of the Holy Fisherman. In one instance only do we find cruelty committed on the Protestant side, and this by one (the Baron des Adrets), who is so denounced for it by the Protestant leaders that he deserts to the Catholic side.

And now, on the 13th of June, 1562, an Arrêt of the Parliament of Paris is published—scarcely to be paralleled in the annals of legislation. By this all the property of all Protestants is confiscated, and all Catholics are exhorted to rise up and slay every man his brother who is a Hugonot throughout the whole kingdom of France. In consequence of this, the most fearful massacres are committed, and it is said that thirty thousand persons perish. Many also desert from the Protestant Army, and the first encounters with the Catholic forces are unfavourable to the Protestants. The Prince and the Admiral, however, are not men readily to lose heart. They send for reinforcements from Germany and from England. The Catholics besiege Rouen, and take it: but with the loss of the King of Navarre, who is killed there.

Other reverses follow ; until D'Andelot comes with German aid, and then the Protestants march directly upon Paris. The Queen sends to open negotiations : the Prince and Admiral consent to treat : the scenes at Thoury are repeated, and they delay long negotiating, until Catholic reinforcements arrive, which, with the defection of one of their principal officers, compel them to retire, and all negotiation is broken off. They go into Normandy : and there is fought the battle of Dreux—with inferior forces on the Protestant side, but preponderating success : the Catholics losing 8000—the Protestants 3000 ; the Marechal St André being killed, and the Constable taken prisoner, on the Catholic side—on the Protestant side the Prince de Condé being taken prisoner.

The Admiral is now unanimously appointed Commander-in-chief. He marches to Havre to meet his English subsidies that have promised to be there. But he finds none. His Germans mutiny. The Admiral is undismayed, and harangues with great good effect. The subsidies arrive, and money. With these the Admiral takes Caen from the Duc de Guise's younger brother, and returns towards Orleans.

And here before Orleans a change is given to the whole aspect of the war by the Assassination of the Duc de Guise, 18th of February, 1563. The assassin was one Jean Poltrot—a man who had been a gentleman, but at present was rather of an ambiguous quality—half-spy, half-fanatic—doubtfully sane, it may be. He under torture names the Admiral and others as employing him in this service. The Admiral abundantly vindicates himself from this charge in a letter to the Queen-Mother : the admission in the conclusion of which, however, his friends thought unnecessary and unwise. It was this : ‘ Do not, however, imagine that what I say proceeds from any regret at the death of the Duc de Guise. No, far from this : for I esteem it the greatest blessing that could

possibly have befallen this kingdom, the Church of God, and more especially myself and all my house. If it shall so please your Majesty, it shall prove the means of tranquillising this kingdom, and all this army wish it to be so understood.' And a peace does follow very shortly (March 14), proclaimed in what is called the Edict of Amboise, but one made by Condé without Coligny's participation, and greatly grieving him: because it failed to stipulate for conditions favourable enough to the Reformed Religion, as it is now for the first time openly designated. But deficient as it is in Toleration, it is with difficulty that the Parliament of Paris will register it—they being indignant that it should be as favourable as it is. It allowed but one town in a district for the free celebration of the Reformed Worship, besides the houses of the principal nobility. Of course the prisoners of war on both sides are set at liberty.

The treaty, however, does not promise to be of very long duration, or to be very effective in restoring amicable relations between the great bodies of the Catholic and Protestant population—without which no permanent settlement can be reasonably looked for. There soon arise many indications of a change. Condé is being captivated by the pleasures of the Court, and growing inattentive to the Protestant interests: and even, singularly enough, is to be found leading an expedition against his late English allies, in order to dislodge them from Havre, and compel them to quit the Country. This was in July, 1563. With this the Admiral refuses to have any thing to do. Indeed he has very special business of his own to occupy him just now. For the King has just come of age—at Thirteen—and the mother and widow of the late Duc de Guise take the very earliest opportunity of demanding from him an investigation into the Admiral's share in his assassination. This is a matter of personal honour which he cannot neglect, and so he comes instantly to court,

and asserts himself in all ways most boldly, pushing on the inquiry with even more eagerness than his enemies: but after some informal legal proceedings, and some still more informal civil tumult, the King adjourns the matter, forbidding any discussion of it for three years. The Admiral retires to Chatillon, and the Government of Picardy is now given to Condé.

The Guises have been clearly unsuccessful here: but now, opportunely enough for them, the Cardinal (brother of the late Duke) is returning from the Council of Trent—with a determination, too, to have the decrees of the Council recognised in France—if he can. He enters Paris with such a retinue of armed followers that the city is in a panic. The Governor—the Marshal Montmorency—sends for the Admiral, who comes instantly with Five Hundred Gentlemen of his party, and quiets all, and returns to Chatillon.

But all these things have been going on at Paris in the absence of the Court: for the Queen some time ago has taken her son the King on a long Progress through the provinces, to meet her daughter Isabella who is coming from Spain. Most unfortunate Progress this for the Protestants: for in June 1565, at Bayonne, the Queen comes in contact with the Duke of Alva—nearly the worst man, as it always seems to me, to be met with in these ages: and this man exercises a most fearful influence over her mind, and most successfully indoctrinates her with the principles of an exterminating persecution. And at Roncillon an Edict has already been published greatly limiting even the Edict of March—which had also already been somewhat limited by what is called the Edict of Rouen. Against this new Edict Condé—who after his expedition against the English had applied for and been refused the Lieutenant-Generalship of the kingdom, and in consequence retired from Court—now protests most vigorously. And truly it was one having very



bad effects on the Cause of the Reformed : for though its provisions were not necessarily so persecuting, yet it was altogether retrograde in its tenor, and encouraged a persecuting spirit. And this encouragement is speedily acted upon in many places by the Catholics : insomuch that at this time no less than Three Thousand Protestants perish by the hands of their Catholic brethren. These things, and the proceedings of the Duke of Alva in Flanders, arouse the Admiral again, and both he and Condé appear instantly at Court (which has now just returned to Blois, December 1565), in order to counteract this progress of persecution. But nothing can be done before the affair of the Admiral and the Guises is settled, and so in February 1566, the King formally concludes the matter by pronouncing in the Admiral's favour, and endeavouring publicly to reconcile the two houses. And in order to shew how entirely he believes the Admiral and his friends free from the slightest stain, he proposes himself as Sponsor to the new son of the Prince de Condé (who has married sometime now Françoise D'Orleans), and appoints Coligny to stand proxy for him.

But these things do not blind or pervert the leaders of the Protestant cause : for they now push forward their opposition to the new Persecution very vigorously, and press an offer of their services to counteract the operations of the Duke of Alva. The Queen accepts them, and on the ground of this expedition raises a force of 6000 Swiss. The Admiral dislikes this proceeding, doubting the Queen's sincerity, and fearing lest this force should be turned against the Hugonots at home, rather than carried against the Spaniards in Flanders : and so it proves, for the first thing heard of these Swiss is that they are fast marching towards Paris—and all the Catholic troops are recruiting and levying afresh. The Hugonot chiefs assemble and take council. The Prince and Admiral have received information which they can wholly

rely on that these preparations are indeed aimed against them—even for their utter extermination. D'Andelot and some others are for an instant rising, and they prevail: and the 26th of September is fixed for it. The Queen hears from Montluc a few days before this that there are strange movements among the Hugonot gentry. She thinks that it cannot be anything serious, otherwise she must have heard it from other quarters, having spies everywhere. However, to make assurance doubly sure, she sends an express spy to Chatillon to see what the Admiral is about; he comes back saying that the first and last thing he saw there was the Admiral, in true working dress, anxiously thinning his plantations: and so she feels abundantly relieved. And the Constable, when advised of this matter, says that he is not a man to overlook the smallest symptom of evil in the State, and that a Hugonot army was not a thing that could be carried about in a man's sleeve. But it is a fact that the Prince and the Admiral are within a few leagues of them, and the tidings come as a panic. Their device is to send the Marshal Montmorency to open a negotiation, with the amplest terms that the Protestants could demand. The Prince and Admiral are deceived by this, and consent to treat. While the negotiations are going on, the Swiss come up, and all propositions of Peace are at once broken off. The Swiss then conduct the King into Paris from Meaux, where he was: and the Hugonots can do little more than harass their retreat. They feel the failure of this: and retire to consult together for a while. They find that the rising has been even more general than they expected: so they proceed to blockade Paris. Paris is again in a panic: the King again sends to treat, and is again met willingly by the Prince and the Admiral—but only again and again to be deceived. They draw up a petition setting forth most distinctly that they are not in arms against the King, and that

if they could believe that he was a free agent they would obey him unto death : but they war against his Directors—having certain intelligence that these Directors of his contemplate further persecutions and even massacres. It also begs the enforcement of the Edict of January—the assembling of the States-General—the delivery of three towns into Protestant keeping—and the dismissal of the Guises. This petition is presented by the Chancellor to the King : and at first there seems some chance of a favourable reply—many large towns declaring in favour of the Protestants. But large Catholic forces are approaching Paris, and the Catholics feel themselves now so strong that they try to persuade the King to break off abruptly all negotiation. But this is not done, though after prolonged diplomacy, in which the Cardinal de Chatillon is prominent, all prospect of reconciliation vanishes, and on the 10th of November, 1567, the battle of St Denys is fought. In consequence of the absence of D'Andelot—who has been sent to cut off the succour which is coming from the Duke of Alva—the Protestant forces amount only to about 1500 cavalry and 1200 infantry, while the Catholic amount to about 3000 cavalry and 16,000 infantry. A desperate encounter this surely for the Hugonots—an exciting one for all Paris, for the battle was fought in sight of its citizens—just without the walls. The old Constable, in his eightieth year, commands the Catholics in person—and is slain. The Hugonots, however, are formally defeated : but truly a few more such defeats and they would have been victorious. D'Andelot comes the day after the battle : and German forces—some 10,000 men, under Prince Casimir—come over to join the Hugonots : and they are strong again : only wanting money to pay these mercenaries. And truly now is seen how much the Cause is at the hearts of those who fight for it : for poor indeed and every way reduced as the Hugonot army is, this army—all and each,

from the general to the groom—subscribe to pay these foreigners their wages, and are content to lack their own. They march towards Paris again. The Chancellor (L'Hôpital) now publishes a political paper setting forth, with singular wisdom and force, the real condition of the kingdom—its miseries and their remedies. This has a great effect upon both parties, and leads to immediate negotiations for peace. Ample conditions are offered by the representatives of the King. The Admiral and the Prince feel that these offers are too good to be accepted with prudence. But the Army are delighted with them, and rise tumultuously, declaring that they will abandon their leaders if they are not accepted: and so say also Prince Casimir and his Germans, as the King has promised to pay them all their arrears. The Admiral argues and exhorts and protests: reminds them how often they had been deceived before: and declares that no one could be more anxious for Peace than he, but that this was only a seeming, and not a real, opportunity for it. In the midst of these discussions the Admiral is called away by the death of his wife—and on his return he finds that his opinion has been overruled. The ministers of the Reformed, however, he finds almost everywhere supporting his views. The Peace of Longjumeau is concluded (March 20, 1568), and the Admiral retires to Chatillon.

But scarcely for a month are the conditions of this Treaty fulfilled. The Protestants laid down their arms and dismissed their Foreigners, but the Catholics will do neither: and the Clergy consider that the Heretics are so much too well treated by it that they promote private persecutions in many of the large towns—which end in massacres—and the public authorities do not interfere. Indeed it is found that they are forming among the nobles and gentry 'Associations' and 'Leagues' for exterminating the Protestants. And so boldly is this now for the first time discussed in the Cabinet Coun-

cils, that the tolerant Chancellor retires, deeming further attempts to procure Toleration hopeless. And very soon after comes forth a Royal Edict, depriving all Protestants of every office or dignity under the Crown—thus taking away from Coligny his office of Admiral, and from D'Andelot that of Colonel-General of the French Infantry—and from many others their governments. And such fearful rumours are abroad that Condé at once repairs to Coligny, who has gone to his brother's stronghold of Tanlay, near Noyers. Here, indeed, Teligny (a young officer at court favourable to the Reformed) brings letters of apparent affection from the King. But these are followed by intelligence which shews them at once that these letters are not to be trusted, but that if they would escape imminent destruction they must remove from where they are, and that directly. So with their children and households and all they had they go to La Rochelle—which just before this had fallen into Protestant hands—Cardinal Chatillon now going to England to help them there by negotiations. Here they are well received, and find an admirable centre of action : and here now also assemble all the remnants of the Hugonot forces ; and they are joined by the Queen of Navarre, and her son Henry—now only fifteen years of age—but who when thirty-seven, you will remember, became Henry IV—king of France and the Idol of the French.

On the 20th of September a Royal Edict is published—revoking all other Edicts whatsoever regarding the Protestants, and prohibiting the exercise of any other Religion in France except the Catholic Roman—under pain of death. So war begins again—each party being nearly equal in military forces—having about 20,000 each of all kinds—French and Foreign. The winter is spent miserably in delays and mistakes, and the battle of Jarnac is fought on the 12th of March, 1569, which the Protestants lose. Here, too, the Prince de Condé is

killed, and shortly after D'Andelot dies of fever. For a while therefore the Protestant cause seems at its lowest. However, the aspect of things soon changes again. Henry of Bearn is elected head of the Protestants, and with him is united Henry the son of Condé. The Admiral is nominally their Lieutenant-General, but really their Generalissimo. And now they are joined, too, by fresh foreign reinforcements—the Duc de Deuxponts, Mouy, the Prince of Orange, and his brother Ludovic of Nassau. Thus they are speedily more numerous than ever before in the whole war, having it may be in all 25,000 men under arms.

And at this the height of the Admiral's power, he sends to the King to offer to open negotiations for Peace and Toleration. The King refuses, and soon afterwards publishes an arrêt specially against Coligny which confiscates all his property, declares his children ignoble, and sets a price of 50,000 crowns upon his head. His castle and estates at Chatillon are ravaged—all his furniture destroyed—his plantations cut down—and his village of Chatillon, with its many provisions of comfort and enlightenment for his people, utterly laid waste. But it is said by those who saw much of him at this time that none of these things moved him: that no word of murmuring dropped from his lips; that no trace of vexation was visible on his countenance.

And now on the 1st of October, 1569, is fought the battle of Moncontour—the most disastrous of all their battles for the Protestants, they losing 5000 men: the Admiral, too, being severely wounded in the face. The victor here was the Duc d'Anjou—the favourite son of Catharine—afterwards King of Poland and Henry III. of France. This defeat caused quite a panic among the Protestants: and connected as it was with various other discouragements in other parts, perhaps now the Protestant affairs look as discouraging as they had only a few months ago looked encouraging. But what is the

mind of the Admiral now? A contemporary speaks thus of him:—

‘The Admiral now saw accumulating round his head all those evils which befall the leaders of the people: blamed for every accident: his merits forgotten: his army discontented and despairing—with two young Princes devoured in their property by greedy mercenaries—by some taught to censure those to whom the management of affairs was entrusted, by others led to desire a change in order that they might conduct things themselves. Surrounded by weakened towns—terrified garrisons—foreigners without baggage, himself without money—pursued by an enemy pitiless to all, but wholly without mercy for him: he was abandoned by every one save by a woman—the Queen Jeanne—who had already come to hold out her hand to the afflicted, and assist in retrieving their affairs. This old man, consumed by fever, as they carried him in his litter, lay revolving all these bitter things, and many others which were gnawing at his heart—their sting more grievous than his painful wound—when L’Estrange, an aged gentleman, and one of his principal counsellors, travelling wounded in the same manner, ordered his litter, when the road widened, to be a little advanced in front of the other, and putting forward his head, looked for some time fixedly at his chief. Then the tears filling his eyes, he turned away with these words, ‘Yet God is a sweet consolation.’ And so they parted, perfectly understanding each other’s thoughts, though quite unable to utter more. But this great captain has been heard to express to his intimates that this one little word from a friend sufficed to raise his broken spirit, and restored him at once to better thoughts for the present, and firm resolutions for the future.’

Had you seen the Admiral the next time he addressed his Council—though the loss of his jaw made him feeble of utterance—you would not have read in him much faintness

of heart. He never, indeed, had that singular joyousness of spirits which Condé had, but always a serene strength of heart which perhaps on the whole was as effective for himself and for others—the settled determination of a man who had counted the cost of his cause before he engaged in it, and was prepared to pay it to the uttermost. Before the Council separated, despatches had been sent off to England and to Scotland, to Denmark, Germany, and the Swiss—urging the necessity of mutual co-operation, and soliciting fresh succours. And altering his policy wholly, he marches to the south—some hundreds of leagues—into the very heart of those provinces which were the true strength of the Protestant Cause—to the very foot of the Pyrenees: and by the presence of the Princes there, greatly exhilarated the hearts of the faithful men of Languedoc. The Admiral spends the winter in Languedoc, and here refuses two several offers of Peace from the Court—because they will not concede sufficient Toleration. He begins his march of Return in the spring: but soon after it is begun, the Admiral falls ill—so ill that all men now fearing his loss feel his value. He gets better, however, and is in the field again—at Arnay le Duc—with a powerful army, before the Catholics are ready to meet him. They send 12,000 men to give him battle, but these are driven back on the first conflict—Henry of Bearn acting with distinguished bravery. At Nismes, and in other parts too, the Protestants have been and are frequently and uniformly successful, having indeed now gained nearly fifty towns. The Admiral now marches upon Paris. The King sends to offer Peace—on honourable and tolerant conditions: among which were these: The Reformed to be allowed two towns in every province in addition to those they had already, in the faubourgs of which liberty of worship should be secured: to have equality of reception at all Universities and Schools, and State Charitable Endowments: to have all their



privileges restored to the towns which had taken the Protestant side in this contest : all prisoners of war to be liberated : all castles and estates to be restored : all Arrêts against the Reformed annulled : and as a pledge for the performance of these conditions, certain important towns to remain in the hands of the Protestants. And besides these, favourable terms were secured for the German allies, and the Principality of Orange (in France, you know) restored to William of Nassau. This Treaty is concluded 8th of August, 1570, and the King comes himself to St Germain's and signs it.

After the signing of the Peace of St Germain's, which also professes to be irrevocable, there is a calm over all the kingdom, a calm of weariness and repose. The Protestants make La Rochelle their home. True, the calm is occasionally broken by popular outrages against them, but now there is this favourable difference with regard to them, that the persecutors are rebuked by the Royalists, and even two of them at Rouen put to death. And the King (who had broken off a negotiation for the Infanta of Spain, and who is married to Elizabeth, daughter of the more tolerant Maximilian of Austria), seems following up the Edict in its spirit by sending Teligny and Count Ludovic (of Nassau, brother of the Prince of Orange) to La Rochelle, to open communications with the Admiral concerning an expedition against the Duke of Alva in Flanders. And soon after Marshal Biron comes to La Rochelle to propose a marriage between the Prince of Navarre (Henry of Bearn) and the King's youngest sister (Margaret of Valois), and also between Mary of Cleves and the Prince de Condé : and the King at the same time also offers his services with the Duke of Savoy to forward the contemplated marriage between the Admiral and Jacqueline the daughter of Count D'Enstrement, who had large possessions in his dukedom, which she would forfeit if

she married a Protestant without his consent. The Admiral does not much like this exceeding friendliness on the part of the King : but he will not doubt the solemnly pledged word of his sovereign, nor put his own personal safety in competition with the large interests which seem to be here involved —most especially as the King also promises to promote a marriage between his brother D'Anjou and our Queen Elizabeth, and the letter is written to Coligny with the King's own hand. The negotiations go on for some months, and during this time the Admiral marries the daughter of Count D'Entremont, but without her possessions ; and gives his daughter Louisa in marriage to Teligny. The King continues to desire to consult with Coligny, and in September he goes to meet the King at Blois. The meeting is on one side certainly one of great emotion, and it seems to be so on the other also. Coligny kneels before the King and takes his hand. Charles raises him instantly and repeatedly embraces him, cheek pressed to cheek, and hand grasped in hand. The King calls Coligny Father, this day henceforth. The Queen-Mother and the Duc d'Anjou express similar affection, and the Admiral seems fully restored to his old position by the royal side. The King gives him a hundred thousand crowns as a partial reparation for the injury done to his estate, and a year's revenue out of the benefices held by his brother the Cardinal (who, as the Count de Beauvais, has lately, I fear, been poisoned here in England — the first victim of the new policy) and grants him pardons for various persons for whom he intercedes.

The Admiral's delight at once more finding himself in his right and natural position as a recognised servant of his King, manifests itself by an earnestness of counsel and of service, and a loyal, trusting self-devotion which is quite beautiful, even touching : educing all the true old French

nobility of the man, and for a time it would seem quite magnetising the King, who says that he has never seen so noble-minded a man before.

The Queen of Navarre now comes to the Court at Blois (in March) about the marriage of her son which she greatly dislikes, and which it requires the greatest diplomacy on the King's part to negotiate. The marriage articles are, however, signed on the 11th of April, and then all come to Paris.


But on the 9th of June, suddenly, the Queen of Navarre dies (not without suspicion of poison) appointing Coligny her executor. Notwithstanding, her son is married, on the 18th of August, with great apparent reconciliation of all parties.

On the second morning after the marriage Coligny goes to the King to complain to him about certain transgressions of the Edict of Pacification which had lately taken place at Troyes. The King says to him, 'My father, pray give me four or five days to make merry in, and that done I promise you, on the faith of a King, that I will satisfy you, and all of your Religion.' For the next three days there is nothing but festivity—the celebration of the royal marriage—the whole court and city seeming to be altogether intoxicated with gaiety. On the 22d, Coligny is sent for early to the palace to arrange some differences between two gentlemen of Burgundy. On his return, as he is reading a paper which some one put into his hand in the street, he is shot at, and seriously wounded in two places, in the left arm and right hand. He is helped to his hotel by those about him—he saying nothing, but only pointing to the window from which the shot had come. On reaching his home he desires that the King may be informed of what has happened, and that his wound may be looked to. While this is doing the tidings fly far and wide: and while they are cutting off the fingers of his right hand—they do it cruelly clumsily—the King of Navarre, Prince de Condé, and

other Protestant chiefs come in, and are much moved to see him. Coligny says, 'I have received this wound for the Name of God: I esteem myself very happy.' They continue to make large incisions in his left arm. His chaplain Merlin coming in, Coligny says to him, in the very midst of the operation, 'I am indeed sorely wounded, but I feel it to be the will of our Lord God, and I thank Him that He so favours me as to permit me to suffer for His Holy Name. Pray for me, that He may also bestow upon me the grace of Perseverance.' And to another he says just after, 'It might have been much otherwise: blessed be the Name of God who shews such gentleness and clemency towards me—so unworthy a servant of His.' Marshal Damville (second son of the Constable De Montmorency and not a Protestant) comes in, and with his accustomed grace and frankness says, 'Monsieur, I am not come to console you: I know better than to exhort him to constancy and patience who has ever been the best example to us all of these—but only to pray you to consider of something in which I may serve you,' adding, 'I marvel whence this can have come.' The Admiral says: 'I suspect none but the Duc de Guise: but I do not feel sure even here. But by the grace of God I have learned not to fear my enemies: they can do me no real harm: the worst they can do is to bring me a little sooner to my Eternal Rest. I know the God in whom I have trusted: He will neither deceive nor lie. I grieve, however, to be deprived of the power of shewing my King how greatly I desire to serve him. I wish his Majesty might be pleased to listen to me for a few moments: there are things which it concerns him much to know, and which perhaps no one will tell him if I do not.' These words are reported to the King.

The King goes to visit the Admiral—attended by the Queen-Mother, the Dukes of Anjou and Alençon his brothers, and by the other gentlemen who were then of his immediate

suite. After the King had saluted the Admiral affectionately, and inquired how he found himself, the Admiral said : ' Sire, I thank you with all possible humility for the honour which it pleases your Majesty to do me in coming to see me, and for the trouble you are pleased to take on my account.' The King, looking alternately sorrowful and indignant, says, ' My father, the wound is yours, but the pain is mine : and I will take such Vengeance for it as shall never be forgotten.' ' Sire,' replied Coligny, ' we need not look far to learn who it is that has given me this : but may God never be my help if I desire vengeance—Justice I feel sure (trusting your equity and rectitude) I shall obtain.' And then the Admiral—protesting in the most solemn manner, as before the King of kings, into the presence of whose Holiest Majesty it could not be very long before he must enter, that he had never been any other than a faithful and devoted servant of the King and Kingdom of France—however much he may have seemed to be a rebel when he was really only fighting against the Guises—proceeded to charge the King most solemnly concerning the evils of his government and his breaches of faith—saying among many other things, ' You have sworn solemnly to keep faith with the Religious, and yet I know that in many places of your dominions that faith is shamefully broken — and this, not by private persons only, but by your Majesty's own officers and governors. I have often spoken to you, Sire, of these things, pointing out that the sacred observance of promises is the only secure bond of peace : and the only means that can by possibility restore your kingdom to its ancient splendour and dignity.' ' Madam,' turning to the Queen, ' I have also sometimes represented the same to you, and yet every day fresh complaints are made of murders, outrages, and seditions. Not long since, at Troyes, the Catholics murdered a newly-baptised infant in its nurse's arms.' Then, raising his voice,



he said—‘Sire, I entreat you not to overlook these things, but to have a true regard to the repose and wellbeing of your kingdom, and to the faith you have so solemnly pledged.’ How the Queen-Mother received the appeal we are not told : or with what eye the courtiers regarded the Admiral : but the King, it is said (and of these events you must understand we have quite authentic details), listened to him with profound attention, and when Coligny ceased, answered with every appearance of cordiality—‘M. l’Amiral, I know you for a man of worth—and a good Frenchman—and zealous for the advancement of my kingdom : and I hold you for a valiant and excellent soldier : had I not done so, I would never have done as I have done : I will do as you wish.’ Yet more is said—the King and Queen having prolonged their visit for an hour. The King, after making many inquiries of the Admiral’s attendants concerning the operation, and the Admiral’s manner of bearing it, and receiving their answers, retired, saying—‘I have never seen a man of more magnanimity and resolution than the Admiral.’ The next morning (Saturday) there is a great stir throughout the city, and particularly around the gates of the Admiral’s hotel—both of Catholics and of Hugonots. The Queen and the Duke of Guise are excessively disconcerted at the outburst of feeling which this event excites. The King, too, seems most earnest in setting on foot investigations into the origin of it : but it is now at once revealed to him, that if he pursues these, the blow must fall upon the Queen his mother, and the Duke of Anjou his brother, as well as upon the Duke of Guise. Charles is overwhelmed. And now they work upon the mind of the King—a mind never self-guiding, and now almost insane with the fearfulness of his position—till they get him to listen to a way of getting rid of his difficulties by multiplying his crimes.

And most indescribable is the confusion in Paris this day

—for if a blow be struck, it must be one which shall obliterate a myriad of men, and it must be sudden. The busy, buzzing, swarming of Catholic and Hugonot this day in all parts is utterly distracting. People come to warn Coligny. The Vidame (Judge) of Chartres in particular, his old friend, who has been down in the lowest quarters of the city, tells him that there is much movement and excitement there—with the strangest expression of countenance in all—with portentous deeds and words of the worst omen—and entreats his companions to take up the Admiral, all ill as he is, and put him in a litter, and get him away anywhere—declaring that in this instance he is sure the voice of the People is the voice of God. But Coligny will not doubt a King who only the day before spoke and listened to him so kindly and so cordially. He consents, however, to ask for a few guards to stand at his outer gate. The King sends fifty—too many. Deeming himself now abundantly well cared for, and dismissing all but Teligny and a few others, he composes himself tranquilly for the night. At midnight there is by preconcert an immense assemblage of official persons and soldiers at the Place de Grève. The Duc de Guise appears among them and says: ‘Gentlemen, it is the King’s good pleasure that we should all take up arms to kill Coligny, and extirpate all the other Hugonots and rebels—and the same will be done in the provinces. Mind the signal—when the clock of the Palais de Justice shall strike upon the Great Bell at day-break, let every good Catholic bind a strip of white round his arm, and place a white cross upon his cap—and begin.’ It wants yet an hour and a half of day-break—and the passionate vengeance of the Queen will not wait—so she commands the tocsin of St Germain l’Auxerrois—close upon the Louvre—to be sounded, instead of that of the far off Palais. Then, at the unexpected nearness of the sound, the King is horror-struck—he sends to the Duc

de Guise to stop, and not to touch the Admiral. The Duc de Guise is gone—he is at the Admiral's Hotel—demanding admittance at its outer gates—in the King's name. These gates are opened, and in rush slaughterers—fifty—even the very guards themselves. Stabbing their way they rush up the staircase, through the Swiss, to the Admiral, who is forewarned only a few minutes before, and has only time to say without hurry to his attendants: 'I have long been prepared to die—but for you—all of you—save yourselves—you can be of no assistance to me. I recommend myself to my God.' They burst open the door of the Admiral's chamber—they find him seated in an arm-chair, with a loose robe only around him. One rushes forward with a raised sword, shouting, 'Are you the Admiral?' The reply is, 'I am—and you ought to respect my gray hairs and my wounds—but'—the remaining words are prevented by the raised sword being thrust through his body. And then others cover him with wounds—barbarously mangling him. The Duc de Guise cries from below that he wishes to have proof that he is dead, and orders his body to be thrown out of the window. It is done: and the Duc de Guise, wiping the blood from the gashed and bleeding face that he may be the more sure that it is Coligny's, cries, 'It is he,' and with kicks and curses delivers over the body of the Admiral to the mob, he the while sallying out of the gates with the cry, 'Courage, soldiers! we have begun well, now for the others.' 'The others'—Ten Thousand are they who are thus beginning to be murdered on this fearful Sunday—not men only, but women and children—the wholly helpless, the wholly guiltless—every Catholic man slaying his Protestant neighbour, and thinking the while that he is doing God service. For seven long days and nights is Paris now one human slaughter-house—its streets running down with blood—its river choked up with corpses. And in the Provinces, too, the



insane fury of slaughter rages, as the Duc de Guise had said it would. In Meaux, Orleans, Troyes, Bourges, Rouen, Nevers, Toulouse, Bourdeaux—above all at Lyons—for two months multitudes are being massacred, and blood poured out as water. The Duc de Sully says, Seventy Thousand perished in all.

And in the midst of it in Paris—on Tuesday the 26th—the King and his whole family, and all the Catholic nobles who can be spared from the sacrificing, go to Pray in Public and offer thanksgiving to God for the success He has vouchsafed to the measures they have taken for His glory. And then they assemble the Parliament and tell them that the Admiral had formed a conspiracy to murder the King, and his brothers, and the Queen-Mother, and the whole House of Valois—and then to put the Prince de Condé on the Throne, until he should find a fitting opportunity to seize upon it, and sit upon it himself. And the Parliament say they believe it all, and thank the King for what he has done for God and for them, and apply in his honour the saying of Louis XI., ‘He who knows not how to dissemble knows not how to reign.’ And then they proceed to decree that the body of the Sieur de Coligny shall be dragged through the streets, and afterwards hung up on Montfaucon to the execration of the people: that his ensigns and arms and armouries shall be broken and destroyed in token of perpetual infamy: that his castle of Chatillon shall be levelled to the ground, and all about it rendered a waste: that his children shall be declared ignoble and incapable of holding any property: and finally, that in all years to come there shall be public Prayers and Processions in Paris, as a memorial of this Twenty-fourth of August—this now twice-blessed Feastday of St Bartholomew.

And not only Paris but also Rome exults: not only the distant members of the great Catholic Body, but its very Head and Heart. The Pope has a grand Procession, too, for

Thanksgiving, and walks in it himself with all his Cardinals and Clergy; and there are Masses and Music, and Sermons and Fireworks—irrepressible overflowing joy, as for some Crowning Mercy.

And so now here we must leave the matter—the Righteous slain, and their enemies triumphing over them openly—but leave it in full faith that as yet we have not seen the End.

And now a few words, and only a very few, on the times in which Coligny lived, and on Coligny himself. To me, I must confess, that the whole aspect of these times of struggle in France is one of exceeding melancholy. That after fifteen centuries of grace the French nation should have been so little Christianised as it was, this surely is sad enough: but that the French Church, which had been so many centuries established in that country, with privileges perhaps greater than those vouchsafed to any other church on earth, should itself have been so unchristian, this surely is still more sad. Persecution and bigotry at all times are odious, but that prevalent in France in these times was not merely as the ignorant cruelty of dark ages and an uncultured people—but it was all this co-existing with a very advanced civilization, and in despite of, or rather in resistance to, a purer and better standard evidently set forth before them. There can really be nothing superior—much less exclusively Divine—in a system which, having sovereign sway and ample resources, in the course of fifteen centuries has made the people of any country no more moral or religious—no more Humane or Christian—than were the people of France in the days of Henry the Second or Charles the Ninth.

And surely this whole history teaches us that it is needful at all times to diffuse principles of Religious Liberty: that Persecution for Religion's sake is the most natural to man, while Toleration is only the slow growth of a maturely Christianised estate. And this alone would be with me sufficient

to condemn the Church of Rome as a most perverted exhibition of the Religion of CHRIST — as merely a Judaising Christianity or a Christianised Judaism—that these sins of Inhumanity are not mere abuses: but are inwrought in its whole constitution. The histories of its long-sustained action during all the years of the earlier struggles of the Reformation in the various countries of Europe, are uniform and accumulated witnesses that Persecution is a part of its policy. Truly in these times we see that Persecution is not a sin of its members merely but of its Head as well—not a mere remnant of the law of the natural or Pagan man in it, warring against the law of its better Christian mind—but the deliberate and repeatedly recognised principle of its whole vital system. Both before and after these times too—in France, and Spain, and Italy, and Germany and the Low Countries—at all times and in all places of its dominion in fact—it has persecuted on Principle, and its greater atrocities—as that of the St Bartholomew—have been not repented of, but gloried in: no Protestant voice has ever issued from the great Body—no tear, no sigh, during all its long course of inhumanity and blood, but even the very insanest barbarities of its agents have been deliberately approved and applauded by its Infallible Head. And herein is a very great difference between Protestant and Catholic Persecution. Alas, Protestants have persecuted—I admit it, sorrowfully and with confusion of face—they have persecuted whose very Creed is founded upon the rights of Conscience, and whose very Charter is the Pledge of Toleration. But herein lies the difference as I have said, that Protestants persecute in contradiction to their principles, and the persecutions of individuals have ever been protested against and disowned and denounced by the Body at large, and in proportion as they have been sanctioned by many of one age, have come to be

regarded by all succeeding ones with correspondingly large horror and abomination.

And now of Coligny himself I have to say that I think him one of the finest characters of modern history, and a very admirable specimen of that peculiar product of Christianity and civilization combined which we name a gentleman—a man in the groundwork of whose character are deeply laid integrity and veracity, calmness and courage: with a spirit of loyalty to all above him, and power to govern all below: without ambition and without vanity; self-sufficing, equably cultured: conspicuous for nothing in particular, but admirable as a whole: notable chiefly for the absence of what the vulgar have: illustrious only for his honour. Such was Coligny—a French nobleman, and other and more; for truly Coligny does not strike one, I think, as characteristically French: more as European: he was nobly patriotic indeed, with a quick instinct of honour, and most gracefully polished: but he was by no means mercurial, voluble, or volatile: indeed, there was no high sense of enjoyment in him, no humour: little gaiety of any kind: and he was religious and reserved without being either a formalist or a diplomatist. Indeed, he presents us with a remarkable union of qualities: a Frenchman without vivacity: devotedly loyal, and yet declared by his King a Rebel: a most vigorous soldier, and yet above all things hating War: an eminent negotiator, and yet no man more straightforward: his whole life a continuous struggle to render faithfully unto Cæsar the things which then were Cæsar's, but to God first the things that are always His.

A wholly intelligible character, however, though seeming compound, for the things of Cæsar were then opposed to the things of God, and War was the only path to Peace. However it may have been with others, with Coligny (and I would add with the whole Brotherhood of Chatillon—the

finest Triumvirate I know of in history) Liberty to worship God according to conscience was the single aim of all his public life. 'If we have our Religion what more do we want?' was a memorable saying of his which is, I think, a faithful index of his whole course and character. Unwillingly drawn, or rather driven, into civil war—always ready to lay down his arms at the first prospect of such a peace as might secure the undisturbed exercise of his religion—believing almost to credulity, and even eventually losing his life from his unwillingness to distrust, the word of his King—it was from no love of strife and from no self-seeking that he engaged in a contest which he believed from the first could be in no worldly way successful for him—but wholly and solely—so far as authentic history can assure us—for the maintenance of a Cause which was dearer to him than life—a cause which he believed to be the cause of God and man—the cause of Evangelical Truth. And there never was a man who came out of a Religious War so little injured in his own spirit as Coligny; to the very last, as at first, he was unstained by any spot of selfishness: of the purest habits of life, of uncompromising faithfulness. Throughout his whole course indeed—in the times of his greatest prosperity—he never sought any honours for himself—they were always 'forced upon him through his sufficiency and wisdom:' and he was at all times equally without pretension and parade: a simply living, nobly daring, much enduring man. Verily a very finely constituted, well developed man: characteristically and by choice the Head of a Christian household and estate, but proving equally fitted for the Armed Leader of Protestantism: a man naturally as mild and retiring and genial as any, and yet on the call of duty a Defender of the Faith who can be conquered by nothing but his own incredulity of other men's wickedness—a Champion of a Cause so

bold as not to be driven from the field but by being massacred while unarmed.

Such was Coligny—to me, I confess, the noblest man I have met with in the whole history of France, and one whom I commend to your better acquaintance, with the sure confidence that he will in such case commend himself increasingly to your Admiration and your Love.

## GEORGE WASHINGTON.

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I HAD intended, when I began these Lectures on Great Men, to speak to you only of such as had lived in Christendom from the beginning of the Fourteenth to the end of the Seventeenth Centuries : but once already I have transgressed these limits, in order that I might not omit all mention of so large a portion of the great Human Family as that which first began to be embraced within Modern Christendom only in the beginning of the Eighteenth century—the great Empire of Russia ; and now again I have thought it well—more especially as I purpose that this shall be the last Lecture for some time on Great Men—not to omit some specimen of the superior products of that great Continent of our Descendants—America—distinguished as it is for so many manly virtues and so many Christian graces. And of all the notable Men of Action whom it has produced, it seems to me that the one whom it will most profit us to consider is one whose whole history lies within the Eighteenth century—beginning in it early and just closing with its close—GEORGE WASHINGTON. And his story, I think, may in some respects be peculiarly profitable to us : for it is the story of a man whose greatness is of all men's

the most imitable—not a greatness of gifts but of virtues—not of Genius but of Character. Indeed, perhaps there never was a man who has occupied so large a share in the world's history, or been so conspicuous in the eyes of so many of his contemporaries, who has possessed so little that was intellectually splendid, or in any other way than morally attractive. Truly he cannot be dazzling even to the weakest eye, and to a many keen one he must be absolutely dull; but seeing that the work which he did was substantially good and great, for this very reason of his want of splendour I think that it may be well for us to try and learn to appreciate him: and I for my part at once declare that I think our historic taste will have become unhealthy, if we cannot give him cordially a large share of our admiration amid the Great Men not only of America, but also of Christendom, and even of the World.

But before I speak of Washington I must speak one word of that American War of which you know he was the most conspicuous Leader. Then at once I must say that this American War is one to me not of the most interesting kind: it is one in which there was but a scanty preponderance of real nobleness on one side, and a vast amount of inferiority on both. It was a war wholly about civil rights, and very principally merely about money rights: or to state it in its highest sounding phrase, it was a war for the vindication of the Principle of Representative Taxation. Now to me, I must at once confess, that a war of this kind—or of any kind like this—however accidentally noble it may be, is essentially far from the noblest. War is a miserable thing at best—quite of doubtful obligation upon Christian men (as I think), save in the case of civil and religious injustice combined: but a war for any thing that left the Conscience untouched, and such a large remainder of Civil Liberty as the Americans had, and so many means of continually gain-



ing more, is to me so ambiguous a matter, that if I can consent to speak of it without reprobation, I cannot consent to speak of it with enthusiasm. But if one must pronounce which were the less to blame in this war—the English or the Americans—I at once say, the Americans. The American War appears to me all throughout—in its origin and its conduct, as much as in its conclusion—a disgrace to the English nation : and when we remember the arguments that were adduced for it, and the arguments against it which were negatived, by so many of the more privileged classes of our people, and how popular it was with nearly all classes—one may well be humbled in our estimate of our national Conscience (as it is called) and national character : as in this case the conduct of the English people was neither honourable nor reasonable ; not noble nor just nor wise : in no way admirable, altogether selfish. But then again, as it seems to me, there was but small popular elevation on the American side : nothing very great at first, and this little even growing gradually ever less and less, until as the war drags its slow length along one feels exhausted with weariness at its monotony, wherever one is not excited to indignation by its pettiness. One cannot help feeling, when one goes through the history of it, as if one were fighting all along on a kind of moral morass—a boundless continuity of flat—a laborious, foggy, chilly battle-ground of swamp. It really was no popular cause at first, but only that of a Few—we will say, of the more enlightened : it was a war urged upon the great majority by theoretic politicians, and supported by that majority from first to last with no prodigality of patriotism, and no exuberance of self-devotion. But if I cannot speak with much enthusiasm either of the war itself or of the popular spirit by which it was supported—with nothing of that glow of heart with which one cannot but speak of the men of Switzerland or of the Low Countries, or

those of Cromwell's time or of Coligny's—yet this may be said, that to be with Washington a while even in these dull, dismal, drizzling campaigns of his, is in some respects agreeable after having been of late as we have been in the wars in Italy and Spain and France. The very coldness is refreshing after those sultry heats; and dreary as the country is—and heavy and unaccomplished as the men are—yet they are thoroughly honest, truthful, brave men: men not free from petty prejudices and pecuniary meannesses—but wholly free from that insane passion, and iniquitous savagery and deceit, which we have had so much to do with in the persecuting populations of old Catholic Europe.

And also, in forming my judgments about this war, I would have you understand that they are not influenced by any regrets which I entertain for the loss of what were termed our American Colonies. On the contrary I am very well pleased that they are Independent, for I think that Colonies ought not for ever to be in physical or legal subjection to the nation from which they originally have sprung, and that in this case a century and a half might well suffice for their minority. Ultimate separation in this sense there ought to be, in order that Colonies themselves may become Nations, and give birth to colonial children of their own, and have the freedom of action which is necessary for the discharge of the parental duties corresponding. Indeed this common and favourite language which speaks of the old State as the 'Parent,' and the Colonies as 'Children,' I think is most just and wise—and more happy than such language generally is—much less of a fiction than any other political or social similitude I know of. But surely if so, then I may say, that as children become (when arrived at years of discretion) in a considerable sense, and altogether physically, independent of their parents, so ought colonies. New sentiments and new duties arise from the possession of the new capabilities

developed by growth and age, and these require a certain independence of position for their discharge. The sense of Personality ever brings with it that of Responsibility, and this demands a large measure of self-government. Unconditional submission can only of right be required from the imbecility and inexperience of Infancy : and as these are gradually supplanted by powers of self-guidance and self-support, the bonds of Rule should be proportionately relaxed, and moral forces be substituted for physical. Reverence, gratitude, and affection—these are the influences which alone can rightly bind the grown man : and though they be of quite imperfect obligation, mechanically considered, yet they would be found, I believe, the more efficient the more they should be trusted. But whether this be so, or be not so, it is as a matter of fact impossible to bind a continually growing nation with any other bonds for ever : and no nation can reasonably expect to do so, seeing that there is no nation on earth now existing in a state of freedom which has not in its own history afforded all others a precedent for breaking asunder the earliest bonds by which it was held to its progenitors. And truly, though I care little enough—less perhaps than I ought—about the details of the political history of the present or the future—I do desire to see that history ruled by more generous principles than it ever has been hitherto. I desire to see the world full of free nations—mankind a great Family and Household constituted of self-governing members related to each other principally by voluntary ties—those of affection, and of honour, and of mutual service. May national selfishness perish, and the whole world become a commonwealth of interdependent nations ! And especially let England be foremost of the nations in the good work of promoting the spirit of Human Brotherhood. Let England rejoice to diffuse her own happiness and her own privileges among all who are willing to receive them,

and fitted to enjoy them; and then I am sure that her virtue will be its own reward. Yes, the more countries in the world England makes like herself, the more happy and the more prosperous will she herself be. So long as we are needful to our Colonies, let them have our help on such conditions as can be fairly arranged, but let those conditions always anticipate and provide for Ultimate Independence: and when they come to years of self-support, let us set them up in the world, not grudgingly nor of necessity, but as we do our children, with our best wishes at the least, and a patrimony of good principles. And then let us trust to them henceforth rather as friends than as subjects—as reasonable, and it may be grateful, allies rather than as anything else. Such I conceive is the Christian view of the matter: and I believe that even as a matter of worldly interest we should always gain more by a country's commerce than we shall by its tribute, and that an unrestricted interchange of each people's appropriate products and gifts will be ever the most certain source of their mutual benefit.

But now of Washington: and the best thing I think which I can do with regard to him will be to confine your attention as much as possible to that period of his life which was engaged in his country's service, and to pass over all else but slightly: for it was really only in the period when he was Commander-in-Chief of the American army, and President of the United States, that there was anything in his history which can well live in your memory. And even here the best course to take, I think, will be not to attempt a minute display of the incidents of his active life (which you can get from the commonest sources) but to recall to your recollection a mere outline of these, and fill it in with some exhibitions of his thoughts and feelings at some of its most critical points, as they have been bequeathed to us by himself. And certainly these accounts of his mind and heart thus given do

come to us with as great an assurance of their genuineness as any records of any man's mind do. For whatever other qualities of greatness were wanting in Washington, all men will agree that there was in him a truthfulness and honesty, a simplicity and sincerity and manly modesty, rarely to be met with. His words were the exact impressions of his thoughts and feelings—unexaggerated, uncoloured—his very style being a counterpart of his nature—uncultured, calm, and strong: always ponderous, sometimes pedantic, but if seldom elegant, never ambiguous. You cannot, however, rightly appreciate what Washington was at the height of his history unless you bear in mind how he became what he was. He was the son, you will remember, of a 'Statesman' in Westmoreland, Virginia, and born in 1732, and brought up to be a land-surveyor. He had very little schooling while a boy, and no literary culture ever afterwards. He never at any time was remarkable for any kind of liberal attainment or taste, but always from earliest years was a most methodical, pains-taking, praiseworthy person of business; excelling in land-measuring and account-keeping, and all sober and prudent pursuits: with considerable love, however, of bodily activity, and all kinds of field exercise. His first public employment—that of negotiator with the French at Ohio—gave him great opportunity of displaying his love of enterprise, and his superior practical judgment in difficult matters of business: and gave such satisfaction to his employers that he was immediately employed again in a small military operation against the French (in 1754)—which, though more distinguished by prudence than by success, procured him the thanks of his fellow burgesses of Virginia. But shortly after, in consequence of some regulations from the War Department which he deemed unjust, and inconsistent with the honour of a soldier to conform to, he resigned his commission, and betook himself to the management of a

considerable estate which had come to him lately by his elder brother's death—that Mount Vernon so much hereafter associated with his name. But after farming a while he receives an invitation from a British officer of great experience—General Braddock—to accompany him as his aide-de-camp in an expedition against the French to the Ohio (where he had been before, as I have said, and therefore where his local knowledge might prove of great service): and he accepts it, and repairs to Fort Cumberland where the General was, and commences eagerly his duty. Here he suddenly falls dangerously ill of fever: but he will insist on being carried in a litter with the troops, and actually, all ill as he is, engages in that fatal battle (of Monongahela) in which the British General and so many British officers are killed: and here displays so much vigour and coolness that the very remnants of his strength seem to have been of more avail than the fulness of the strength of those with whom he was associated. And so conscious did the authorities of his native county now seem to be of this superiority, that on his return they gave him (August 1755) a commission which constituted him Commander of all the forces then raised, or to be raised, in Virginia, with the power of naming his own field-officers.

This honourable commission was no sinecure, but rather involving as much harassing labour as even a Washington could bear. He had to defend a frontier of three hundred and fifty miles of wild country with a mere handful of troops: less than a thousand men: and these troops wholly undisciplined, inadequately fed, and irregularly paid. You may imagine how bad things were from the first with him when, writing in April 1756, after enumerating the miseries of his condition, he says, 'These things cause me to lament the hour that gave me a commission, and would induce me at any other time than this of imminent danger, to resign without one hesitating moment, a command from which I never

expect to reap either honour or benefit.' But little is done to better this state : and for three years he discharged the duties of his commission with an uniformity of fortitude, amid incessant harass from his superiors and his troops, which it is difficult for us to conceive who are acquainted only with regular armies : and in this service it was, perhaps, that he learned the rudiments and the habits of that singular self-command which afterwards he so conspicuously displayed under a similar series of trials of incomparably greater magnitude. In spite, however, of all the obstacles which were presented by the ignorance and obstinacy of the officers, the neglect of the legislature, and the want of discipline of the troops—but as much by other causes as by the merits of the American army—this campaign against the French came to a favourable conclusion, and Washington resigned his commission, and retired into the tranquillity of private life (1758).

And presently we find him taking a seat in the House of Burgesses of Virginia, and married, and by the union of his wife's large estates with his own, one of the greatest land-owners in America. He has indeed more than ten thousand acres of land in his own management, and his domestic and farming establishments—including slaves—amount to nearly a thousand persons. And in considering the character of Washington, you must bear these things well in mind : for this farming element in him mingles itself largely with all the rest. He always prefers it to everything else ; and says of this kind of life, in a very characteristic way ' It is honourable, it is amusing, and with judicious care it is profitable.' To him it was profitable, I think, mentally and morally as well as otherwise : for not only did his acres tend to keep him steady amid his honours, and lighten for him somewhat the burden of his labours, but they also kept his whole nature ever healthy, and well exercised—always in

close communion with fact, and in acquaintance with the needs and wishes, the tastes and capabilities, of many varieties of men. And so here he lives now—for fourteen years—at Mount Vernon—a life active yet tranquil, full of interest but void of anxiety: the very type of an American first-rate landowner, and slave-holding tobacco-planter: the judge of a County Court: a member of the State Council: given to hospitality and yet much more given to business: and causing to flow all around him—by a most methodical irrigation indeed, but yet liberally—streams of justice and of charity which fertilised an extensive region.

But the quarrel with England takes place in 1773, and a County Convention and a Continental Congress are formed, in both of which Washington takes part: and by this latter Washington is unanimously elected Commander-in-Chief of the forces of the United Colonies. It is from this time—when he first had supreme power given him—that his singular greatness appears, though that greatness is but a higher degree of the same kind of qualities which he before had largely exercised—Prudence unparalleled, Patience greater than any difficulties, and Fortitude quite unconquerable.

The operations of the eight years' war I am not going to detail to you: I only wish you to remark some of its peculiarities as far as they affect the character of Washington. One of these peculiarities was, that Washington had to constitute his army out of the roughest materials—almost to create it. At the commencement of the war the country (which hitherto had been supplied chiefly from England) was destitute of ammunition and every material which is characteristic of military life. And there were not even the tools to make them with in the country: and to the very last it was but as yeomanry service, where every man brought what he could, with small help from Government, and without either uniform or uniformity. Besides all this there was one



special trouble which Washington had to struggle against, which no other general on record ever had, I believe, which was this : That his army was subject to a series of periodical legal desertions: his soldiers being all raised on short enlistments (chiefly for one year) by different authorities on different conditions : so that the recruit had scarcely been broken into ordinary discipline before he was entitled to his discharge, and availed himself of it. An army without arms, without discipline, and without uniforms—with uncertain and insufficient food and pay—ever disbanding and recruiting—this was Washington's instrument—wherewith to achieve independence for his country, and a lasting memory for himself. And this he did with this instrument nevertheless. It is almost inconceivable to us, indeed, that a country engaged in such an enormous quarrel, and meaning to maintain their side of it to the last, should thus have acted; but the more you are astonished at the unheroic character of the legislative and civil powers of the community, the more you ought in justice to add to the greatness of the character of Washington.

Washington in a communication to Congress, 4th of January, 1776, says: 'It is not in the pages of History to furnish a case like ours. To maintain a post within musket-shot of the enemy, for six months together, without ammunition, and at the same time to disband one army and to recruit another within that distance of twenty British regiments, is more probably than ever was attempted.' But this Washington did, and much more than this : and that for Seven Years. And the occasions on which he can say something in favour of these troops he seizes with a readiness which displays him in an admirable point of view. For instance, after entering Boston and being thanked for it, he writes to the Congress of them,—'They were indeed at first a band of undisciplined husbandmen, but it is, under God, to their bravery and

attention to their duty that I am indebted for that success which has procured me the only reward I wish to receive—the affection and esteem of my countrymen.’

I shall not dwell upon the military exploits of Washington, on his bravery and his powers of command: not only because I do not understand very distinctly their characteristic merits, but also because all kinds of military virtues seem lavishly distributed among men. There has been no country and no age of the world in which there has been any scarcity of people that can fight. But men who have been so much more than good soldiers as Washington was, are rare in the world’s history — men so patient, so self-possessed, so thoroughly patriotic. Washington at any moment of his seven years’ trial might have retired into private life and luxury: there were many anxious to succeed him, even plotting to supplant him. He had to do with an ungenerous government, and jealous councillors, and an insubordinate soldiery, and nothing whatever but the Conscience of Duty to keep him steady to his post.

You will recollect that on the 4th of July, 1776, it was resolved in Congress, ‘That the United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States: and that all political connexion between them and the State of Great Britain, is, and ought to be, wholly dissolved.’ The Declaration of Independence, as it is called, was signed this day: a document most illustrative of American character, but on which at present I can say no more than that it is like that character—of high value but not of the highest: and that Washington on the reception of the Declaration wrote to the President of the Congress, ‘It is certain that it is not with us to determine in many instances what consequences will flow from our councils: but yet it behoves us to adopt such as, under the smiles of a most gracious and all-kind Providence, will be most likely to promote our happiness; and I


trust the late decisive part they have taken is calculated for that end, and will secure us that freedom and those privileges which have been and are refused us, contrary to the voice of nations and the British Constitution.'

And so Washington goes on patiently again with this wearisome war: and in the December of this year—the most gloomy time of all this period of it, applies for additional powers, saying, in answer to anticipated objections, 'Desperate diseases require desperate remedies, and with truth I declare, that I have no lust after power, but wish with as much fervency as any man upon the wide extended Continent for an opportunity of turning the sword into a ploughshare. But my feelings as an officer and a man have been such as to force me to say, that no person ever had a greater choice of difficulties to contend with than I have.' He gets the fresh powers he asks for: and some considerable successes follow this his investment with them: but the incessant change of troops arising from the system of only annual enlistments, and the miserably mean manner in which both the officers and men were provided for by the Government, bore down again the upward tendency of the successes of Trenton and Princeton, and all was for long as before—petty triumphs, large defeats, marchings backwards.

And for years there goes on this dreary tale of multiplied meannesses on the part of the many, and of singular patience on the part of Washington: the disbanding and re-organising of the army he commanded every year—the clashing of provincial with general authority—the diversity of administrations—the deficiency of supplies—the irregularities of pay—never ceasing embarrassments, more difficult to be overcome than the directest engagement with the enemy. But Washington enacted prodigies of patience. The ratification of a treaty with France in 1770 inspired for a while the men under Washington's command: but as the General

himself was not depressed under reverses, so now he is not elated by Hope : and from the jealousies and intrigues of those who wished to supplant him by the successful commander of the northern campaign (General Gates) he had need of all that calmness and firmness which he possessed. The deficiency of his army, too, in food and clothing continued as great as ever—so much so indeed as to threaten the entire dissolution of it—the effective troops being less than one-third of the whole. But in the summer of this year there comes the promised help from France. New projects arise from this French alliance for an expedition against Canada : which Washington most earnestly deprecates, and uses all his influence to prevent, and ultimately succeeds in doing so. But again and again come all the troubles of disbanding and recruiting : all the vexations arising from the exercise of the independent authorities of thirteen differing States in forming this federal army, and now also the additional distress of a depreciated currency. And here how boldly and firmly Washington speaks of and for his army to the Congress, and how kindly and gently to them, is very notable. Writing to one of his principal officers at this time (remember the fifth year of the war) he says : ‘ We have lately had the virtue and patience of the army put to the severest test. Sometimes it has been five or six days together without bread : at other times as many days without meat : and once we lived two or three days without either. I hardly thought it possible at one period that we should be able to keep it together. At one time the soldiers ate every kind of horse food but hay—they bore it with most heroic patience—it did not excite a single mutiny.’ And things now grew worse, not better. Congress was bankrupt : and the votes of supplies for the army depended upon the wills of the thirteen independent and inharmonious States—a complication of affairs wholly disastrous to military operations.

But nothing was done—only promises given. At length there was a partial mutiny in March 1781. The English army, presuming on this miserable state of things, attacked and annoyed the Americans. Again, and again, and again, did Washington urge the Congress to improve the condition of the army: and towards the end of the year, the Congress, finding these repeated remonstrances supported by the chastisements of experience, did promise to adopt a permanent War Establishment. But still little was done: and there was the most serious mutiny that had yet taken place, the next spring: a mutiny caused wholly by hunger and nakedness—by the withholding both of provisions and of pay. Indeed, such scenes of beggary and of wretchedness among the troops of a civilised, or indeed of any other nation, as were characteristic of these years of the American War, history knows not of. The proximate reasons of this are easily enough to be understood—the accumulated jealousies of thirteen colonies all distrustful of each other to a most singular extent, and the absence of any central coercive authority (for you must remember that the Congress could really only make recommendations, not laws—it had no power to execute what it decreed): but it is difficult to understand (consistently with one's respect for the American people of that generation) the anterior reasons why they did not subordinate their jealousies to their army's welfare, and did not create earlier, as they did afterwards, a constitutional authority binding equally upon all those who had an equal share in the great benefits of that army's success. The difficulties and impatience, however, which we feel on a mere retrospect of these things being so great, may at least enable us the better to understand what it was that Washington had daily for long years, as a matter of life and death, to struggle with, and consequently the better to appreciate those tasks of Patience and of Persuasion he had at this time to achieve. I



say of Persuasion as well as Patience, for now it had come to this—that he had not merely to command an army, but to argue with it : he had to beseech it to keep itself together : to treat it as a Popular Assembly, and make speeches to it almost every day—think of that. How grieved he was at this state of things his letters shew : how undaunted he was is shewn by that army's growing success. For now, by the help of the French, Washington gains a great triumph over Lord Cornwallis, compelling him to sign a Treaty on the 17th of October, 1781, very highly honourable to the Revolutionary cause. Indeed, this was the most brilliant event of Washington's military career : and was esteemed by him of such especial importance that in his general orders he desires all the troops under his command, and not on duty, to attend Divine Service on the morrow of the victory, as he said, ' with a serious deportment, and that sensibility of heart which the recollection of the surprising and particular interposition in our favour demands.' And the Congress appoint the 30th of December as a day of Public Thanksgiving and Prayer.

In the beginning, however, of the next year (1782) the state of the army is again so bad that in May there is an extensive mutiny, and a large part of it offers to make Washington Dictator of America. He rejects the proposal with abhorrence, and reprehends it with severity.

But now Peace comes into view : the Provisional Treaty is indeed being signed : but it is not until December, 1783, that Washington can resign his office of Commander-in-Chief.

I extract two small passages from his last letter and last speech to the Congress on this occasion.

' I have now freely disclosed what I wished to make known before I surrendered my public trust to those who committed it to me—my task is now accomplished. I now bid a last farewell to the cares of office, and all the employments of

public life; . . . . . and I make it my earnest prayer, that God would have you, and the State over which you preside, in His holy protection: that He would incline the hearts of the citizens to cultivate a spirit of subordination and obedience to government—to entertain a brotherly affection for one another; for their fellow-citizens of the United States at large, and particularly for their brethren who have served in the field: and, finally, that He would most graciously be pleased to dispose us all to do justice, to love mercy, and to demean ourselves with that charity, humility, and pacific temper of mind, which were the characteristics of the Divine Author of our Blessed Religion: without an humble imitation of whose Example in these things we can never hope to be a happy nation.'

'I consider it as an indispensable duty to close this last solemn act of my official life, by commending the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God, and those who have the superintendence of them to His holy keeping. Having now finished the work assigned me, I retire from the great theatre of action—and here offer my commission, and take my leave of all the employments of public life.'

The delight with which Washington returned to private life is very vividly manifested in those of his private letters which have been published relating to this time, and his retirement was for a while unbroken but by tokens of respect from corporations and individuals—which, however, were so numerous as to be occasionally oppressive. Now for four years or more he betakes himself again to Farming—years which in public affairs were a dreary time of barren debate, and agitation without progress—somewhat surprising, very distressing—but which in Washington's own private affairs were prosperous and pleasant—being full of business, and active, though tranquil, occupations. But his energies were

not confined to, though they were largely exercised upon, the improvement of his own large property: indeed, so much otherwise, and so beneficially, that the Legislature of his native State (Virginia) offered him a very profitable share of the improvements he had effected for them, 'as a monument of his glory, and of his country's gratitude,' which he very gracefully declined for himself; but requested them to appropriate for the foundation of two Colleges. Various grateful bodies of men elect him their President or Representative: but he declines practically to accept their kindness by acting in such offices. But the Insurrection of Massachussets has broken out in 1781, and there being instant and pressing danger, he takes up one of the offices to which he has been against his will elected—that of delegate of his native State to the Convention of Philadelphia—and presides by unanimous choice of his fellows over that body—the result of whose deliberations, you will recollect, was to give the United States their present Constitution. This Constitution first gave the Union a Central Government, and it was well conceived, and well adjusted: the rights and relations of the several parts, and of the whole, being well represented and maintained. The framing of this was not, indeed, due to Washington, but the part which he took in it was considerable, and so entirely was he felt to be the chief man in the country, that as soon as it was determined that there was to be a President of the United States, those States were all unanimous that their first President must be George Washington: and him they elected formally on the 4th of March, 1789. The feelings with which he entered again upon public life can only perhaps be fully understood by consulting those of his letters which relate to this period: but I may read to you his entry in his Private Diary (which has been preserved) on the close of the day on which he left his home: 'About ten o'clock I bade adieu to Mount Vernon, to private life,



and to domestic felicity, and with a mind oppressed with more anxious and painful sensations than I have words to express, set out for New York, with the best dispositions (indeed) to render service to my country in obedience to its call, but with little hope of answering its expectations.' The journey of Washington to New York was throughout a kind of Triumphal Procession, and his Inauguration more grand than a Coronation. But the outward portion of it you may picture for yourselves; I will read to you the first and last passages of his speech to the assembled Legislature, because they relate to himself.

'Among the vicissitudes incident to life, no event could have filled me with greater anxieties than that of which the notification was transmitted by your order, and received on the 16th of the present month. On the one hand, I was summoned by my country, whose voice I can never hear but with veneration and love, from a retreat which I had chosen with the fondest predilection, and in my flattering hopes with an immutable decision, as the asylum of my declining years: a retreat which was rendered every day more necessary as well as more dear to me by the addition of habit to inclination, and by frequent interruptions in my health by the gradual waste committed on it by time. On the other hand, the magnitude and difficulty of the trust to which the voice of my country called me being sufficient to awaken, in the wisest and most experienced of our citizens, a distrustful scrutiny into his qualifications, could not but overwhelm with despondence one who inheriting inferior endowments from nature, and unpractised in the duties of civil administration, ought to be peculiarly conscious of his own deficiencies. In this conflict of emotions all I dare aver is, that it has been my faithful study to collect my duty from a just appreciation of every circumstance by which it might be affected—all I dare hope is, that if in accepting this task I have been too

much swayed by a grateful remembrance of former instances, or by an affectionate sensibility to this transcendant proof of the confidence of my fellow-citizens, and have thence too little consulted my incapacity as well as my disinclination for the weighty and untried cares before me, my error will be palliated by the motives which misled me, and its consequences be judged by my country with some share of the partiality in which they originated. . . . Such being the impressions under which I have; in obedience to the public summons, repaired to the present station, it would be peculiarly improper to omit in this first official act, my fervent supplications to that Almighty Being who rules over the Universe, who presides in the Councils of nations, and whose Providential aids can supply every human defect, that His benediction may consecrate to the liberties and happiness of the United States a Government instituted by themselves for these essential purposes, and may enable every instrument employed in its administration to execute with success the functions allotted to his charge. In tendering this homage to the Great Author of every public and private good, I assure myself that it expresses your sentiments not less than my own, nor those of my fellow-citizens at large less than either. No people can be bound to acknowledge and adore the Invisible Hand which conducts the affairs of men more than the people of the United States. Every step by which they have advanced to the character of an independent nation seems to have been distinguished by some token of Providential agency. And in the important Revolution just accomplished in the system of their united Government, the tranquil deliberations and voluntary consent of so many distinct communities from which the event has resulted, cannot be compared with the means by which most governments have been established, without some return of pious gratitude along with an humble anticipation of the future

blessings which the past seem to presage. These reflections arising out of the present crisis have forced themselves too strongly upon my mind to be suppressed. You will join with me, I trust, in thinking that there are none under the influence of which the proceedings of a new and free government can more auspiciously commence.'

He concludes thus, after much intervening wisdom : ' Having thus imparted to you my sentiments as they have been awakened by the occasion which brings us together, I shall take my present leave : but not without resorting once more to the Benign Parent of the human race in humble supplication, that since He has been pleased to favour the American people with opportunities for deliberating in perfect tranquillity, and dispositions for deciding with unparalleled unanimity, on a form of government for the security of their union and the advancement of their happiness, so His Divine Blessing may be equally conspicuous in the enlarged views, the temperate consultations, and the wise measures on which the success of this government must depend.'

It would be wholly out of my power to lay before you a statement of the difficulties which Washington had to encounter on his assuming the first Presidency of America. You will do well, however, to remember that they were much greater than in the case of an old-established government, where so much of the routine of business, and of its mere machinery, has already been got into easy working order : for in Washington's case not only was the whole scheme of the Government new, but also in every detail of it there was a call for invention, and consideration of the relation of each part to the whole, and this not only for the present, but also for coming time. But all these difficulties he encountered and overcame with such patient perseverance and universal approbation, that when he retired from his office after four years' service, he was re-elected to it by the

unanimous voice of his country. The pressing difficulties of the times induce him to accept it, though very much against his personal inclinations. And perhaps we may say that nothing but the influence of Washington's character could at this time have carried on the harmonious working of the Federal constitution. But even so great a character as this of his did not escape the far-reaching missiles of calumny and of envy. The magnanimous nature of the man, however, you may judge of by these two instances. When Randolph, the Secretary of State, became so suspected of unfaithfulness to American interests, and more than due attention to his own, that he was obliged to resign his office, and to put himself upon his defence, he considered that his vindication would involve the inculcation of Washington : and he applied for a confidential letter which the President had written to him, of which he had not a copy and the President had. The President replied, 'I have directed that you should have inspection of my letter of 22nd July, agreeable to your request, and you are at full liberty to publish without reserve any or every private and confidential letter I ever wrote you : nay more, every word I ever uttered to you, or in your presence, from whence you can derive any advantage to your vindication.' And again : some letters had been published as Washington's, in the year 1776, which were wholly forgeries, but were calculated exceedingly to injure his character in the estimation of all who believed them to be his—and many did so believe : and these were republished in 1796, and re-affirmed to be Washington's. Now this baseness enacted by a party to whom he was politically opposed, he never in any way publicly noticed until he finally retired from public life, and then he wrote a letter to the Secretary of State—solemnly pronouncing them to be wholly forgeries—and requested that this letter of his might be placed among the public archives, for the information of

those who should live when they should not have such opportunities as his contemporaries had of knowing that he could not have been the author of them. Thus twenty years he bore the burden of a fearful charge which was wholly false, on the strength of his character.

But at the expiration of his second term of office he finally retires from public life: and his farewell address to his countrymen, on resigning his office and refusing to be re-elected, is a noble summary of his experience in political life, and a treasury of maxims far too numerous and too weighty for me to do more than refer you to, but which was the most appropriate legacy that he could leave to his country.

The concluding words of it, however, as they are of personal interest, I will read to you:—

‘In offering you, my countrymen, these counsels of an old and affectionate friend, I dare not hope that they will make the strong and lasting impression that I could wish; that they will control the usual current of the passions, or prevent our nation from running the course which has hitherto marked the destiny of nations. But if I may even flatter myself that they may be productive of some partial benefit or some occasional good—that they may now and then recur to moderate the fury of party spirit, to warn against the mischiefs of foreign intrigue, and to guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism, this hope will be a full recompence for the solicitude for your welfare by which they have been dictated.’

‘Though in reviewing the incidents of my administration I am unconscious of intentional error, I am nevertheless too sensible of my defects not to think it probable that I may have committed many errors. Whatever they may be, I fervently beseech the Almighty to avert or mitigate the evils to which they may tend. I shall also carry with me the hope that my country will never cease to view them with indul-

gence: and that after forty-five years of my life dedicated to its service with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent abilities will be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be to the mansions of rest.


‘Relying on its kindness in this as in other things, and actuated by that fervent love towards it which is so natural to a man who views in it the native soil of himself and his progenitors for several generations, I anticipate with pleasing expectation that retreat in which I promise myself to realise without alloy the great enjoyment of partaking, in the midst of my fellow-citizens, of the benign influence of good laws under a free government—the ever favourite object of my heart, and the happy reward, as I trust, of our mutual cares, labours, and dangers.’

He attends the Inauguration of his successor—Mr Adams—in 1797, and then retires to Mount Vernon. But in 1798, on the occasion of a great public need, the President nominated to the Senate, ‘General Washington to be Lieutenant-General and Commander-in-Chief of the armies raised and to be raised.’ The President’s feelings—which we learn from his letter to the Secretary at War, whom he sent to Mount Vernon on the occasion—are very illustrative of Washington’s, and also very demonstrative of the respect in which Washington was held by his fellow-citizens to the very last. He says, ‘The reasons and motives which prevailed on me to venture on such a step as the nomination of this great and illustrious character, whose voluntary resignation alone occasioned my introduction to the office I now hold, were too obvious and important to escape the observation of any part of America or Europe. But it is a movement of great delicacy, and will require all your address to communicate the subject in a manner that shall be inoffensive to his feelings, and consistent with all the respect that is due from me to him. If the General should decline the appoint-

ment, all the world will be silent and respectfully acquiesce. If he should accept it, all the world, except the enemies of his country, will rejoice. If he should come to no decisive determination, but take the subject into consideration, I shall not appoint any other Lieutenant-General until his conclusion is known.'

With his usual self-denying patriotism, and manly willingness to work—even in old age—Washington accepts the appointment: but he does not live to discharge its duties. On Friday the 13th of December, 1799, he catches cold from being wet while out on his farms: and nearly at midnight on the morrow he dies. America was his chief mourner: but all civilised nations were now for a while united by the bonds of a common grief—for all equally had lost the living Presence of a Great and a Good man.

Little indeed is it that we have this evening seen of George Washington; but if we had the time and patience to inspect the vast mass of documents which have been left to us by himself and his friends—or even if we could give attention to the still vaster mass of what has been written about him by others from his time to ours—I do not think that we should see much in him of a different kind from that which we have already seen. For open his writings where you will—his Journals and Letters, his Despatches and Presidential Addresses—you will always find the same admirable elementary right-mindedness. Whatever is sensible and solid, and sound and sober, abounds in them, but not much that is notable, less that is memorable, nothing that is sublime. Nor was there much growth or variety, much elasticity or fruitfulness, in his mind: he seems as mature when Colonel of Militia as when President of the Union: uniformly reasonable, equably serene, from earliest youth to latest age there reigns predominant in him systematic energy, imper-



turbable exactitude, unvarying seemliness. Rather a monotonous man, one may say ; a most methodical one : sedate, unexcitable ; slowly moving, slowly moved ; of strong and healthy instincts—clear, practical, decisive : of well-balanced faculties and a grand self-control ; conspicuously just, unobtrusively kindly : unready in speech, but prompt in action : sagacious rather than original : of great quickness of perception, and an unimpeachable judgment : a first rate Surveyor of men and things. Truly a specimen of very solid manhood : majestic rather than heroic ; with little genial or graceful in him, but grave even to grandeur ; Fortitude his great achievement rather than Daring : doing some wonders, it may be, but enduring many : a very proverb of Patriotic Patience.

Such was Washington. In private life simple and unaffected, serene and dignified, but to all but his family and friends, reserved : a man of large concerns, liberally but economically ordered : punctual and exact himself in all his engagements, and requiring the same from all with whom he had to do : of immense appetite for business, and corresponding power of digestion of it : not very affectionate, not very much beloved : religious rather than devout : becomingly benevolent : serving his friends faithfully, if not zealously, all his life through, and treating the slaves whom he inherited with a kindness which prepared them for the Liberty which he bequeathed them at his death.

As a General he exhibited the greatest personal bravery, and here only throughout his whole life transgressed the bounds of Prudence, setting his soldiers examples of exploits which pertained rather to their calling than to his : singularly self-possessed in danger, and never desponding in distress : always reasonable and accessible, and when occasionally stern and severe, yet never perhaps more so than the occasion required : and though losing more battles than he won,



yet at the same time performing such numerous achievements in Retreats and Defences as are recorded of no other General of ancient or of modern times.

As a Political Governor, he was the most honest and disinterested that has ever appeared in the world: a man of entire integrity and incorruptibility: accepting power and laying it down again with a quite wonderful equanimity: without ambition and without deceit. He was, perhaps, the only man of his time that was impartial amid parties: he was truly not the Leader of any section but the President of the whole. He originated little: he controlled much. The characteristics of his policy were centralisation at home and neutrality abroad: that policy, indeed, was a reflex of the man himself, sensible, reserved, attentive to detail: adventuring nothing that was uncertain, entertaining nothing that was superfluous: but decided, resolute, and steadfast: the just medium, as he called it: as we may say, solid and consolidating: strong through calculation: first-rate Political Mensuration.

As citizen and soldier, personally and politically, the best modern embodiment of the four Classic Virtues—such I think was Washington.

But Washington is not only very notable in himself, but also, as I said at first, as being a specimen of the superior products of the great American Continent. The life of Washington seems to be about the highest type of life the American nature and culture have attained to at all characteristically as yet: it is at present the national Ideal of Goodness and of Greatness. But we will hope for something higher yet in the Great Future which lies before that Great People. For truly this Life of Washington—great as we have allowed it to be—is, after all, but a quite measurable matter. There never, surely, was a man who was great at all who had so little that was unfathomable about him: so little of depth of

light and shade in his nature : so little moving consciousness of the Infinite in him, or around him. The world he lived in, of thought as well as of action, was an uncommonly commonplace world : simply such a world as he could survey pretty completely, and map down, and account for : statistical rather than spiritual : visited by no angels of any kind, glorified by no celestial visions : wholly, as it seems to me, of the earth earthy. With little sympathy, or even acquaintance, with any but those of his own country and his own age, he seems to have cherished no deep memories of the Past, and no large aspirations for the Future — but to have lived uncomplainingly and uncomplainingly, absorbed in the duties of his day — with good hope indeed for what was to come, but with none of the insight of the Philosopher, and none of the foresight of the Prophet. All honour — double, treble, honour — be from me to Patience : but it did not require a Revolution to give us chiefly a new example of this antique virtue. We will hope, therefore, for a yet higher Life than this of Washington's to arise from out of that great country whose Independence he achieved at such a price. Were it not, indeed, that this hope was strong, one could not think very highly of this American achievement of Independence. For truly, in judging of its real worth, we can only justly weigh out to it the difference between what we may fairly suppose America might have grown to be by this time had it remained in connexion with Great Britain, and that which it now is : and herein is much loss to be deducted from the preponderating gain. Doubtless the Declaration of Independence was a grand clearing of ground, and one must for long be interested to see such extensive preparations made professedly as the ground-plot of a building to be erected according to a new architecture, and which should exhibit to the world's wonder at once the best of all temples for Worship, and the best of all fields for Work—a Catholic Academy

and a Christian Market-place, all in one. In all achievements, however, of this kind—in all conquest of enlarged Liberty, and in all acquisition of Power and Wealth—from the very first one cannot but ask people, What are you going to do with these things, when you have got them? Are you going to build up some nobler life for yourselves, and through your example for mankind? or are your freer and wealthier lives to be merely the same in kind as others, only more abundant? One cannot, I say, but ask this or the like question, and suspend one's judgment as to whether they shall be called Blessed or even Great, until such question has been unambiguously answered. Hitherto I conceive that this question has been answered by America but ambiguously. Noble specimens of humanity, indeed, are to be found in America, but not more abundantly than in England, I think: and though there is a most cheering diffusion of elementary moral virtues and Christian graces, and of general humane culture, among all classes of society there—greater perhaps than in any proportionate population on the earth—yet the Ideal of Human Life—individual, social, or national—does not seem to me greatly elevated or matured.

But what unstatesmanlike views of things—how enthusiastic! My answer is, that as I read history, my views may be very unstatesmanlike, and yet not necessarily unjust or untrue, not unworthy or unwise. It appears to me for instance, as I have already said, that the views of the English statesmen—some of the first of their kind—who carried on our war with America, were below and not above the standard of what I should hope to be the present attainment of ordinary cultivated Christian Englishmen. Indeed for my own part I must confess, that the statesmanship exhibited in the great mass of such history as we have, seems to me for the most part to be founded on principles, and to legitimatise proceedings, which deprive it of much interest for me: and

it is only by cherishing the faith that it must one day be changed for something better, that can make me look forward as I do with great Hope to the Future. True, Diplomacy founded on Selfishness and maintained by Force has stood a long while now: but for those who believe—as I do—that the Gospel will ultimately predominate—that the Cross will one day conquer, at least in Christendom—then that this system has stood so long is but one argument the more that it is nearer to its fall. And that this is enthusiastic in any bad sense, how is this? What! is an expectation of superior Honour, and Generosity, and Self-denial among nations as the world grows older, is this so unwarrantable as to be bordering on the unsound? Must one really believe that they go through all their painful experiences to no purifying purpose? that great Revolutionary Wars such as this of America are to aim at nothing, and to result in nothing, but lighter taxes, freer trade, and cheaper markets? Is there to be no Moral Progress to accompany all increase of Social Freedom? Can it really be only a Fiction that in this Nineteenth Century of Grace, the most cultured races—the most exalted nations—are bound to exemplify Christian as well as heathen virtues, and only a Dream that at any time now they may be on the very eve of doing so? Forbid it England—forbid it America: nay, this is your peculiar and your united mission—to let the light of your common culture—civil and religious—so shine before men that all nations may see in you that Liberty and the Gospel are the great agents of Human Progress and the firmest bonds of Human Brotherhood, and thus through your example learn themselves equally to glorify our common Father who is in Heaven.

And now a few words on these Lectures on Great Men generally, and I have done. For seven years now I have

from time to time brought before you the characters of men whom I have ventured to name as Great : and I must confess that I have always done so with pleasure, because I really believe that such kind of contemplations may be in many ways profitable to us all. Looking calmly at the relative importance of the personal gains and pleasures of life, after some average experience of them, I judge that after the one thing needful—the blessing of being at one with God through JESUS CHRIST and the indwelling of the HOLY GHOST in the heart—and after the ability to discharge ordinary duties and to confer ordinary benefits—there is no gain and no pleasure greater or better than the Society of Superior Souls—whether in the flesh or out of it, as may be, almost indifferently. And this is a gain and a pleasure which it seems to me need not be restricted to a few—may be enjoyed to a great degree by all. He who can only read readily the English language may now find written in it Histories and Biographies of Great and Good Men, far more than he can in a long leisure exhaust, and from intelligent and sympathetic communion with these his own soul may be nourished almost indefinitely. The profit of the reader, indeed, will very much depend upon his own general culture ; but nevertheless, it is also very generally true that the Greatest and Best are the most readily and largely intelligible : they are what they are, as I have often told you, by virtue of their having possessed in the greatest measure, and cultivated most, the same kind of qualities which we ourselves are conscious of possessing, and it is only because they have in a greater degree what the humblest of us have in some degree, that they have come to exercise large influence over multitudes. And I would wish you to observe that it has not been men of Genius that I have brought before you, but men of Moral Greatness. What we call Genius is only one form of Greatness—oftenest only certain faculties of extra-

ordinary sensibility, or power, or capacity, though occasionally in very rare cases, the whole organization of a man heightened harmoniously. But although these men may not have had all of them great gifts, yet I think they have all had this in common, that they practically recognised the worth of man's life on earth to be very great; that there are great issues involved in it: that there are great duties to be done by every man. Human life has had an essentially moral character to them; it was a Work, a Struggle, a Race, a Journey—introductory to another life which should be its Wages, its Victory, its Crown, its Home; it was a sacred Mystery too, and an unspeakable Gift; an immeasurable Dignity—full of Solemnity, full of Joys and Sorrows, with great Hopes and Fears commingled—and though beyond all successful solution as a Theorem, yet, through God's grace, not beyond all successful achievement as a Problem. Therefore to them Good and Evil—Thou Shalt and Thou Shalt Not—Duty, and Conscience, and Sin—Heaven and Hell—these were the greatest of all Realities: and the one thing needful for them was so to pass through things Temporal that they should not lose the things that are Eternal. Such men I think worthy of our Study, of our Sympathy, and of our Homage—and such men only. I would not, indeed, pretend to judge any man now as one day we believe that he will be judged: no man has the faculties for this; the relation between privileges and improvement, between natural conformation and outward influences, being altogether too subtle for human cognisance: but there are some men whom the world calls Great that I am compelled to call not so, if I would not abdicate at once all right to form or to express any moral judgments at all. And I refuse them this title on no mere personal ground of want of interest in their pursuits or want of sympathy with their kind of genius, but simply on this ground—that they themselves have left us

indisputable voluntary lifelong evidence that they never made it any purpose of theirs to seek after the things that are Unseen and Eternal—that they never hungered and thirsted after Righteousness, while their appetite for many carnal things was inexhaustible—that they never strove to conform themselves in any way to the great Christian type of Humanity, or were ever penitent for not doing so. Such men surely are excluded from being even the least in our Christendom by no arbitrary sentence—for it is wholly by their own—and I can reverence only some attempts at the Beatitudes.

And really I do consider (I must repeat) the contemplation of such men as we have had now for so long before us, as having especial value for our own times. I am no declaimer against our times or our contemporaries, on the whole, as you well know; rather perhaps, I rejoice with too much joy in the lot of this Nineteenth Century of Grace; and deliberately judge that Christendom at this moment is better than Christendom ever was before, and is also tending to indefinite degrees of improvement. And in the general average of mind and character among our own countrymen, I believe that there is great comparative progress, that among many there is great absolute excellence, and that the number of persons who are in some assured degree Christian, is beyond all precedent and beyond all thankfulness. And many other things might be said for our times: we are generally more reasonable and more charitable—more pacific and more free—than any of our predecessors. But notwithstanding all this, and on the other hand, I am deeply impressed also with the very slight structure of the mental and religious character of our time. The intellectual superiority that there is, seems to me almost all of the Scientific and Mechanical kind: clever beyond measure doubtless in all kinds of definite calculations, and quite marvellously adaptive of material

means to material ends : but in the estimate of Invisible Realities, and in faith in great Principles, there seems to me most notable deficiency. Even in that more Religious region, of which we should think Faith in the Unseen ought to be the very atmosphere in which the soul should breathe, what unbelief, what misbelief—what preference of the Mechanical to either the Human or the Divine—what substitution of the Letter for the Spirit—what singular narrowness, and fearfulness, and unsteadiness ; how easily agitated—shocked—overthrown—is the spiritual character of almost all. Verily, one is sorely tempted sometimes to say in one's haste that Moral Cowardice is the Characteristic of our times. But now in our present calmer mood we will only say that this is the Tendency of our times. Doubtless this is to be accounted for : I only say now that I think it ought to be counteracted. And as one help towards counteracting it, I uphold to you the study of Great Men. In older times or in other countries, it might be that this lesson would not be so much called for : and it might be wisest for a teacher to speak much of the value of Rules and Systems—of institutions and associations—of the benefit of Organization. But with us in our times these things are fully appreciated, and it may be unduly magnified, while the everlasting and always supreme worth of the individual soul is but too little understood or regarded. The tendency now, surely, is to merge the individual in society, and to diminish originality and self-subsistence of personal character. We are strong through Association, but weak individually : working miracles by Companies, but singularly feeble singly. And if this be so, surely there is danger to us here.

And not only this, but one characteristic aim and effort of our times is also to remove difficulties, to multiply facilities of all kinds for us : to render man's life smoother and smoother : to make duties ever easier : and then through



this improvement in external things to expect individual and social amelioration. And this also seems to me to require counteraction. It seems to me necessary to preach, and this with great earnestness and by a variety of means (of which I consider the study of Great Men to be one, and that not the least), that we must take heed not to seek any great reformation, or even amelioration, of the individual or of society, in anything external or material: but that the great source of all spiritual improvement must be always from within. Not in the things that are done for us, but in the things that are done by us, does our true strength lie. For the individual, the great Renovation comes from the birth of a new Idea—a new Affection. The Gospel—our highest Revelation—trusts in no degree to mechanical forces for this—all with it is inward and spiritual—gifts and graces. And we see every day that an easier lot does not necessarily produce a better life. No—unless we are nobler and more active with our increased facilities than otherwise, we shall assuredly grow continually feebler; and the soul that always takes its ease will grow as rapidly unsound as the body that never takes its exercise. Verily, this life of ours here on earth—in a world full of misery and of sin—was never meant to be a thing all sweetness and all ease; and any kingdom of Heaven to be looked for on earth is not a Golden Age in which life shall become so easy for us that it will be no trouble to live, but rather a time when the noblest of the virtues shall be common, and the commonest of the people shall be Christian. And so I entreat you to think well of it, that as no mechanical readjustment of circumstances will ever regenerate a soul, so neither will any kind of social systems or arrangements regenerate society. No—spirit only can be born of spirit. All Social Reformations hitherto have originated in individual souls—in the perception by some Conscience of some great Truth or Duty so long neglected

or denied as to be practically new ; they have proceeded from the centre of the individual heart to the circumference of the social state, by vivid impulses and ever widening circles of sympathy. Truly it has been ordained of old, I think, that every good man should have some power to reform a nation : all the Best do eventually rule it. Ay, the men who exhibit the highest Ideal realised — these have been, and ever will be, the real Rulers of the world. Of the Future, indeed, it may not be wise to prophesy ; but in times past at least, look at what portion of the Human Family we will, if it have attained to any high standard of national life, we see that it has invariably been moulded into very much of its characteristic type by the action of individual minds, whom it has not only at the time recognised as its Rulers, but has ever afterwards cherished as its Exemplars and Benefactors. The times of the appearance of these elevating agents, and the modes and measures of their influence, for these indeed we know no law ; it is impossible for us to anticipate them, unprofitable for us to wait for them. But when they do appear it is our wisdom and our very life to recognise them and to reverence them, and when they have gone from us we shall do but ill if we ever cease to greet their names and memorials with a deep and affectionate homage. Verily these are men who have been, and are, the very salt of our earth, and the yet fresh preservation of the dignity and nobleness of that nature which is common to all, is due in a very large measure to them. And, indeed, I must repeat that when we see what kind of men it is now the tendency of our age and country to exalt, it is scarcely the time to leave off reminding ourselves, and if it may be others, that there have been other kinds of men in this world who deserve to be more honoured with the sacred speech of man. I fear that such a tendency indicates a growing insensibility to the true nature of moral nobility—a state of mind sure to be succeeded by a

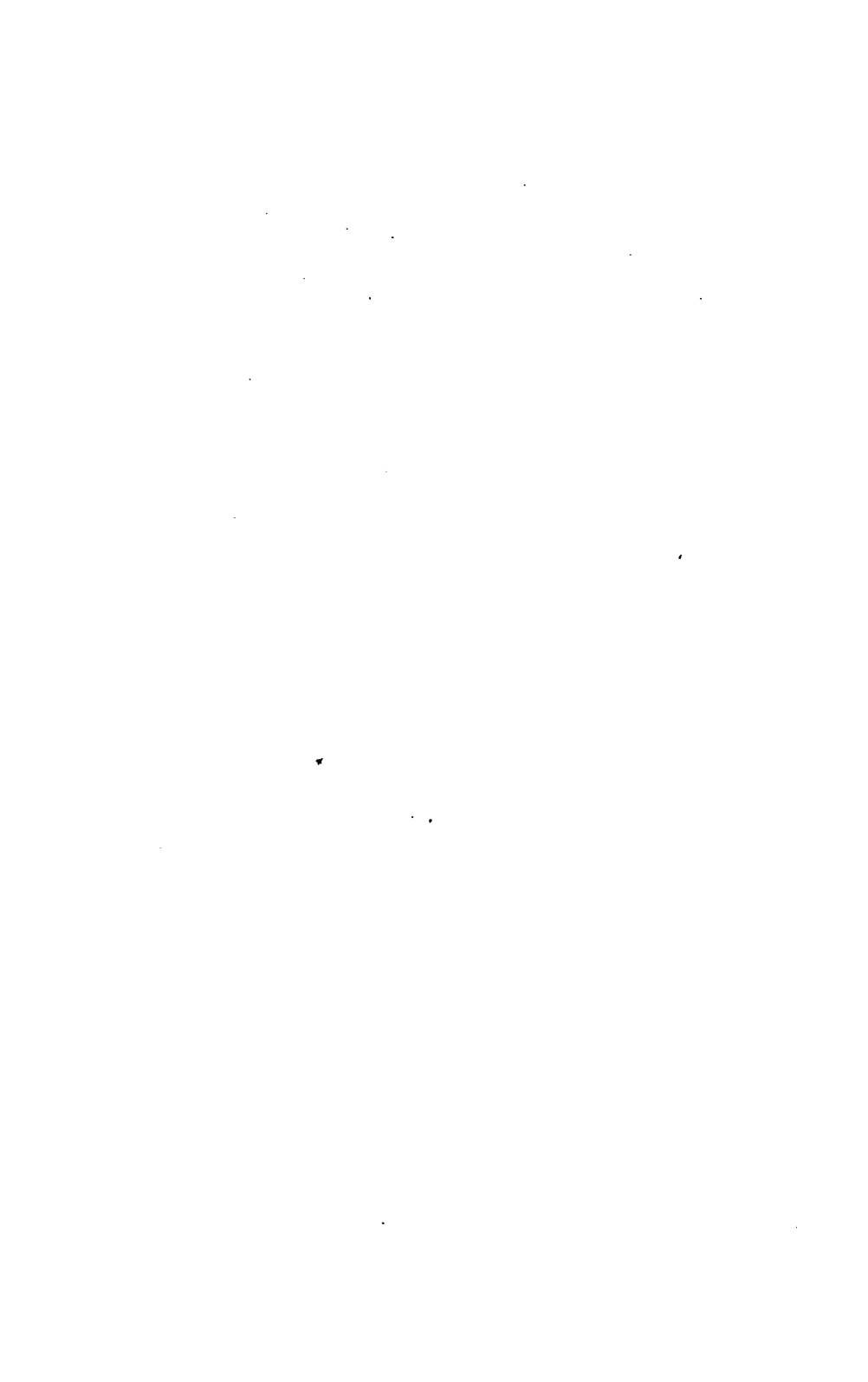
scepticism as to there being, or even ever having been, such nobility : till at length, by neglecting to reverence the really Great, instead of growing more and more to Honour all men, we shall lapse into that lowest of all idolatries—the worship of ourselves.

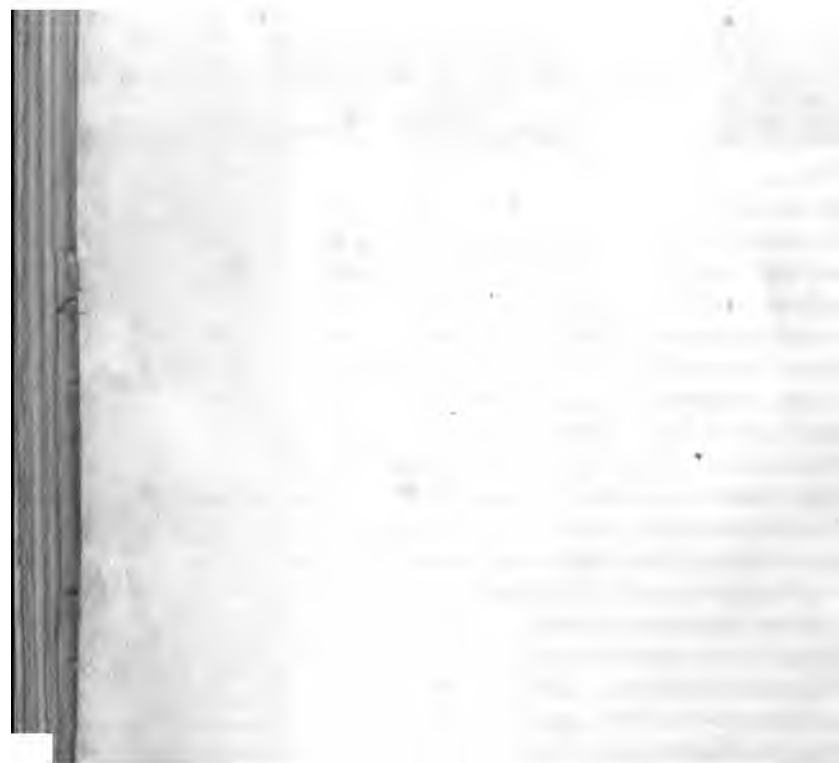
But now no more of this, or indeed of Lectures on Great Men generally : for important as I deem this matter, it is but one of many means of our improvement, and I think it has already had its due proportion of our attention. I will only say in conclusion, that while it has been a great pleasure to me to study with you and for you the great Historical Characters with whom we have been conversant these several winters now, I have all along been very conscious of the difficulty of the task I at first undertook, and now am of the poverty of the result I have attained. But, indeed, of very few of our fellows can any of us, I think, dare to speak judicially. No man, perhaps, may rightly, or can easily, judge the very brother he best knows, otherwise than for his own terrestrial guidance. And if very difficult indeed is the just estimation of Human Character in the easiest case, it is especially so in the case of those who are known to us only by the uncertain reports of History : and most of all so in the case of men whose peculiar gifts make them exceptions to many rules of ordinary judgment. But difficult as it is, I think that it is what should be attempted by us all from time to time very earnestly and very patiently, and that if we attempt it in this spirit, and with continual consciousness of our fallibility, we shall gain a good deal of benefit to ourselves even when our judgments are but imperfect. For the highest kind of judgment of such men, indeed, there are required qualities which few only possess : and among these I am persuaded are an Historical Imagination strong enough to enable the judge to place himself in the position of the

subject, and yet not to be carried away there by those of his own feelings which that subject never could have had : and then a Christian Tolerance large enough to comprehend and appreciate the effects which such differences of privilege and of position must inevitably produce. Only too commonly do we put our present selves into other men's positions, and think if we can but do that, we do well. But, alas, ourselves—our present modes of looking at nature and society, and history, and all kinds of modern feelings and thoughts, translated into the old ages—will never give us the true conception of how the inhabitants of those ages really felt. And unless we take into full, or at least fair, account men's privileges and faculties, their hereditary and educational prepossessions, the moral standard of their times and the laws they lived under—and judge them according to these, and not according to our own individual temperament or enlightenment—we shall only condemn ourselves while we judge our Brethren. For my own part, I will only say that I consider judgments of this kind to be very serious and even solemn things : indeed, the votes one gives on such occasions are more important than any other votes we have to give. And in presenting you, as I have done now for some years, with judgments on Great Men, I have by no means such confidence in my own judicial fitness as to ask you for more than a reconsideration of your own opinions where mine may differ from them : but I have sufficient self-assurance to declare, that I have made my report to you of each one of the Men whose stories I have brought before you, only after having used the best opportunities I have had, and under a sense of great responsibility as to the importance of not misleading you. The longer, however, I study the characters of men—in the flesh or out of it—the more impressed I become with the difficulty of judging justly, and the more I

suppose that every really great or good man would be willing to subscribe the declaration of the greatest and best of all such, when he said, 'WITH ME IT IS A VERY SMALL, THING THAT I SHOULD BE JUDGED OF MAN'S JUDGMENT—HE THAT JUDGETH ME IS THE LORD.'

THE END.







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